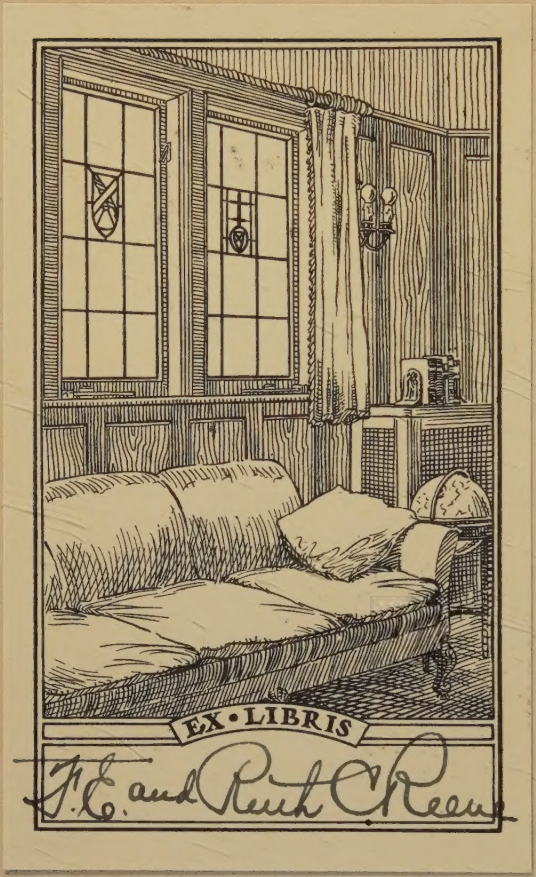
THE BEST SHORT STORIES OF 1928

And the

Yearbook of the American Short Story

Edited by

Edward J. O'Brien



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THE BEST SHORT STORIES OF 1928

BY EDWARD J. O'BRIEN

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THE BEST SHORT STORIES OF 1928

AND THE

YEARBOOK OF THE AMERICAN SHORT STORY

EDITED BY

EDWARD J. O'BRIEN

DODD, MEAD AND COMPANY
NEW YORK : : : : 1928

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BOOK MANUFACTURERS
RAHWAY NEW JERSEY

TO

ALFRED KREYMBORG

WHO LETS THE SUNLIGHT IN

BY WAY OF ACKNOWLEDGMENT AND REQUEST

Grateful acknowledgment for permission to include the stories and other material in this volume is made to the following authors and editors:

To the Editors of *The Boston Evening Transcript, Cosmopolitan, Harper's Bazar, The Delineator, Columbia, The Dial, Scribner's Magazine, The Century Magazine, McClure's Magazine, The Bookman* (New York), *Adventure, The American Mercury, The New Republic, Frontier, Harper's Magazine,* and *The Ladies' Home Journal;* and to Mr. Frederick Hazlitt Brennan, Mr. Louis Bromfield, Miss Katharine Brush, Mr. Morley Callaghan, Mrs. John R. Fisher, Mrs. María Cristina Chambers, Mr. Irvin S. Cobb, Mr. Myles Connolly, Mr. Walter D. Edmonds, Miss Eleanor E. Harris, Mr. Llewellyn Hughes, Miss Fannie Hurst, Mr. Edward L. McKenna, Miss Dorothy Parker, Mr. L. Paul Kuhring, Miss Elizabeth Madox Roberts, Mr. Edwin Seaver, Mr. James Stevens, Miss Ruth Suckow, and Mr. Edmund Ware.

I shall be grateful to my readers for corrections, and particularly for suggestions leading to the wider usefulness of these annual volumes. In particular, I shall welcome the receipt from authors, editors and publishers of stories printed during the period between July, 1928, and June, 1929, inclusive, which have qualities of distinction and yet are not printed in periodicals which are brought regularly to my attention.

Communications may be addressed to me *Care of Dodd, Mead, and Company, 443 Fourth Avenue, New York City.*

E. J. O.

INTRODUCTION

I

In a recent issue of *Transition* there appeared a symposium, to which many French and German writers contributed, which was designed to discuss the question of what influence America was having on Europe and at what value this influence might be assessed. The results of this enquiry were of varying importance. Georges Ribemont-Dessaignes, who may be taken as representing the more extreme venturesomeness of *surréalisme,* summed American influence up in the phrase "Mysticism of the Practical, of Reality, of Action, of the Machine, of Movement." This phrase resumes more or less the thought of the advance guard in France, Germany and Russia, and perhaps also of Italy.

The most cogent comment made in this symposium was that of Bernard Faÿ, who ranks in my opinion with André Siegfried as the most perceptive interpreter of America to France, and whose classicism is poles apart from *surréalisme.* M. Faÿ said: "America has brought us without talking about it an instinct, a desire, a vitality of incomparable liveliness. Lindbergh is a good symbol of it, for he did not know how to talk, but simply crossed the Atlantic in a straight line."

This passage set me thinking about the American short-story writers whom I most admire, and after reviewing names, I could not help coming to the conclusion that those who are most likely to survive were those who did not know how to talk, but simply crossed the border land of experience in a straight line. The others, no doubt with most laudable intentions, talk and talk and talk, are fatiguingly clever or else vehemently dull, and make blue-prints of their stories in as complicated a manner as possible before beginning to write in the belief that literature is house-building and not a straight line.

M. Faÿ went on to say about this type of American that life

leads them, but that they do not lead life. Lindbergh led life, but commerce, which is the usual American reading of life, leads most American story-tellers.

The conflict between art and commerce is the life of a young man who had Lindbergh's eyes and vitality and some measure of creative promise, was recently portrayed admirably by Mr. Owen Wister in the short story entitled "Safe in the Arms of Crœsus." If the pure energy which he describes once swerves sharply from the straight line of its course, the temptation and exterior pressure of American life is so strong that the artist is almost always lost.

We have not yet been caught in the philosophical web of the new social leaders of English literature whose Corinthian exquisiteness and literary pessimism make a young man feel that it is bad form to spread his wings, and that greatness is in shocking taste, and is damned by lacking a "sense of humor." Even the American Latin Quarter does not agree with Bloomsbury to this extent. The ambition of greatness almost certainly exists in many young American hearts, but it is commerce which deflects it rather than polite social pressure. So far as I know, the best record by an American under fifty of the right *via media* for the artist in an industrial country, is that very fine autobiography "Troubadour," by Alfred Kreymborg. It is just such a disinterested life as his has been that shapes American literary and artistic forces to a fixed purpose. Without evasion and without compromise, Mr. Kreymborg was one of the few who turned the tide in this generation and sent many young Americans off on Lindbergh's straight line. It is imperative that the organized campaign of corruption of values which is put forward as a cultural program for America by publishers responsive to the suggestion of certain central and eastern European figures with Oriental backgrounds should be combated by American innocence, for America is innocent, even when Europe laughs. The American eye can stare all colleges of wisdom down, and the American eye which sees in a straight line must be followed by the American mind and heart flying in a straight line, if young America is to save old Europe and itself from young Russia and old Asia. There is still time for that.

II

To repeat what I have said in these pages in previous years, for the benefit of the reader as yet unacquainted with my standards and principles of selection, I shall point out that I have set myself the task of disengaging the essential human qualities in our contemporary fiction, which, when chronicled conscientiously by our literary artists, may fairly be called a criticism of life. I am not at all interested in formulæ, and organized criticism at its best would be nothing more than dead criticism, as all dogmatic interpretation of life is always dead. What has interested me, to the exclusion of other things, is the fresh, living current which flows through the best American work, and the psychological and imaginative reality which American writers have conferred upon it.

No substance is of importance in fiction, unless it is organic substance, that is to say, substance in which the pulse of life is beating. Inorganic fiction has been our curse in the past, and bids fair to remain so, unless we exercise much greater artistic discrimination than we display at present.

The present record covers the period from August, 1927, to June, 1928, inclusive. During this period I have sought to select from the magazine stories published by American authors those which have rendered life imaginatively in organic substance and artistic form. Substance is something achieved by the artist in every act of creation, rather than something already present, and accordingly a fact or group of facts in a story only attains substantial embodiment when the artist's power of compelling imaginative persuasion transforms them into a living truth. The first test of a short story, therefore, in any qualitative analysis, is to report upon how vitally compelling the writer makes his selected facts or incidents. This test may be conveniently called the test of substance.

But a second test is necessary if the story is to take rank above other stories. The true artist will seek to shape this living substance into the most beautiful and satisfying form by skilful selection and arrangement of his materials, and by the most direct and appealing presentation of it in portrayal and characterization.

The short stories which I have examined in this study, as in previous years, have fallen naturally into four groups. The first

consists of those stories which fail, in my opinion, to survive either the test of substance or the test of form. These stories are listed in the yearbook without comment or qualifying asterisk.

The second group consists of those stories which may fairly claim that they survive either the test of substance or the test of form. Each of these stories may claim to possess either distinction of technique alone, or more frequently, I am glad to say, a persuasive sense of life in them to which the reader responds with some part of his own experience. Stories included in this group are indicated in the yearbook index by a single asterisk prefixed to the title.

The third group, which is composed of stories of still greater distinction, includes such narratives as may lay convincing claim to a second reading, because each of them has survived both tests, the test of substance and the test of form. Stories included in this group are indicated in the yearbook index by two asterisks prefixed to the title.

Finally, I have recorded the names of a small group of stories which possess, I believe, the even finer distinction of uniting genuine substance and artistic form in a closely woven pattern with such sincerity that these stories may fairly claim a position in American literature. If all of these stories by American authors were republished, they would not occupy more space than six or seven novels of average length. My selection of them does not imply the critical belief that they are great stories. A year which produced one great story would be an exceptional one. It is simply to be taken as meaning that I have found the equivalent of six or seven volumes worthy of republication among all the stories published during the period under consideration. These stories are indicated in the yearbook index by three asterisks prefixed to the title, and are listed in the special "Roll of Honor." In compiling these lists, I have permitted no personal preference or prejudice to influence my judgment consciously. Several stories which I dislike personally are to be found on the "Roll of Honor." The general and particular results of my study will be found explained and carefully detailed in the supplementary part of this volume.

Edward J. O'Brien.

Locarno,
August 10, 1928.

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THE BEST SHORT STORIES OF 1928

THE GUARDEEN ANGEL[1]

By FREDERICK HAZLITT BRENNAN

(From *Cosmopolitan*)

GOT a match? Thankee, I guess I'll light up. Ain't much for smokin' on trains. It sort of gets muh—stomach. I don't get around very much. Only, once a year I go up to Chamble to the in-sane hospital. Huh? Me? Nope, I already been there. I'm bound for home. Yes, Sir, bound for home. Alvin's my town. Up in Nodaway County. Was you ever at the in-sane hospital? I don't blame you. No, Sir, I don't blame you.

I wouldn't go myself, but you see I got—well, a sort of friend there. I guess you'd call him that. Orrie Watts. Guess you don't know him. No, of course you wouldn't never have met him. Maybe you read about Orrie in the papers, though? Blake Hughes was the name of the man he kilt. Huh? Yep. Don't you remember? Why, it was a big killin'. All the St. Louie papers had pieces about it.

Well, as I started to say, I and Orrie is sort of friends, and I tried to see his side of it even when most everybody in town was down on him. I will say you couldn't hardly blame 'em. Blake Hughes was just about the biggest man in Alvin. He was president of the Farmers' State Bank and a deacon in the Methodist church—you know, it was in church that Orrie kilt him. Yep, in church. I wasn't ten feet from 'em both. Me and the old woman was in the third pew from the back door, and on the right side. Lord, I never will forget it. Stuck a butcher knife in Blake, he did, before anybody knew what was happenin'.

Funny how things like that stay in a man's mind. I won't forget it long as I live. No, Sir, I won't forget it. I remember it as if it happened yesterday when it was the second Sunday in October three years ago. Parson Doppelkopf was prayin' when

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all of a sudden Blake give a sound like "Ou-oo," like that, and sort of slumped down.

The first thing I knew my old woman—she's right spunky and don't lose her head easy—was hittin' Orrie over the head with a hymn-book and yellin', "You did that, did you? You did that?" Then Mrs. Hughes keeled over and everybody crowded around and Doc Perkins tried to help poor Blake. But there wasn't nary chance of savin' him. The blood, Lord, man, that was a sight I never will forget.

Orrie? Oh, he never done nothin'. Jack Saunders and Mel Dinghman grabbed him—Tom Dowell bragged around town afterwards that he was the first to catch holt of Orrie, but he wasn't nowhere near—and we all took Orrie outside.

Well, Sir, there was talk of stringin' Orrie up on the spot. But us older men said, "No, we'll let the law take its course." Nobody ever was lynched in our town but once in a while a darky. We have a mighty clean little town and we didn't want folks to say we didn't give a white man a fair, square show. That was just what Jim Tanning said in the Appeal.

You had ought to read the dandy piece Jim wrote. I'll send—say, I don't believe I know your name. Mine's Willis Hutchins and I run the drug store at Alvin. Mighty glad to meet you. Yes, Sir. Got another match? This pipe's gone out. What was that last town we passed? Didn't see. Well, I guess we're not to Nedina yet, where I change.

Why did Orrie kill him? Well, Sir, I just don't know exactly. Yes, I do, too, but it don't make sense. That is, it don't unless you knew Orrie. You see, Orrie never was right bright.

Nobody but an in-sane person would get up and tell a judge and jury what Orrie told 'em. He just stood up there—Si Halling what was app'inted to defend him didn't want him to make no statement, it being against his constitutional rights, they tell me—but Orrie got up anyways and blinked at the Judge and jury and said:

"I wanted to send Mr. Hughes to Heaven to be a guardeen angel."

Yep, that's his very words. I was there, all but the first day when I couldn't find no place to stand, and I would of been on the jury too exceptin' I was ruled out because I'm a second cousin

of Blake's wife. That's his very words. Crazy? Sure Orrie was crazy. Guardeen angel.

Where did he get the idee? Hold on a bit. I was comin' to that. They had a what-do-you-call-it—let's see a—an alienist, that's it, an alienist. They had an alienist down from K. C. to examine Orrie and the alienist told Doc Perkins that Orrie didn't have no more brains than a ten-year-old. Doc Perkins asked him where Orrie got the idee about a guardeen angel, but the alienist couldn't tell. He said Orrie must be a religious fanatic. You know—cracked on religion. That just shows you what little an alienist knows.

I don't put no stock in these high-priced experts. Say, you know it cost the county a hundred and twenty-five dollars and expenses to bring that alienist from K. C.? Huh. And he didn't know where Orrie got that idee about a guardeen angel. Huh. Orrie wasn't no religious fanatic. I'll allus say that. Where did he? Listen. He got that idee in his head on account of Minnie Davis's little girl. You ask Sol Yokum or Andrew Johnson or any of the men in town who knew Orrie and they'll tell you I'm right.

You see, Orrie was all wrapped up in the child. They can say all they want to about Orrie but he had a good heart, only his brain was addled and that landed him up at Chamble in the in-sane hospital. I started to tell you about him and Minnie Davis's little girl and how come she was reelly the cause of his gettin' that idee about a guardeen angel. Well—let's see, I'd better tell you first about Minnie. She's sort of a town character on account of folks' talkin', not because I think Minnie's so bad.

She used to be quite a pretty girl—she was an orphan and Mark Ritson's wife raised her—but about seven years ago she took it in her head to go off to Kansas City. Accordin' to what we heard she worked as a waitress in Fred Harvey's place at the Union Station. Then she took up with a soldier at Fort Leavenworth. Well, in about a year she come back with this baby and a wedding-ring. Well, you know how people are in a little town. There was some talk of turnin' Minnie out of the church, but Parson Doppelkopf wouldn't stand for it. The first Sunday she come with the kid he shook hands with her at the door and said:

"How do you do, Mrs. Wilson"—that was the soldier's name,

accordin' to Minnie—"and how is the darlin' baby this mornin'?"

Still, the talk made it sort of hard for Minnie. She used to come to my place for patent medicines—she was always takin' some sort of truck—her health not bein' good—and the young fellows hangin' about would always try to josh her. Oh, it was hard for Minnie, all right. She got a job waitin' table at the Greek's place—that's just two doors from my drug store—but she didn't have no one to leave the kid with. I don't know what Minnie would have done if it hadn't been for Orrie; her havin' to work from eight in the mornin' till ten at night—that George Demetrios treats his help like dogs—and no one to leave the kid with but Orrie.

It was lucky for Minnie Davis that Orrie took a fancy to her little girl. She roomed at the Central House—you should stop at the Metropolis if you ever come to Alvin—and nobody around there wanted to be bothered with a baby. Say, I can see Orrie walkin' up the street in his ragged, dirty overalls—he usually wore just them and a flannel shirt in summer and put on a red sweater that Sam Stikel's wife give him, when it was cold—I can see Orrie walkin' up the street with that kid of Minnie's in his arms. He'd go along singin' to it, "Nice little baby, nice little baby, nice little baby," over and over again. It used to give me the willies to hear him when he come into the store. He come into my place a lot.

I had two big bottles of red and green colored water in the front window then. Orrie sure used to like to look at those bottles. He'd come in to show them to the kid all the time singin', "Nice little baby, nice little baby, nice little baby," over and over again. Sometimes I'd get so I couldn't stand it any longer and I'd say:

"Look here, Orrie, sing something else to that kid. Don't sing the same thing all the time."

Orrie was allus a great one to argue. It tickled him, I guess, when some one was willing to talk to him and he wanted to make it last. So he'd ask: "What shall I sing, then, Mr. Hutchins?"

So I'd tell him things to sing, but the poor nitwit would forget 'em right off and go back to his "Nice little baby" song.

What did the town folks think? Well, I guess they were sort of glad Orrie was helpin' with the kid. It sort of relieved their

consciences, I reckon. I know my old woman would sometimes say:

"That Davis girl oughtn't to trust Orrie Watts with her child. It's a shame."

I shut her up right quick. I'd come back with: "Well, why don't you take the kid, then?"

My wife is a good woman and all that, but I'm not sayin' she was any better than the rest. I'm not saying that it didn't look bad, either, to have Orrie wanderin' around with the kid. Orrie is sort of cracked-looking. He must be twenty-five or thirty now and his head is flat in back and his hair is short like a pointer dog's and he allus grins. He was silly-lookin', you understand? Not wild or anything like that, but Orrie allus did have pale blue eyes and a trick of starin' at you. He was allus chewin' the corner of a dirty handkerchief, too.

Tourusts who'd come through town sometimes would see Orrie and the kid down the road and think he'd stolen her. They'd stop and try to take the kid away from him and that would make him mad and he'd either fight or pick the kid up and scoot into the bushes with her. Of course, the tourusts would come back to town and raise a row, and it did give us a sort of bad name, I guess. Strangers, not knowin' Orrie, you see, would figure that we oughtn't to of allowed him to take care of the little girl. As it turned out, I guess they was right.

Got another match, please, Sir? Thankee. This pipe keeps goin' out. Hey, conductor, what was that last station? Steubenville? Thank 'ee kindly, Sir. Well, I guess I got time to finish this yarn if you ain't tired? I know, but sometimes my old woman tells me I run on when folks ain't a bit interested.

Well, where was I at? Yep—well, as I say, things sort of drifted along and Minnie Davis's kid got to be a right smart little girl. She had Minnie's yaller hair and eyes sort of like Minnie's only they wasn't such a dark brown.

Orrie got crazier and crazier about her. He made a walker for her out of a drygoods box. I give him some old casters I had about the store, but he was such a fool over her he wouldn't give her a chance to learn to walk.

He was allus wantin' to carry her. I'd tell him:

"Orrie, put that kid down and make her use her legs. She'll be so sp'ilt her ma won't be able to do nothin' with her."

And he'd allus want to argue. Orrie was a great one for arguin'. He'd say, "I can't, Mr. Hutchins, because I heard Doctor Perkins tell Mrs. Samphoff it would make you bow-legged if you walked too soon." Of course it wasn't no use tellin' him that applied to kids under a year old.

Somehow it sort of made you feel good to see how Orrie loved that little kid and how she took to Orrie. He was a great hand at pickin' blackberries and daisies and black-eyed Susans and hickory nuts and truck like that. What did he do for a living? Oh, odd jobs. He used to milk several cows around town and wash windows and I used to let him wash the floor in the store, but I had to stop it because he'd steal candy for the kid whenever he got a chance. No, he wouldn't steal nothin' else. He was right honest, thataway. But he'd take something he knew the kid would like. I recollect seein' 'em lots of times comin' back from Sharp's pasture, him with a pail of berries or maybe mushrooms, and this youngster of Minnie's walkin' alongside, pretendin' she was helpin' Orrie with the pail.

What was her name? Let's see. I ought to remember. Why, Mary Elizabeth, wasn't it? Of course, I mind now because Orrie called her Mary Beth. Orrie never could handle long names. Well, as I say, things sort of run along until the kid was about four years old. Minnie had to quit the Greek's because she was too sickly to pack trays and I give her a job in my drug store. Of course she wasn't worth much but I figured somebody in Alvin had ought to hire her. She wouldn't have lasted very long in K. C. where she wanted to go, so I told her, I said, "You just stick around here, Minnie. The country's the best place for you and the kid."

Besides, if Minnie had gone off with the kid I don't know what Orrie would of done.

Now I've come to where I can explain where Orrie got the idee of a guardeen angel. And that explains why he kilt Blake Hughes. That there alienist feller's talk about Orrie's bein' a religious fanatic ain't right. It don't stand to reason. Of course Orrie went to church. But after Mary Beth got big enough for infant class he mostly went with her.

I kinda think he understood more what the infant class teacher —she's Miss Liza Roberts and a good Christian woman, though there's some who don't like her gossipy ways—well, Orrie understood what she said about religion better'n he did what Parson Doppelkopf preached. Meanin' no criticeesm of the parson, you understand. But what I aim to say is, Orrie liked to sit next to Mary Beth in the infant class and learn about Jesus and Heaven and the like. But that don't make him a religious fanatic, now, does it? Orrie just liked to be where the little girl was.

Well, along about thrashin' time three years ago Mary Beth took sick. Doc Perkins said it was cholery she had, but Doc Struthers that I had come from the county-seat said it was dysentery. I don't know which was right. But anyway, she died in three days. Yep. She took sick on a Tuesday, and Thursday night she died. Me and Orrie and Minnie and Doc Perkins was there. Poor little kid. It was hot in that room of Minnie's, I remember. We took turns fannin' her, but Orrie did the most. We couldn't get him away from the bed. I don't think he slept any the hull time. Let me tell you, friend, it was sad. I ain't much on the weeps, but I cried like a baby that night.

You know, none of us in Alvin but Orrie had paid much attention to Minnie Davis and her kid. I see that now. We just sort of took for granted that Mary Beth and Minnie was gettin' along all right.

Minnie never asked for help. She was right proud that way. But that night I looked around the room—it's on the second floor of the Central House, back over the kitchen—and I could tell that Minnie hadn't been gettin' along all right. She didn't have hardly no clothes and the kid didn't have neither. She didn't have hardly anything.

Just after Mary Beth breathed her last the Doc asked Minnie if she had any money—you know, about the funeral and things. She just pointed to her pocketbook on the bureau and fell across the bed, sobbing real hard. I looked in the pocketbook. Listen, friend, she had just eighteen dollars and forty-six cents.

Well, that sort of got me. I looked at Mary Beth's clothes, lyin' in a heap on a table. They were all patched and she'd kicked the toes out of her shoes. I couldn't find but one pair. It was about two in the mornin', near as I can recollect, when Mary Beth

died. Well, Sir, I just walked out of that room, got in my car and drove out to my house. We live on Poplar Street, that's the best residence street in town. I got my wife out of bed and I said: "Minnie Davis has lost her kid."

My wife is a good-hearted woman underneath. I didn't need to say no more. She started to get dressed to go down and do what she could for Minnie. Then I left the house and drove to Sim Judson's. He runs the best drygoods store in town. I hammered on the front door and got him out of bed, too.

"Sim," I said, "have you got a stock of clothes for little kids?"

He said, "Yes, but what's got into you, Willis Hutchins? Be you crazy? Wakin' up a man at this time of night!"

Well, I explained what I wanted and he didn't say another word. He looked just like my wife looked. He got on his clothes and drove down with me to the store.

We picked out the best clothes Sim had in stock for Mary Beth. Shoes, a dress, everything. I'd made up my mind, you see, that Mary Beth was goin' to be laid out in nice, clean new things. When we had the outfit together I took it to the hotel.

Did any women come? Yep, about a dozen of 'em. You know, folks are all right at heart. They just don't think until something happens to make them get next to theirselves. Everybody in Alvin felt sorry for Minnie Davis. The next mornin' we didn't have any trouble at all takin' up a collection for the burial.

Blake Hughes, I remember, gave a hundred dollars. That's the sort of man Blake was. As upstanding a Christian as you'll find anywhere. Course, he could easily afford it, bein' the richest man in town, but then, he didn't know Minnie or the likes of her. He may have heard of her, I guess, because she'd been around town since she was a little girl. Well, anyway, we collected about four hundred dollars, enough to buy Mary Beth a pretty little white coffin and to have the motor hearse from the county-seat.

Orrie? You mean, what did Orrie do? How did he act? Well, Sir, he acted right queer. That is, he allus acted queer, but after Mary Beth died he acted queer even for Orrie. You see, we sort of expected him to feel sorry Mary Beth was gone. We kinda thought he'd cry and carry on thataway. But he didn't. He just stayed by the body and wouldn't stir. He'd fall asleep

but he'd wake right up if he thought we was tryin' to take Mary Beth away. But he didn't cry. Nary a tear. I loaned him—well, that is, I give him, reelly—some of my clothes to wear at the funeral. But we couldn't make him wear 'em. It looked kinda bad in church, too, Orrie settin' up there in his old clothes. But he didn't seem to mind. You know, I sort of think Orrie liked the funeral.

He sat up there all durin' the service and kept sayin' "Pretty, pretty, pretty," over and over again. It looked like he was proud that everybody had come to Mary Beth's funeral. Well, after the burial—Parson Doppelkopf preached a real good sermon, too; he made all the womenfolks ashamed of theirselves; you never heard such bellowin' and carryin' on at a funeral—after we had buried Mary Beth. Orrie wanted to stay by the grave. Just like a dog.

We dragged him away, though, and he didn't go back for several days. I think it was a Sunday after church that the sexton told me Orrie had been back to Mary Beth's grave and set there all afternoon, talkin' to her. Queer. It give me the willies.

Then, Orrie went and took this guardeen angel notion. He come into my drug store one mornin' and said, "Mary Beth has gone to Heaven, Mr. Hutchins."

I felt sorry for him so I said, "Yes, Orrie, she has gone to a better place than this." I sort of wanted to comfort him, you understand?

Orrie was worried, it seemed like. He shuffled around the store, chewing on the corner of a handkerchief like he always did, and finally he come up to me again. "Heaven is a big place, ain't it, Mr. Hutchins?" he asked me.

Not gettin' his drift exactly, I told him: "Yes, Orrie," I said, "Heaven is a big place of many mansions."

Well, he wanted to know what mansions are. I told him they were big houses. Then he said:

"But who'll take care of Mary Beth in those big houses?"

I wanted to set his mind easy so I said, "God will take care of Mary Beth. Don't you worry about that. God takes care of even the sparrers."

That seemed to satisfy him for a time, but the next afternoon he come into the store again. "Mr. Hutchins," he says, "are you

sure God's lookin' after Mary Beth? She ain't very big yet and I was thinkin' maybe God might be busy and not notice she had come to Heaven."

The poor feller looked so worried it kind of got me. I see now that I should have shut him up short and not humored him. Maybe he'd of got the crazy idee out of his head. But I told him, I said: "Just you rest easy, Orrie. God is everywhere in Heaven. He don't overlook little girls like Mary Beth. He sends an angel to watch over 'em. Don't you mind what they taught you in Sunday-school?"

Well, Sir, Orrie cheered up a bit when he heard me say that. "A guardeen angel?" he said, insistent like. "Does God send a guardeen angel to take care of little girls like Mary Beth?"

So I patted him on the back and said, "Sure, a guardeen angel. That's right. You just bet your hat on it, Orrie, that there's a guardeen angel lookin' after Mary Beth this very minute."

He went out, thinkin' that over. I didn't see no more of him for about a week. He must 'a' kept close to that little hut in Coon Hollow where he lived. It had a feather-duster stuck from the roof. He put it there to please Mary Beth after she had got too big to ride it for a horse.

But Orrie still had that fool idee in his head. One mornin' he come into Hank Dipp's barber shop where I was gettin' a haircut and sidled up to my chair.

"Mr. Hutchins," says he, "I think somebody ought to go to Heaven and look after Mary Beth. Them flowers on her grave is all withered and I don't think her guardeen angel is lookin' after her like she ought to be tooken care of."

Hank Dipp is something of a josher, so he cut in and said, "Well, Orrie, why don't you go up to Heaven and look after the little girl?"

Orrie took him real serious. He scratched his head and chewed some more on his handkerchief and then he says, "I wouldn't never get to Heaven. Gosh, Mr. Dipp, it would take a good man, I guess, to go where Mary Beth is. It would take just about the best man in this town. I'd never make it." You see how his notion was runnin' on.

It got to be quite a joke around town, this fool idee of Orrie's.

I told him several times durin' the next month that it didn't look right for him to go about questionin' the goodness of Almighty God. He'd just hang his head, and bein' how he just loved to argue, he'd say:

"But, Mr. Hutchins, Mary Beth was terrible shy. I'm afeared she'll get in one of them big houses and hide in a corner and God'll never find her."

Now, Minnie Davis was actin' sensible. It seemed like after her first grievin' she felt it was best for Mary Beth to go. She perked up. It appeared like Mary Beth's goin' had sort of taken a load off'n her shoulders. Which it had, though that may look like a hard way to talk about it. Anyway, she didn't go around makin' a nuisance of herself like Orrie done.

Whenever I tried to shut him up he'd say: "I still got an idee, Mr. Hutchins, that this town ain't doin' right by Mary Beth. The best man in this town, one as is sure of goin' to Heaven, oughta go up there and be her guardeen angel." Or else he'd try to argue that Mary Beth was too little to be trusted in Heaven, and that she'd fall down the golden stairs and hurt herself, or else that nobody but a man from Alvin who knew her would take the right interest in Mary Beth.

I saw it comin'. Orrie was bound that he'd get a guardeen angel for Mary Beth.

The thing that put him clear off'n his trolley was when Jasper Crouchitt's cows got into the cemetery one night and tromped Mary Beth's grave.

He come rarin' into my place the next day, his face all red. "See!" he yelled. "See, Mr. Hutchins, what comes of not havin' no one to take care of little Mary Beth? Them cows tromped her grave. If some good man in this town had been up there watchin' out for her he'd never of let this happen. She oughta have a guardeen angel, I tell you, a guardeen angel!"

We had an awful time quietin' him down. But even then we never thought. We never had the slightest idee he would do what he done.

So you see, friend, that's why Orrie Watts killed Blake Hughes. Yep. Death loves a shinin' mark, they say. Guess that's what led Orrie to pick Blake. Best man in town. I'd back his chances

of glory against any one else's in Alvin. Sure. The jury couldn't do nothing else but declare Orrie in-sane and commit him to the hospital at Chamble.

Funny thing, though. Orrie's never had no remorse. He's happy—they let him work in the garden—and he told me this time I visited him: "I ain't forgot little Mary Beth. Do you suppose Mary Beth likes the guardeen angel I sent her?" So calm he said it. Gives me the willies.

Minnie? You mean, what did she think of what Orrie done? Well, Sir, that's another funny thing. Seems like Minnie musta picked up that guardeen angel notion from Orrie, or else she was just sorry for him and didn't want to say nothing ag'in him. Because I asked her one day, when folks had been talkin' in the store and sayin' how unjust it was for Blake Hughes to have to die because an idjit took a notion; well, Sir, I asked her what she thought.

"It wasn't so unjust, what Orrie done," she said. "I should of kilt Blake Hughes before Orrie did it."

I guess Minnie was just talkin' to find an excuse for Orrie. Well, here's where I get off. Mighty glad I met you.

THE CAT THAT LIVED AT THE RITZ[1]

By LOUIS BROMFIELD

(From *Harper's Bazar*)

WHEN I knew her she was an old, old woman with a face that was lined, white and transparent. There seemed to be a kind of illumination behind the thin high cheek bones, but it must have been purely material illumination for there was never anything spiritual about Miss Wannop. She was dry as an old bone.

All her life she took the most exquisite care of her skin. Her toilette frequently took as long as two hours, and even as a very old woman she treated herself as if she had been a great beauty whose duty it was to guard the treasure God had delivered into her care. Yet she was not a beauty and never could have been even in her youth. Her nose was too thin, her temples too pinched and her mouth too small and narrow. She did have the look of what one expects a lady to be and she took pride in that look of breeding, and in the end it helped her more than all her money to deceive people and so to gain those things which she valued to the exclusion of friendship, of blood relationship, even of human warmth.

All these things I learned after her death from the woman who for eleven years was her maid and who is now the wife of my *maître d'hôtel*. With this woman, Miss Wannop has remained a kind of obsession. She would rather discuss Miss Wannop than talk of any other subject on Heaven or earth.

The odd thing was how Miss Wannop came by that queer, pinched lady-like look, for one grandfather had been a butcher in Brooklyn and the other a ship's chandler on the wharves of West Street. It was the butcher who, having embarked late in

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life upon a wholesale trade in meat, laid the foundations of the great fortune which in the end was put to such strange uses by Miss Wannop.

I met her through a creature called the Marquis de Vestiglione. He is a shabby, threadbare little man, whose only claim to celebrity lay in the fact that he had once been the husband of a famous beauty of the Seventies in Paris. The lady married him because she needed a *cocu* who would provide a certain screen of respectability in return for the notice that came to him as the consort of so notorious a character. That fact rather explains the gentleman. He was the kind of weak man who enjoys being seen in the company of well-advertised strumpets. He lived on the money given her by her lovers and when she died, he dropped out of the world, completely forgotten, a penniless and cuckold nonentity.

He had many rather shady ways of finding money to feed and lodge himself, and one of them was to go about the country picking up bits of old furniture which later he sold to shops or through the medium of one or two ancient acquaintances of his late wife to rich Americans. My father collected *porcelaine de Saxe* and so he came to know the Marquis de Vestiglione. It was after my father's death that I received a note from him written in a mincing and servile style with all the flourish of handwriting that was genteel and elegant in the Seventies. He wrote that a friend of his, a certain Miss Savina Wannop (an American lady who had lived so long in Paris that she was *really* French) had an interest in *porcelaine de Saxe* and had heard of my father's collection. She was very rich, he added, and in case I cared to dispose of the collection I would be able to sell it to her at an excellent price.

"I believe," he continued, "that I am the person to aid you as I have had some experience as a connoisseur of these things (he carefully avoided using the obvious term "dealer"), and would know the true value of your collection. The commission could, of course, be arranged later.

"Miss Wannop," he wrote, "knowing your position in the world is eager that this should not be simply a commercial affair. Having lived so long among us, she understands the delicacies of such a transaction between people of our class. Therefore, if you are interested, she asks if you would care to join us at the Ritz for

tea on Thursday so that she may be presented. She lives at the Ritz. I will be waiting for you in the hall on the Place Vendôme side at five."

The affectation of the note amused me as well as certain of its observations, especially the one concerning the delicacy of transactions between people of our class, because in affairs of business there is no class in France. When it comes to buying or selling something, duchesses and concierges in France are exactly the same.

And it struck me as odd that I had never encountered a lady who had lived so long in Paris and who was so rich and had so great a respect for the amenities of the best society. My mother was American and in my youth we had many Americans in the house. The name of Miss Wannop did, however, have a faintly familiar ring, and its sense of familiarity grew more tormenting as the day of the tea approached. It would not leave me in peace, and I found myself repeating in the night, "Miss Wannop, Miss Savina Wannop, Miss Wannop. . . ." And then suddenly in the middle of the night I knew why I knew the name but not the lady. It was one of those names which appeared regularly in social columns of the Paris *Herald.*

While my mother was alive the columns had been a source of amusement to us. Day after day there was always the same list of names. Their bearers appeared to live always in a round of mad gaiety. To judge from the columns of the *Herald,* these same people went from one entertainment to another, sometimes to as many as four teas or receptions or charity bazaars in a single day. We knew all the names, yet we knew none of the people. It was a strange world made up of my mother's country people and French people like the Marquis de Vestiglione. It was a world that seemed to exist in a vacuum, and each individual in it appeared to have what you would call a press agent. They were always present at paid entertainments.

One of the names had been that of Miss Savina Wannop. We remembered it because it was such an odd name. I could not recollect having seen it lately, but since my mother died I had given up reading the column. The next morning I picked up the *Herald,* and there miraculously I found it at once.

Among those present at the unusually brilliant entertainment

and ball given last night at the Ritz for the Benefit of the Russian Orphans in the Crimea were the Marquis de Vestiglione and Miss Savina Wannop.

II

The old man clad in a shabby cutaway and soiled yellow gloves met me just inside the revolving doors. He was all bows, smiles and servility, for he was a toady who existed only in relation to people whom he considered important. Alone in his own room I cannot think of him as existing at all. . . . In this case I fancy he was impressed by the name and family of my French father and the wealth of my American mother. And he was nervous about the bargain over the porcelaine.

He rubbed together dry and wrinkled old hands slightly dirty about the nails, and commented upon the January cold. "Miss Wannop is waiting for us," he added. "I am sure you will find her a charming person."

It was mid-winter and most of the tables were filled. They were all there—American millionaires, demi-mondaines, German buyers speaking bad English in the hope that they would be mistaken for Americans, English titles, Argentine cattle kings, Italian "Princes" who were blackmailers, American college girls, seeing life; actresses, Spanish dukes, decayed and once famous beauties. Following my shabby Marquis through the mob, I picked out an old lady sitting alone by a pillar who I was certain must be Miss Wannop. She was large and heavy, with a red wig, huge diamond earrings and a large badly painted mouth.

"This," I told myself, "must be Miss Wannop. This is what American women of her generation turned into when they have, as my friend says, lived among us for so long."

I made ready to bow and seat myself, but we passed the diamonds and the red wig without a sign of recognition. A second later, Vestiglione halted abruptly before an old lady whom I should never have noticed. Bowing, he said, "This is Mees Wannop. May I present the Prince de S——."

He said it in English, but she replied at once in the most exquisite and flawless French. "There is no need to speak English. I know French well. I am almost French myself. I have lived among you so long."

She wasn't at all the Miss Wannop I had expected. She wasn't at all like most American women of my mother's generation who, married to Frenchmen and Italians, had withered away and turned bitter, or dyed their hair and taken lovers or formed a despairing interest in art or music or charity. And she wasn't of course like the young American women of our day, glittering, handsome and self-assured. She was a little old lady of the greatest gentility, not in the rakish enlightened sense of the eighteenth century, but . . . well . . . rather Louis Philippe, dowdy and a little *manqué*. That ever-recurrent expression, "I have lived among you so long," was the key. Here, I thought, was an American who had accomplished what so many Americans of Miss Wannop's day had attempted without success. She had fled an America which she found hard and vulgar for a France that she saw through a sentimental haze, overlooking all its footless aristocracy and the heavy coarseness of its bourgeois Third Republic. And she had actually transformed herself into a Frenchwoman. All her friends, I divined, must be French. Vestiglione was simply a chance acquaintance picked up in a business arrangement. In appearance she seemed exactly like my French grandmother.

She was small and thin and dressed in purple and black and wore on her fingers amethysts and diamonds in heavy old-fashioned gold settings. As I approached she had let fall the piece of *petit point* on which she had been working with the air of a duchess who must recover her old chairs with her own hands because it was the tradition in her family.

I said to her, "Of course, I speak English well enough. My mother was an American."

Her gentle smile said, "Need you tell that to one who has lived among you so long." And her clear small aristocratic voice said, "Yes, I know all about that. I once served on the same charity board as your grandmother. The French one, I mean, of course. The old Princesse. I have not lived in America for forty years."

Again it occurred to me that it was strange I had never heard of her save in the newspapers and then only in a world which neither my mother nor myself could believe really existed.

"I suppose you would find it greatly changed if you went back now."

"Oh, I shall never go now. I've been away too long. Why, I've even lost all trace of my own relations, all except a cousin who turns up now and then. She married a Frenchman. . . ." Her voice fell almost into a whisper, as if she were about to mention a disgrace. "It was, of course, only a Bonapartist title. . . . The Prince de Bezancourt."

I murmured that I had the honor of knowing the Princesse, her cousin. A delightful and amusing woman.

"But it is not the same," she said in a voice which with my eyes shut I could have sworn was my grandmother's. But my grandmother was, of course, a Frenchwoman, whose father had died on a scaffold in the eighteenth century, and she was much nearer to Napoleon. You could understand why my grandmother childishly looked upon him as an upstart. "My cousin Emma," she continued, "never adapted herself to the ways of her new country. She made no effort." And the thin small mouth closed in an unpleasant line of disapproval.

"But she was happy," I said. "It was one of the few happy marriages of that sort. Her husband adored her, to the very end. It is a kind of legend that he was the one faithful French husband in history. She kept him amused and all his friends too."

I kept seeing her, "Cousin Emma," the Princesse de Bezancourt, as different as day and night from this quiet, exquisite old lady. Even as an old woman Emma de Bezancourt in a red wig had the fire and the wit to draw young men about her.

But the cold, pleasant refined voice was saying, "But it is not the same. Bezancourt himself was the grandson of a blacksmith. And my cousin Emma owed a duty to her new country."

They were the very words I had heard my grandmother use about Emma de Bezancourt—how long ago? Thirty years perhaps. Only because Emma de Bezancourt had been alive and human and colorful.

"But she made her husband and her children very happy."

She did not appear to think this argument worth an answer, and Vestiglione, who had been awaiting a chance to talk of the days when France was still a country fit for a gentleman to live in, launched himself upon a long-winded account of a visit made to the Château de Bezancourt in the days when he had been the cuckold husband of the Beauty. Miss Wannop appeared not to

listen, as if such a world could hold no interest to one who had the Royalist cause at heart. Once in the middle of the account, he winked at me and murmured, "Miss Wannop doesn't care for that set." It was an insolent and vulgar wink. I was aware that he wasn't toadying now to Miss Wannop but to me. The old lady I think was a little childish and failed to notice.

When he had finished, Miss Wannop picked up the thread of conversation as if the unfortunate Bonapartist interlude had never occurred. Finally we came round to the delicate business of the *porcelaine de saxe*. She had, she said, long known of my father's famous collection. She was a collector herself. She had had a house in the Rue de l'Université but she had given it up during the war because it was so difficult to keep servants. Since then she had lived at the Ritz and all her things had been kept in storage. She failed to speak of money, or of price, or to suggest that I would take less than the asking price. It was the first time she seemed different from my grandmother. My grandmother would have haggled over every sou.

The Marquis, devouring cakes and sandwiches with the air of a man who had not lunched, talked a great deal of the beauty and value of the collection, all of course with his commission in view. I asked her to lunch on the following Tuesday to inspect the collection and she accepted at once, almost with an air of eagerness.

And at the same moment I saw the immense woman with the red wig and the diamond earrings moving toward us.

"Ah," said Miss Wannup, smiling faintly. "It is Olivia. You must know her already, Monsieur de S——. She is a charming woman, don't you think? And one of the most ardent of Blacks."

I had to admit that I did not know the Duchess, but in the next moment I was presented. At the mention of my name the evil old face of the Duchess lighted up as if some one had turned on a light behind the badly painted mask. "Ah, of course," she said, seating herself heavily on one of the gilt chairs. "I knew your grandmother in Italy. . . . The old Princesse. We were on the same committee to aid the orphans of people who died there of the plague."

The notorious charitable activities of my devout grandmother had, I thought suddenly, brought her some strange acquaintances.

The most noticeable fact about the Duchess was, I think, her need of a thorough bath. The rouge and powder on her massive face had been put on, layer after layer, until it had caked. The great shelf of a bosom bore evidence that she was an untidy eater.

Then I noticed that she had not spoken to Vestiglione and that he had turned his chair a little away from her. Something about the strange trio made me suddenly uneasy. It was a feeling difficult to put into words, but I felt that I must escape the depression that was settling over me and that I could only escape it by escaping these people. I rose and kissed the hands of both ladies, the white, immaculate, beautifully kept hand of Miss Wannop, covered with diamonds and amethysts in old-fashioned gold settings, and the fat greasy one of the Duchess with greedy eyes.

Vestiglione rose quickly too but he only kissed the hand of Miss Wannop. And then an odd thing happened. I saw a look of horror come into the china blue eyes of Miss Wannop. I heard her scream, "That horrid beast!" and I saw her faint dead away. At the sound of her scream, others turned from the tables all about us and out from under the table itself ran a great white cat. It scurried through the crowd and disappeared into the corridor that led toward the Rue Cambon.

In a wild confusion we got her upstairs amid cries from the Duchess of *"Ma chère Savine! C'est inouï! C'est incroyable! A laisser vivre ce sale bête."*

Miss Wannop had a bedroom and a salon overlooking the garden and both were filled with *porcelaine de saxe* arranged coldly in horrible cabinets and vitrines in the style of Louis Philippe. What she could possibly want with more of the stuff, I did not know. Among it moved her maid, a big, florid woman called Amélie. It was she who succeeded in restoring Miss Wannop to consciousness. I left the old lady to the tender care of the Duchess, but Vestiglione remained glued to my side. I soon discovered the reason. He wanted a lift in my motor to the door of the shabby hotel where he lived. I suspect too that it gave him pleasure and a sense of self-respect to have the world see him walking through the corridors of the Ritz by the side of a man who was rich, respectable and possessed of a position.

In the motor he kept on revealing his horrid little character. It began when I asked who on earth was the Duchess de Ven-

terollo. The name haunted me in the same fashion as Miss Wannop's name had done.

"She is," he said, "a nobody, one of those countless cheap Italian titles. She's a vulgar old woman who lives off Miss Wannop."

"But," I said, "she seems to be covered with diamonds."

"They are all paste. She even got those out of Miss Wannop," he sighed. "She is too good-hearted, too trusting and generous."

It occurred to me that if it had been the Duchess to whom I had given a lift, she would have been saying the same things of little Vestiglione. These two ruins, these harpies were living off the naïve old lady. And yet she wasn't naïve because she was much too hard. She must have been a little stupid. She could have done better than these two.

Hoping to draw him into deeper water, I said, "Miss Wannop does not seem the sort to be imposed upon."

He slipped away by repeating, "She is much too kind, much too kind." This, I knew was nonsense. Whatever virtues Miss Wannop may have had, kindness was not among them. Talking to her was like talking to a marble pillar. There was no warmth or resiliency. She was flat, cold, metallic.

I mentioned the incident of the cat.

"She has a horror of cats," he said. "She can feel it when one is in the room with her. That white cat has lived at the Ritz for years . . . on the Rue Cambon side, in the grill."

I told him that I knew the cat well and was even fond of it. "But it must annoy her continually," I observed.

"Oh, she never goes to the Rue Cambon side. It's partly on account of the cat, but more I think, on account of the people one sees there. You see, they offend her."

"It is much more lively and amusing than that den of decayed wrecks where we had tea to-day."

He did not wince. "Yes, but you see, she belongs to another day and another world. And then the bar is always filled with Americans, and she has lived among us so long. . . ."

I could not endure the remark again. "She ought to know," I said, "that young France is trying to be as American as possible." And then I added, "Besides, my mother was American."

"But it's not the same thing. Your mother didn't belong to the noisy vulgar mob. She was like . . . like Miss Wannop."

The remark made me angry and gave me my first clue to my real feeling about the old lady. She suddenly seemed to me in spite of all her airs and refinements the most vulgar woman I had ever known.

"My mother was certainly not like Miss Wannop."

"Perhaps not . . ." he said smoothly.

"But the cat. If she feels like that about cats, I can't see why she stays on at the Ritz."

"She threatens to leave but they know she never will."

"But why . . . she's rich and free."

"She couldn't bear living alone. At the Ritz she sees her friends." After a moment he said, "It's an odd thing about the cat. It never crosses over to the Place Vendôme side unless she is there. It seems to be fascinated by her."

As the chauffeur opened the door for the battered Marquis to step down, the old man said, "Don't be afraid to ask a good price for the porcelaine. Money is nothing to her when she's impressed, and you have impressed her."

With this cryptic remark he vanished through the garish yellow door of his hotel.

All the way home the name Venterollo haunted me, and then all at once I knew. It was one of the names in the mysterious world of the Paris *Herald*. At home I took up the paper again. Yes, she too had been at the dinner for the Crimean orphans along with Miss Wannop and Vestiglione.

III

On Monday, the day I was to entertain Vestiglione and Miss Wannop at lunch, I opened the *Herald* to read, "Among those who entertained at the unusually brilliant Sunday night at the Ritz was Miss Susan Wannop who had as her guests the Duchess of Venterollo, the Marquis de Vestiglione and Prince Puriatine."

So there was another friend rescued from among the hordes of stray Russians. I imagined Miss Wannop surrounded by three hungry ruins instead of two.

To my astonishment Miss Wannop appeared for lunch accom-

panied by a maid, the same big Auvergnat known as Amélie. She was a capable servant, no doubt, despite her independent, mocking black eyes. It seemed to me a bit swanky that Miss Wannop should be accompanied thus as if she were a kind of royalty. Amélie was sent to the servants' hall to lunch.

We ate in the green dining room where Miss Wannop admired the *boiserie,* the Coromandel screen, the crystals—all the stuff collected by my father with which I had no desire to part. I saw that Vestiglione's little green eyes were appraising the value of each piece and thinking how much he might get in commissions on them from some rich American who did not haggle over prices.

I said, "I mean to part with nothing but the porcelaine. My mother left me plenty of money. I am not poor."

Miss Wannop passed over the vulgar reference to American money, as if she were ashamed of her own wealth derived from sources of which I was at that time ignorant. My dislike for her was growing. It was not the cold contempt I felt for Vestiglione but something harsher than that which arose from a sight of the patrician marble mask, the cold expressionless blue eyes and the delicate blue-veined hands.

With a rather shameful impulse toward malice, I expressed my sympathy over the affair of the cat.

At once she grew agitated. "Let's not speak of it," she said. "The thought makes me ill."

And then I discovered an obscure desire, rather strange in one who is amiable by nature, to torment her, a helpless old lady, old enough to be my grandmother.

She spoke of the Rue Cambon side of the Ritz. "Of course it's all changed now. I can remember when one saw only ladies and gentlemen. It's almost as bad everywhere." For a moment she put down her fork. (She ate greedily, exposing fine, sharp, little white teeth.) "You know, Monsieur de S——, I have never cared for my own people, even as a girl. I only feel at home with the *real* French."

This I thought was a very old-fashioned remark. It was like something out of Henry James and then it occurred to me that in her youth she must have been very like the wandering Americans who strayed through his pages. I knew what she meant by the *real* French—the sort that were Royalist and black Roman Cath-

olic, who consider baths and central heating the height of vulgarity and whose conversation when it was not concerned with placing some mental incompetent upon an imaginary throne, was of turnips or their rheumatism.

"I find that my own people—that is the ones who were my people once—have no sensibilities."

(This, I thought, was Henry James with a vengeance.)

After lunch we looked at the porcelaine. She admired the pieces with a curious banal enthusiasm, though it seemed to me that she knew nothing whatever about them—the dates, the lustre, the marks—nothing that a person with so large a collection and so enthusiastically expressed an interest should have known. And, one by one before we reached them she asked Vestiglione to remove any group which might contain a cat. As the subject was extremely rare, there were only two.

"Keep those for yourself," she said. "I will buy the rest. I have no room for them at the Ritz, but I'll have a man come and pack them for storage with my other things."

"But we haven't discussed price?" I protested.

"I'll trust you. I dislike discussing money. I'm sure I can trust a de S——."

What could I do but shrug my shoulders? It all seemed a bit silly.

Amélie was summoned from the servants' hall and arrived looking for some reason doubly robust and high-colored. On leaving Miss Wannop said, "To bind the bargain you must dine with me on Sunday night."

My first impulse was to refuse and then I felt a desire to know more of her, to get to the end of the story if there was any end. She fascinated me as cats do. She went downstairs and disappeared into her respectable, high-pitched, old-fashioned motor.

When she had gone Vestiglione proceeded to make it known to me that we might ask her what we liked for the porcelaine. . . . I told him that I would have in an expert to value the pieces and set a figure and I saw his greedy eyes darken with disappointment.

"But why," I asked, "is she indifferent about the price? No one is as rich as that."

"No," he replied, "but she is getting old and she—" he hesitated, "and she is trying to get rid of her money. She has no one to leave it to. She is alone in the world."

"But why should she want to give it to me—a stranger? For that's what it amounts to."

Again he hesitated. "Well, she is Royalist, you see. She wants to help those of the old régime."

This made me want to laugh, but I merely said, "But I'm rich already. It can't help me. And I am not idiot enough to be a sincere royalist."

"It's not altogether that, perhaps." He looked at me slyly. "Perhaps you wouldn't understand . . . but she'd like to have you dine with her at the Ritz."

IV

On Sunday night the other guests were the Duchess, Vestiglione and a Russian Prince who drank far too much and seemed not quite bright. He was called Prince Puriatine. It was a nightmare of boredom with the Russian drinking himself into utter stupidity and the Duchess and Vestiglione hating each other and competing for the favors of Miss Wannop. The lady herself seemed not to notice the squalid air of the party but sat looking about her at the other tables. She peered through lorgnettes with an expression which was unmistakably that of satisfaction. The other tables were scarcely better than our own. There were a great many ruins like Miss Wannop's friends, interspersed among tremendously fat women in pince-nez and yards of passementerie who wore rather the same expression of satisfaction as bloomed upon the delicate cheek of Miss Wannop. They were certain that at last they were moving in the great world of Europe. There were titles too on every side. I am certain of it. There were all the titles my mother had laughed at so many times, for here at last was the heart of that lost world which we had never believed existed.

In the morning I read in the *Herald,* "Among those who entertained at the unusually brilliant dinner at the Ritz was Miss Savina Wannop who had as her guests the Prince de S——, the

Duchess de Venterollo, the Marquis de Vestiglione and the Prince Puriatine. . . ."

I felt somehow that I had been publicly soiled.

V

Miss Wannop kindly invited me on two other occasions to an "unusually brilliant dinner" at the Ritz but I did not accept. Nevertheless I suffered, for my name appeared as usual in the columns of the *Herald* as one of Miss Wannop's guests. It then occurred to me that some mysterious agency supplied the *Herald* columns with its list of guests and sometimes supplied it too well in advance.

The porcelaine was packed and sent to storage. I discovered that Vestiglione had tried to sell the collection to her at a price far above that named by the expert, and after a row I rid myself of him forever. And with the business completed, I drew a veil over my "friendship" with Miss Wannop, unaware that I was doing what hundreds of others had done before me. I did not like her, and she was a bore. And she still seemed to me, for no reason which I could name, the most vulgar person I had ever known.

But the affair was not over. One day three months later Henri, my *maître d'hôtel,* came to me to announce that he planned to be married. Would I have any objections?

"No," I said, none whatever so long as it did not interfere with his work. I congratulated him. Who was the lady?

Henri shifted uneasily for a moment. "Her name is Amélie. Perhaps you remember her, sir? The maid who came to lunch with the old lady from the Ritz?"

"Of course. But she seems quite a handful. I suppose she'll be staying on with Miss Wannop?"

Again Henri shifted his feet. "Why, no, sir. That was just it. I wondered if you couldn't find her a place here in the house?"

I thought for a moment. "I suppose I could find her a place. But you see, Henri, I don't want to feel that I'm stealing Miss Wannop's maid from her."

"You wouldn't be, sir. Amélie plans to leave anyway."

"But she's been with Miss Wannop a long time."

"Seven years. And she still gives satisfaction, sir. It's Amélie who is breaking off. She says she's spent as much of her life as she means to with a . . . a . . . monster was the word Amélie used, sir."

"Miss Wannop a monster! Why, she's a very nice old lady."

"Sometimes, sir, people seem different to their servants . . . more real, I mean. Amélie says she'd go mad if she stayed any longer with Miss Wannop."

"Why has she stayed so long?"

"Well, you see, sir, it's a good place as money goes. Amélie gets three times the wages of a lady's maid, just to stay with Miss Wannop. It seems she can't get a servant to stay otherwise. She must be a pretty terrible old lady for Amélie to give up all that money." A shadow of humor colored his voice. "Amélie's an Auvergnat too and you know how they feel about money."

"And what does Miss Wannop do that makes Amélie want to leave her?"

"I can't quite make out, sir. It's just that she is . . . well, Amélie says she's not a human being. . . ."

The answer did not make sense but there seemed to be nothing to be gained by questioning.

"I'll think it over. Perhaps I can make a place for Amélie."

Two days later before I had given Henri an answer, Amélie herself called me by telephone. She was, she explained, in a shaken voice, sorry to trouble me but Miss Wannop had died suddenly during the night and she did not know what to do. She had called Miss Wannop's friends but to no good.

"What friends?" I asked.

The voice of the big Auvergnat came back to me, a voice rich with scorn. "Madame la Duchesse, Monsieur le Marquis, Monsieur le Prince." Neither the Duchesse nor Vestiglione would come and the Prince Puriatine was too drunk to make sense. Surely, I argued, there must be other friends who knew Miss Wannop better than I did.

"No," said Amélie. "She had no other friends."

So I agreed to come at once.

VI

Amélie, excited and tearful, was standing in the middle of the salon filled with *porcelaine de Saxe*. She was dressed to go out and had her bags by her side.

"Surely," I said, "you don't mean to leave the moment Miss Wannop dies."

There was no arguing with her. Amélie meant to go, without delay. "It was like her to die on the day I was to be married," she said bitterly. "I'll be late as it is."

I mentioned loyalty. "Loyalty," screamed Amélie, "why should I be loyal? She tormented me for seven years."

I asked how, but she could only scream, "In a million ways. She was a monster. It was like living with one of the dead."

She could not say what it was poor Miss Wannop had done, but she burst forth into a life history of the old woman. "You want to know what she was like? Well, she never had a friend . . . never since I knew her . . . but harpies like Madame la Duchesse and Monsieur le Marquis. She used to buy things, furniture and pictures and porcelain, from people like you, respectable people of position, just to get acquainted with them. But it never lasted. They saw her once or twice and that was the end. You were just like the others. The people she might have known were never good enough for her. Why, she had to close her house because nobody would come to it and she couldn't get any servants to stay." Amélie began to weep. "Oh, sir. You don't know what I've put up with."

I didn't know and it seemed impossible to discover.

Amélie seized her bags and rushed from the room to marry Henri and carry on life. I was left alone. There was a faint noise in the adjoining bedroom and I discovered that with Miss Wannop was an undertaker with a blue-black beard. He was making her ready for her final rest.

I began poking about the room, looking for some clue to a will or the address of her lawyers, for anything I must say which would take from my shoulders the responsibility for this old lady whom I disliked so coldly. Presently I found the address of her lawyers. And I found also a pile of heavy books, expensively bound in red morocco and gold. I opened one of them. It was

not an ordinary book but one filled with pages of blank paper on which press cuttings had been pasted. There they were, page after page of them, many of them yellow with age, some of them clippings from the columns of *Mondanités* in French journals, some of them, the recent ones, from the columns of the *Daily Mail* printed in the days since the Harmsworths discovered that Americans too meant circulation. "Among those who entertained at the unusually brilliant Sunday evening at the Ritz was Miss Savina Wannop, etc., etc. . . ." Going back through them one discovered all the names which had once given my mother many a laugh—the names of the world which she said did not exist. It was like a directory to some shabby niche in Hell filled with the ghosts of bankrupt Grand Dukes, bogus princes, broken down opera singers, fake counts, swindling Duchesses. This then had been the world of Miss Wannop. These books were the story of her life. She had lived for these books and now she was dead, alone, having captured only the ghosts of ruin and decay.

The voice of the undertaker interrupted my thoughts. He stood in the doorway rubbing his hands. "If you wish to look at Mademoiselle, she is ready."

I went because it seemed only decent that some one should care enough to look at her just once before the coffin was closed, some one who was not a servant, an undertaker or a hotel manager.

She was dressed in the black and purple dress in which I had first seen her, but the jewels were missing. Feeling my responsibility, I asked the undertaker what had become of them.

"I have them," he said. "A woman came and tried to take them but I know the law and I refused to let her have them. She said she was Miss Wannop's sister."

"Sister!" I said. "But she had no sister." A suspicion rose swiftly. "What did the woman look like?"

He described her—a large woman, he said, with diamond earrings and many diamonds on her fingers. Her hair, he thought—well, perhaps nature had never produced so vivid a red. And she was, he thought, perhaps an untidy eater. She was very fat and much painted.

I asked him to leave me alone for a moment and then I knelt to pray by the old woman whose "friend" had tried to rob her

as she lay dead. When I had finished I stood for a long time looking down at the old face. In death it was more than ever like marble, more delicate and aristocratic and more than ever vacant of all emotion, of all passion, of all character. It was empty and in its peculiar emptiness there was a kind of horror and repulsion. I could understand a little what Amélie had not been able to put into words.

And then suddenly I became aware that I was being watched by some one or something and that the curtain at the window was moving ever so lightly. Looking down I saw a soiled white paw emerge and a moment later I was looking into a pair of empty china-blue eyes faintly rimmed with pink. For a moment I experienced a wild sensation of horror and madness for I was looking into the living eyes of Miss Savina Wannop. Then I knew suddenly and was relieved. It was the Cat that lived at the Ritz. He had found her out at the very end when she could no longer scream or faint or escape. But the eyes were the eyes of Miss Savina Wannop. Suddenly I understood. I knew that my prayer for her soul had been useless, because Miss Wannop had never had any soul. She was exactly like the cat of which she had such a horror.

Driving the animal before me, I closed the door on the last of those who had lived among us so long that they become really French. The cat scurried down the stair and from the well arose the sound of American voices and the tinkle of ice in American cocktail glasses. Something more than Miss Savina Wannop lay dead in the room next to the *porcelaine de Saxe.*

SEVEN BLOCKS APART[1]

By KATHARINE BRUSH

(From *Cosmopolitan*)

THEY were talking about it again. Spoiling their evening, numbing their ecstasy that was born of the glittering lights and the glad, wild music. Madeline sighed. Why *must* they, always, everywhere they went? Why couldn't they forget it once in a while? And just have fun.

She reached over quickly and patted Johnny's sleeve. "Let's dance, Honey. Let's forget it—to-night, anyway. Listen to that music, will you please?"

She smiled. She sat erect, chin lifted, gray eyes upturned. "*Tyah*-ta! *Tyah*-ta! Tyah-da-ta!" she breathed to the beat of the jazz, and brushed a thumb across her lips in the gay jazz gesture.

Abruptly she was grave again; quiet, and a little sheepish in the face of Johnny's unrelenting gravity. Her shoulders drooped. She sat fingering her glass, twisting it round and round.

"But it *is* nice music, Johnny."

"Um," he answered.

"We spent all this money to come here to-night—if all we're going to do is get sorry for ourselves, we might just as well've stayed home, seems to me."

Johnny said nothing. He was sitting hunched forward, his arms folded, his dark glance fixed on the acre of floor where the locked couples swung and swayed. She looked at him. Big, beautiful Johnny. So stanch of shoulder, so brown, so—breath-taking. So sulky now, like a spanked small boy. She could have laughed at him; and yet she couldn't have laughed. Her eyes were misty, suddenly.

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"I know," she murmured. "I feel the same way. But—we're young, Johnny. We've got lots of time. Some day—"

"Yeah! *Some* day!"

His bitterness startled them both a little; they scrutinized each other briefly, hard. Then their eyes fell. Madeline fumbled her glass again, stirred with the straws the weary bits of fruit in her lemonade.

"For two years," Johnny said, "we've been saying, '*Some* day.' And it's no nearer now than it was two years ago."

She scarcely heard him. She was thinking, "Oh, what started us, anyway? When everything was so grand." She remembered. It was that idle remark of hers about Mary Brokaw's beau, and how they were going to be married.

It was that word—married. That other-people's word. She should have known better.

"Two—years," Johnny repeated, and his voice made it sound like eons. "And look at us." His hands were fists inside his folded arms. He unclenched them, and clenched them again. "Some day—*maybe,*" he said, low. "And maybe never."

"Johnny!" Madeline cried out.

"But it's so, isn't it? Why should we kid ourse—"

Her swift hand covered his mouth. "Don't *say* such things! Of course it isn't so! 'Maybe never'—why, Johnny Sebastian, I don't know what you mean! Do you mean you think we're going to stop loving each other? Is that it?"

Johnny shook his head. "No. No, I don't think that."

"Well, then."

They were silent a moment. The forgotten music filled their ears again; the panting, haunting horns, and the strings that yearned and quivered, and the deep gruff mutter of the drum. "Some-times I'm hap-py . . . Some-times I'm blue-hoo . . ."

Under the table Madeline's foot, an absurd toy foot with a stubby toe and a lofty heel and a buckle, tapped the time. She was not conscious of it. It was instinctive, that restless foot. Like a slain snake's tail.

She took a sip of lemonade. Pushed the glass aside. Folded her white lovely hands with the lacquered nails on the table before her.

"It's so silly," she said, "to talk about 'never'—just because

right now we're not—not getting the breaks. It won't always be this way, of course. Something will happen, something—"

She stopped short. After all, what *could* happen, except a dire and tragic something? Only unthinkable solutions were possible solutions to this problem. Something happening to Johnny's mother. Or something happening to hers.

She knew that Johnny read her mind, and that his mind read the same, and she felt ashamed, and miserable, and angry with herself and him. But there it was. There it always was. They were poor. They were a shipping-clerk at thirty dollars a week and a manicurist at about twenty-seven, counting tips. And they had each a dependent mother, widowed, not very young. And there it was.

She remembered two years ago, when they newly knew each other; remembered it with wistfulness. Life was simple, then. Paths were smooth. You met a boy, and his eyes were brown and bothersome, and his hair grew down in a tiny arrow on his forehead. . . . You fell in love. Blithely. Without thinking. Without ever once looking beyond the next hour, the next breathless rendezvous.

Then you began to want to get married.

The day that Johnny and Madeline first had talked of marrying remained still in her mind as the most hideous, most racking day of her life. Some of youth had been lost that day; and some of laughter. She never would forget it. She could see now, clearer than the wheeling couples or the band or the gilded walls —clearer than any tangible and present thing—their two blanched faces, hers and Johnny's. She could hear Johnny's voice, over and over: "But, Pinky—there must be *some* way—" And her own voice, saying desperately, "Yes. But what? I've got to take care of her. I can't leave her alone—any more than you can yours. And we can't all four of us live together. They—they don't get on. So *what?*"

She still could feel the first sick shock of their realization that there wasn't any way. Not any way at all, except to wait.

Johnny sat marking the bare wooden table-top with the prong of a fork. Dully she watched. First a scratch. Then a line. Then a little groove.

"Of course," he said, "if we had money—"

The little groove deepened. Madeline watched it, unblinking. Yes. Of course. If they had money. She thought of their spasmodic past attempts to make some, to make a lot of money, all at once. There was that slogan contest, with prizes of five thousand, three thousand, one thousand dollars. They still believed that the judges had been bribed. . . . There was that drive for subscriptions to the *Household Weekly*. Johnny had made sixty-three dollars in a month, working evenings and Saturday afternoons. But his brother in Chicago, the one with the two small children, had lost his job about that time . . .

The little groove was very deep. It would stay there now, forever. Johnny put the fork down and leaned back in his chair. He shoved himself low, his hands in his pockets, his chin digging his four-in-hand tie.

"Maybe," he said thoughtfully, "one of them will marry again."

She wanted to weep then. Something inside her snapped, and she wanted to shriek and scream. "I can't *stand* it," she thought. "I can't!" It was too heartrending. They were too pitiful, snatching where there were no straws.

She said, "Let's go home, Johnny. Please. I—don't feel like this place any more."

The music followed them out and down the stairs, nipping at their heels. Even on the street they heard it still. "Some-times I'm hap-py . . . Some-times I'm blue-hoo . . ."

They began to walk rather fast, to lose it sooner.

Two blocks north. One block west. Then they were descending subway steps. Johnny held Madeline's elbow. They did not speak. They had hardly spoken in three blocks.

The subway was dank and blurry-bright, and hollow with the strange sepulchral hollowness of subway stations late at night. The turns of the turnstile crashed, reverberated. There were not many people. A fat black woman with a rattan suitcase, an attendant wielding a listless long-handled brush, a couple on a bench, holding hands . . . Across the tracks, on the downtown platform, a chubby little boy with dangling sandals slept beautifully in his young father's arms.

"Want to get weighed?" said Johnny.

He produced change from his pocket, spread it out on his palm, selected a penny. Madeline got weighed.

Johnny was frowning when she stepped from the machine. "Hundred and seven's not enough," he said. "You used to weigh —what? Hundred and fifteen, hundred and eighteen? Somewhere around there."

"I was too fat," lied Madeline.

They stood at the edge of the platform, side by side, gazing down on the gleaming cold tracks.

"I hear the subway company's going to put up rails along," Johnny remarked conversationally. "Too many people jumping off in front of trains. Raises Cain with the service."

Madeline nodded. "There certainly have been a lot lately."

They stared at the tracks.

"I s'pose," Johnny said, "they do it—just all of a sudden. Probably didn't mean to, beforehand. Probably just meant to go to Times Square or some place, and then—it looked so *easy*—"

They stared at the tracks.

"I read a story," Madeline said, "in a magazine, about a man who—did. Jumped. He meant to, though. He planned it all out."

She added after a pause, " 'Nickel's Worth,' it was called."

" 'Nickel's Worth,' eh?"

"Yes. You see—"

"I get it," said Johnny.

They stared at the tracks. There, far down, was the rushing red eye of the train.

Suddenly Johnny wheeled, jerking Madeline by the arm. "Come on," he commanded in a queer, thick voice, "let's—let's buy some gum."

Their train stopped. They boarded the nearest car hurriedly, gratefully; and sat close together on the slippery yellow seat. Their hands touched, gripped . . . The man across the aisle had a paper with pictures of the newest pretty murderess on the back. They began feverishly to talk about the newest pretty murderess. Then they talked about the man's feet, which were monstrous for such a little man; about the bootleg-looking package that lay on the seat beside him; about the car-cards strung in a high bright row above his head and on down . . .

By that time Madeline's color was back, and the ghost of mad-

ness had gone from Johnny's eyes, and the train was diving into their station.

They lived in the Bronx, only seven blocks apart; that is almost next door in New York. They had lived there since infancy, both of them, but they had not met until they were grown, and then they had met at Coney Island. This fact was to them an unfailing source of wonder. Neighbors for years—and they had had to go to Coney to find each other! They often spoke about it. It was, they agreed, Fate, absolutely.

Johnny's home was nearest the subway. They passed it on their loitering walk to Madeline's: a soiled brick building with a fire-escape muzzling its thin façade. They glanced at it as they passed, and Madeline leaned her head back to look up. High up.

"Your mother's awake," she observed. "There's a light."

"Yeah?"

"She always waits up for you, doesn't she?"

"Yeah," said Johnny.

They quickened their pace a little after that. But not for long. A block or so, and they were sauntering again. Johnny put his arm around Madeline's waist—there being, at that hour, only one or two stray people who didn't matter, to see. Madeline pulled off her hat and swung it in her hand, and sometimes her hair was blacker than the shadows, and sometimes, when they passed lighted doorways, it was red, gleaming red with gold in it.

"Nice out," she sighed, with her face lifted to the wind.

"You said it."

"Stars—and everything."

There was a tiny silence, and then Johnny began, "Say, I'm sorry I was so darn low to-night, Pinky."

"It's all right."

"I don't know what got into me, I swear I don't. I just—just had the darnedest feeling—" He shook his head. "I made you feel pretty bad too, I guess. I should've kept it to myself."

"It's all right," she repeated.

But it was not all right. She knew that. He knew it. To-night, for the first time, they had said, "Maybe never," they had let themselves admit that life might beat them after all, and waiting have no end. It was not all right; for once you tasted hopelessness, what quite could take the taste away?

They turned into Madeline's block without speaking again.

The house was one of a row of sullen brownstone houses; the sixth in the row from the corner—or, more unmistakably, the one with the second-hand furniture shop in the basement. "P. Marek, Household Furnishings Bought & Sold."

Madeline's flat was the fourth floor front one. (There were two on a floor.) From her windows she could look on the opposite sullen brownstones, on the children who hop-scotched all day long in the street, on the comings and goings of the chairs and lamps and bedsteads of P. Marek.

The house had a vestibule, secret and dark, wherein Johnny and Madeline were wont to bid each other lingering good nights. But to-night the vestibule was occupied. When they opened the door there was a little stir, a glimpse of two faces, in the gloom. . . . "Somebody *would* be there," thought Madeline wearily. It was part of this night, more of its frustration.

They shut the door again, and standing on the topmost brownstone step, kissed briefly.

"So long, sweet," Johnny said.

"Good night, Johnny dear."

"I love you."

"I love you, too."

There seemed to be nothing further to say. After a mute, strained moment during which they tried to think of something—something comforting, something anesthetic—they gave it up, and Johnny mumbled, "Well. Be good," and kissed her once again, and went away.

Mrs. Phœbe Dietz, Madeline's mother, was a vast pink woman made pinker by rouge and vaster by laces and ruffles. She was a preposterous woman. When you saw her attired for the street or for the movies—you blinked; this simply, you felt, could not *be*. This riot of color. This billow of frills. This elephantine fluffiness . . .

She had married George Dietz, printer, when she was seventeen; and buried him when she was thirty-nine. It was very sad. But it was not as sad as it might have been. For by the time Mrs. Dietz was thirty-nine, Madeline was twenty, and able to support Mrs. Dietz.

Mrs. Dietz, you see, had a Heart. Capital H. (One no more could begin this particular Heart with a little *h* than one could omit to mention it altogether.) Nobody, said Mrs. Dietz, *nobody* knew just what she suffered with her Heart. True. Nobody did —though it was certainly not Mrs. Dietz's fault.

Because of the Heart, Mrs. Dietz had to be supported. The Heart was a Bolshevist. It declined to allow any toiling or spinning, but insisted upon a régime of movies, naps and rocking-chairs. Mrs. Dietz obeyed it to the letter. She said she was afraid not to. Madeline, reared in the Heart tradition, was afraid not to have her obey.

There was also, of course, that assistant Bolshevist, Mrs. Dietz's back . . .

"Madeline?"

"Yes."

"Home at last!"

"Yes."

Mrs. Dietz sighed profoundly. From the darkened bedroom, through the open doorway and across the parlor the sigh carried, and Madeline, her fingers still on the inner knob of the hall door, asked, "What is it, Momma? Is anything the matter?"

"Nothin' much. Only my back again."

Mrs. Dietz said this as one might say, "Nothing has happened except an earthquake, a fire and a tornado."

Madeline's hand left the knob and groped along the wall until it found the bookcase, and the matches in the saucer on the bookcase. She struck one on her shoe and lighted the gas. Home sprang into view. The things of home. The oak center table with the curly feet. The davenport of imitation leather. The two rocking chairs and the other chair. The bookcase. (It held souvenirs.) The limp net curtains that had shrunk somewhat. The potato-colored wall-paper. The pictures of Jesus, the Grand Canyon, the late George Dietz, the "Vanishing American," the surf at Old Orchard, Maine, "Under the Mistletoe," and Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh.

The room was small and stuffy, and Madeline opened a window first of all. Then she moved toward the bedroom, dropping her pocketbook on the table en route and hanging her hat to the corner of a chair. She looked tired. The skin that the red hair

kissed so prettily was wan, the cloud-gray eyes were shadowed underneath. But she walked with quick, brisk little steps.

"It's a shame," she said. "Does it hurt very bad, Momma?"

She was standing by the bed now, gazing anxiously down. The light from the room adjoining showed her her mother: a mighty mound of bedclothes and a pillowed, sad pink face topped with a coronet of patent curlers.

"Terrible," whimpered Mrs. Dietz. "Somethin' terrible. It started about eight o'clock, and I been in misery ever since." She added, "What time is it now?"

"It's about twelve-thirty."

Mrs. Dietz closed her eyes and rolled her head as far to one side as the curlers would let it go. "I thought you'd never come," she said faintly.

"I'm so sorry. If I'd known—"

Mrs. Dietz's eyes reopened. "Where were you?"

"At a place called Jazzland."

"Dancin'?"

"Yes."

This was plainly too much for Mrs. Dietz. She closed her eyes again and lay supine.

"Well," said Madeline, feeling guilty, "anyway, I'm here now. So what can I do? Shall I get the hot-water bottle for your back?"

"It's under."

"Oh. Well, can I—"

"But it's cold," said Mrs. Dietz suddenly. She tugged, and the bedclothes heaved, and the hot-water bag appeared. Mrs. Dietz lay back as though spent with this effort, the bag falling to the floor with a loud *glug!* sound.

Madeline stooped for it. She crossed the room, carrying it, and lighted the gas-jet beside the huge oak bureau. From a closet shelf she took down a patent burner and a saucepan, and lighted the burner and set the pan full of the warmest water the bathroom tap would yield—which was lukewarm—over it.

"Now!" she said. "We'll have some hot in a jiffy." She returned to the bed. "Did you try taking those pills the doctor gave you?"

"I took three. It only says to take two, but I took three."

"And they haven't helped?"

The curlers wagged in piteous negation.

"It's a shame," said Madeline again. "Well—would it help for me to give your back a good rubbing?"

"Maybe," replied Mrs. Dietz, without hope.

"Turn over, then. Where's the alcohol?"

"Under the wash-stand. Or no, behind the—oh, *I* don't know," wailed Mrs. Dietz, "where I put it! I'm too sick to think!"

"I'll find it," said Madeline.

Five minutes of rubbing revived Mrs. Dietz somewhat. She was moved to conversation, difficult though conversation was, with her face squashed against the pillow and her short breath shorter under Madeline's young hands.

"H-how's—Johnny?" she panted.

"Oh, fine."

"I saw—*her*—s-mornin'—"

(*Her* was Johnny's mother.)

"Did you? Where?" asked Madeline.

"Market. She was—ow! Not so hard!—buyin' berries."

"Was she?"

"Um. You—should 'a' seen her. Pokin' and pinchin' and—feelin' of every last—one in the box— Ow!"

"I'm sorry, Momma."

"You take the breath out o' me!"

"I'll go easier. What about Mrs. Sebastian?"

"Oh, she says to me—'You're out—early, ain't you? Early for *you*,' she says—sarcastic-like."

Madeline went on rubbing.

"Poor white trash," said Mrs. Dietz.

Madeline went on rubbing, lips compressed.

"You say you—were to—Jazzland?" Mrs. Dietz queried, after a pause.

"Yes."

"Have a—good time?"

Another pause, slight, almost imperceptible.

"Yes. Lovely," said Madeline.

She was up the next morning at half-past seven, up and nearly dressed, when a knock rat-tatted on the front door of the flat

and a high voice called through the panel, "Madeline! Hoo-oo! *Ma-ad'*line!"

"Coming," she called back.

In the bed Mrs. Dietz stirred drowsily. "Who's that?"

"Jewel, I guess."

"What's she want? What time is it?"

Madeline did not answer. She was on her way to the door to find out what Jewel Marek, daughter of P. Marek, Household Furnishings Bought & Sold, did want.

Jewel was tiny and gipsy-dark, with teeth that flashed. "Hi, there," she said. "Say, your fella's on the phone."

"Johnny?"

Jewel laughed. "How many fellas you got?"

"But it's so early—" Madeline began. Then her puzzled scowl gave way to a business-like expression. "All right. I'll be right down."

Descending the stairs, she overtook Jewel on the third flight down.

"What do you s'pose he wants," she demanded, "at this hour in the morning?"

Jewel had no idea.

"He woke you up, didn't he?" Madeline said sympathetically. She sighed. "Oh, well. Some day I'll have a phone of my own."

The Marek telephone was entirely surrounded by Household Furnishings Bought, but not yet Sold. It stood on the top of a medicine cabinet, which in turn stood atop a buffet, and as you talked into it you leaned against an ice-box and rested your foot on the rung of a baby's crib. That day you did, at least. Another day you might not. Even before you finished talking the baby's crib might vanish, borne off by hairy, dirty truckman hands; and when you went to put the telephone back on the medicine cabinet, you might find you were putting it back on a kerosene stove . . .

"Hello?" said Madeline. "Johnny?"

"Hullo there, sweet!"

His voice was so joyous, so jubilant, that Madeline caught her breath. "Oh, what *is* it, Johnny?"

"What is what?"

"Don't tease me," she begged. "Something's happened—"

"You're dog-gone right, something's happened!" crowed Johnny.

"But I won't tell you over the phone. I want to see your face when I tell you. Listen. How soon you going to start for work?"

"Why, about the usual time. Eight-thirty."

"Can't you start any sooner?"

"I'll try. But I've got to get breakfast, and get Momma fixed, and all."

"Hurry, then. I'll wait for you by the steps."

He was there at eight-thirty, when she came out; teetering there on the curbstone, whistling blithely, with his back to her and his hands in his trousers pockets. She knew an instant's pang of tenderness, poignant, exquisite. He was such a *kid*. . . .

She stole up behind him and linked her arm in his, laughing at his involuntary start. "Don't run," she said. "It's only me."

She had never seen him so happy. She stood looking up at him, at the radiance of his face and the hint of glory in his eyes; and gradually her laughter died, and a certain vague terror was born. This thing that had happened, whatever it was—would it *last?* Was it *sure?* Because if not—if anything went wrong, when he looked like this—

She felt a little sick.

She said, "Tell me what's happened, Johnny. Tell me now."

"*Wait* till you hear!"

"I can't," she whispered, white-lipped.

Johnny, blind with his own glee, noticed nothing. He unhooked his arm from hers and took her arm with his hand; he began to pilot her along the sidewalk.

"Well," he said, "first let me ask you something." He was pretending to be solemn, trying, as he would have put it, to "keep a straight face." He cleared his throat. "Supposing you and I got married—oh, say about September first? Would you like that?"

(This was the twenty-third of July.)

"September—September first?"

Johnny nodded.

"You mean"—her fingers dug his wrists—"you mean, this *coming* September?"

Johnny nodded again.

"Tell me! Oh, go *on!*"

She had forgotten fear. There was nothing now in her mind but eagerness, and the dawn of a joy that matched his.

"We can do it!" Johnny cried, and she believed him. "We can—and we're going to!" He turned on her. He was almost shouting. "You hear that? We're going to get *married!*"

"Yes!" breathed Madeline. "Yes!" she knew. It was so. Details didn't matter, how didn't matter. They were going to get married.

They stood there on the pavement in front of a fruit-stand, staring shining-eyed at one another: the long broad boy in the shabby suit and the little Titian girl. They were all alone. Shapes drifted past them, voices murmured, but they were all alone in the world.

Madeline thought, "September. Eight more days of July. August—let's see, 'Thirty days hath'—'all the rest have thirty-one'—thirty-one and eight—"

"Thirty-nine," she said aloud.

"Right!" roared Johnny.

They moved away, presently, from the fruit-stand. They had not seen it at all. For years to come the odor of fresh peaches would trouble Madeline vaguely; she would not know why.

Walking along slowly, very close together, oblivious and sunlit and young, they talked things over. Or rather, Johnny talked. Madeline listened, and now and then laughed, a small excited laugh, like flute-notes.

"It's *wonderful!*" she kept saying.

It had to do, the wonderful news, with old Mrs. Lane. Of all people! Madeline had met old Mrs. Lane but once; her recollection of her was a recollection merely of an ear-trumpet and constant cries of "How? How's that?" Old Mrs. Lane was very old. She was eighty-some. She wore yards and yards of greenish black, and had a little mustache. She did not look at all like an answer to prayer. But she was. She was.

Old Mrs. Lane lived on Johnny's street, in the little gray clapboard house that cowered between the two tall tenements, looking meek and scared and countrified. It was her house. Mr. Lane, who had been in Heaven for years and in politics prior to that, had left it to her. (They said on Johnny's street that he also had left her thousands; Johnny's mother thought it was more.)

Old Mrs. Lane always, since Mr. Lane's demise, had lived by herself in her house. But now she was eighty-some. Stairs were harder to climb now, and stoves meaner to manage, and silences were full of strange and frightening sounds, "and," said old Mrs. Lane to Johnny's mother, "if you want to come and live here and keep me company, you kin. It won't cost you nothin'."

Dear old Mrs. Lane!

"Isn't it the darnedest thing," Johnny crowed, "the way things happen, Pinky? Just when you think you've reached the end of your rope—zowie! The old luck turns. Last night—why, say, I was never so discouraged as I was last night! I could've killed myself." He laughed, rather sheepishly. "Say, we nearly *did*, didn't we?"

"I'll say."

Johnny shook his head. "Darn *fools*. Well, anyway, here I go home from your house, so low I'd have had to stand on tiptoes to pat a caterpillar—and there's Ma waiting up, just back from Mrs. Lane's, with this to spring on me! Say! Did I feel good!"

"I know," said Madeline softly. "Like I feel now." She was wordless a moment, her forehead puckering between the thin curved brows. "Your mother wants to do it, does she?"

"Crazy to! She and Mrs. Lane are awful thick, you know."

Into Madeline's mind flashed an animadversion of her own mother's, oft-repeated: "She certainly shines up to that old Mrs. Lane! Guess she must think she'll get mentioned in the will."

"Listen," continued Johnny. "Here's what we'll do. I got it all doped out. We'll wait till the first of September, for three reasons. One is, that's when I get my vacation. We can go somewhere. Maybe"—his voice soared—"maybe Atlantic City! Or somewhere. Anyway, the second reason is because I'll have to save some money, enough for the ring and the license—and the trip. I'm a little short right now. Some bills I owe. And then besides, we got to give Ma time. She thinks it'll take her about a month to get moved and pull up stakes and all. We don't want to rush her."

"No," agreed Madeline.

"So September's about right, don't you think?"

"September's wonderful," said Madeline.

"So then we'll get married, and then we'll go on the trip. And

you'll give up your flat, and we'll get some new furniture and stuff for my place, and—and *live* there! You and me. And your mother, too, of course," he amended, frowning slightly.

"You don't mind, do you, Johnny? Awfully?"

"N-no. No, of course not. Look!" said Johnny, changing the subject. "Look what's across the street!"

It was old Mrs. Lane's little clapboard house, grown all at once interesting and dear. They gazed at it. Their footsteps slackened. Madeline thought, "Funny I never noticed that cupola thing. And those curtains."

She said, peering, "There's—isn't that her in the window?"

"I guess so," Johnny answered, also peering. "It's something black, anyway."

"I think," said Madeline slowly—"don't you think we sort of ought to go over and—and speak to her?"

"Well," doubtfully. "What'd we say?"

Madeline didn't quite know. It would not do, of course, to thank old Mrs. Lane for taking Johnny's mother off their hands —hardly.

"We'll go some other time," decided Johnny. "We're late enough now as it is."

He spoke truly. It was twenty minutes after nine when Madeline finally reached the Broadway beauty shop where she worked. Her first client of the morning had been waiting nineteen minutes, and had not liked it at all. But she did not say so. There was something about Madeline's face that day that made it impossible to scold her, just as it is impossible to scold a flower, or a star, or a singing bird.

The day was an average beauty-shop day, no better, no worse. There was the smell of soap and steam and the faint oily smell of hair. There was the hiss of water, and the drier's hot whine, and the rattle of marcelling irons. There was the bustle of slender white-clad girls, the cacophony of conversations.

Every half-hour there were ten new fingers on the little pad in front of Madeline. Every half-hour she smiled, "How-do-you-do?" and took her nickel bowl with the paper frill inside to the back room for new soapy water; returned, and set the bowl down, and picked up the file, and said, "Pointed? Do you want them any shorter?" She worked well. She made neat, rosy nails out

of nails that had been neither. And she never really saw a single nail.

At twelve, on her way to luncheon, she called up Johnny from a pay-station. "I don't know why I'm calling," she told him amusedly. "I haven't a thing to say."

They talked for twelve minutes.

Her luncheon was a cup of cocoa with beady whipped cream and a cream-cheese-and-jelly sandwich. Net expenditure: forty cents. She had three dollars and seventy-four cents in her pocketbook after the check was paid. This must feed her and transport her all the rest of the week.

On her way back to the beauty shop she stopped and bought a seven-dollar chiffon chemise. Three dollars down.

Curiously enough, it was the thought of that chemise—but wait. I go ahead of myself.

July had been ripped from Madeline's calendar and scrunched into a ball and thrown away, and nine of the days in August had been crossed out with pencil crosses, when old Mrs. Lane abruptly died.

She died in the morning. At least, they found her in the morning, lying very still in bed, with a set of teeth grinning in half a glass of water on the little table by the bedside . . . Johnny heard before noon. His mother telephoned him. But Madeline had hours of grace, and did not hear a word till evening.

She was washing the supper dishes when Johnny came. She heard him on the stairs, and the dish-rag and the platter with the yellow poppies on it slipped back into the water and were drowned, while Madeline ran to dry her hands and touch her nose with powder. "And I'll *always*," she vowed to the mirror, "look nice when he comes. No shiny nose or curlers when I'm married, any more than now."

She had the door open before he reached it; was standing on the threshold, vivid head ducked forward. "Slow-poke!" she called him. And laughed caressingly. And pulled his head down so she could kiss him, using his ears for handles . . .

"Momma's out," she said, when the door was closed. "She's gone to the movies. Honey, don't put your hat there—one of us'll sit on it, sure."

She moved the hat; laid it on the table, her fingers lingering along its brim. She seated herself on the davenport and patted the leather beside her.

"Park," she directed. She surveyed him maternally. "You look done up, Johnny."

"I am."

"Had a hard day?"

He nodded, evading her eyes.

"Make *my* place," said Madeline.

Her place was the curve of his arm when he leaned back sideways in his corner. He arranged this, and Madeline snuggled in, so that her pink left ear lay over his heart.

"Now!" she sighed. "Go on. What was so tough about it?"

"About to-day?"

"Yes. Was Gillan on the war-path? You ought to hear your heart, Johnny. *'Bump—bump'* it goes."

He smiled faintly. "Doesn't everybody's?"

"Not so loud, I don't think. *My,* it's loud!"

"You're pretty near it," Johnny said.

They sat still. Madeline listened to the heart, and then she listened absently to the sounds from the street outside. Summer evening sounds, confused and pleasant. Children shouting. Car horns. A player-piano in the house across, playing "Rio Rita" . . . Madeline's lashes drooped. She felt drowsy, seeped in peace. Her hand stole up and touched Johnny's face.

"Isn't this nice?" she murmured. "Aren't we—happy?"

The quick intake of his breath was like a sob. It startled her. She lifted her head, and her gray eyes were wide, probing his.

"Oh, *what?*" she almost moaned.

Then he told her.

At first she didn't believe it. He was wrong. He was mistaken. What he said *could not* be true . . . Somehow it had not occurred to her that old Mrs. Lane, being mortal, must go the way of every mortal thing. She had thought of her as living on and on in the little gray house, looking just the same, crying, "How? How's that?" to Johnny's mother, forever.

Then all at once it was clearly true. Old Mrs. Lane was dead. Her little house would be sold, or let; and when September came, Johnny's mother wouldn't go—anywhere.

"And," said Madeline slowly, thinking aloud, "we're right where we were. We're—right back—where we were—before."

"*Don't!*" Johnny groaned, and hid his face in his hands.

He needed her bravery, and so she was brave, quiet and even-voiced and calm. She put her arms around him and crooned soothing things, the old, two-year-old soothing things. Everything would be all right. They'd find a way. After all, they were young. They had lots of time. A little extra delay—what did it amount to, in a lifetime?

She might, at this rate, have been smiling soon and making Johnny smile had not the thought of the chiffon chemise intruded. She didn't know why she thought of the chemise. She just did. It slid uninvited into her mind, that beautiful thing, colored like dawn, foaming with delicate lace. She had brought it home, all paid for, only to-day.

She got to her feet mechanically. "Johnny—I want to show you—"

She went into the bedroom and immediately was back, carrying a glossy white box. She removed the lid, and gently, by its shoulder ribbons, lifted out the gossamer fragment. Bits of tissue-paper fell unheeded to the floor, drifting like plumes.

"Isn't it—beautiful, Johnny?"

"Gee, it is," he said, staring dully. "Is it new?"

Madeline held it over her dress. She caught it close at the hip, and pointed her toe, and turned this way and that, gazing down. She had forgotten Johnny. "Beautiful," she breathed. "I never had anything so beautiful."

Suddenly she remembered him; caught what he had said. "Um-hum. New," she answered. "I got it to-day." Her gray eyes lifted, grazed him, went beyond him. "I bought it for—Atlantic City."

Then she was crying, clutched tight in his arms. Crying as if her heart would break. And she had a dim sense that he was crying too, that the tears on her face were not all her tears, and the sobs that shook them both not all her sobs. They clung together desperately, like two in a storm, who fear to stir apart lest it destroy them.

Long they clung like that, till their anguish spent itself and all the tears they had were cried away. Till their kisses grew less

pitiful, more fierce. Till it came to them that waiting, after two years of waiting, was a cold and a futile, useless thing.

Mrs. Dietz was reading a magazine with rough gray leaves and a red-lipped, sloe-eyed cover. She was rocking as she read, back and forth, back and forth, creak-*clump!* creak-*clump!* on the floor. There were chocolates at her elbow in a paper bag, and another magazine sprawled at her feet. A movie magazine. Mrs. Dietz had read it through.

She turned a rough gray leaf of the magazine that was not a movie magazine, and as she did so, paused; for somebody was coming up the stairs. It sounded like Madeline. But, thought Mrs. Dietz, it wouldn't be Madeline. Not at half past ten A.M., with everybody wanting their nails fixed for Thanksgiving, and this the day before.

It was, however, Madeline.

She came in slowly, looking white and queer; looking straight at Mrs. Dietz. She let the door bang, which was not her way, and dropped on the chair nearest it.

"Hello," she said.

"Well!" said Mrs. Dietz. She closed her magazine and put it near the chocolates, and folded her hands on her stomach. "Well!" she said, "I suppose you've lost your job or something."

"No."

"It looks like it," accused Mrs. Dietz.

Madeline took her hat off. She twisted it in her hands and inspected it. "I got—I wasn't feeling well," she explained. "So they sent me home. In a cab."

"Wasn't feelin' well?"

"Not very," Madeline said.

She stood up, and wriggled out of her coat, and dropped it behind her on the chair. "I think I'll lie down."

She took five steps toward the bedroom; stopped; and whirled to confront her mother. There was a defiance in her attitude, and there was a curious, weary triumph.

"Johnny and I are going to be married this afternoon," she said. "I've just talked to him. On Marek's phone."

"Married?"

"Yes."

Mrs. Dietz stared.

"*You* know," Madeline said, a little wildly. "License—and minister—"

Mrs. Dietz still stared, her mouth working.

"I—I don't know just exactly how we'll manage," Madeline said. "I guess you and—and Mrs. Sebastian will have to do the best you can. Together, I mean. In one flat. Because—"

"Because what?" shot out her mother.

"Because—well—"

Mrs. Dietz wept. She clutched her heart. She walked the floor and wrung her hands, as she had seen it done in Reel Five. She said, many, many times, "Oh, what did I *do* that you should disgrace me like this? Oh, what did I *ever* do?"

A COUNTRY PASSION[1]

By MORLEY CALLAGHAN

(From *Transition*)

THE paper was not interesting. At the end of the column he did not remember what he had been reading and tossed the paper on the porch, slumping back in the chair, looking over into Corley's back yard.

A clump of lilac trees prevented him from looking directly through the open door to Corley's kitchen. Jim Cline, sitting on the porch, could see two wire bird-cages on Corley's back veranda. The faint smell of lilacs pleased him.

Jim got up leaning over the porch rail. He sucked in his upper lip and the moustache tickled him, and he rubbed his hand quickly across his bearded face. Ettie Corley came out and sat down on the back steps. Ettie was sixteen but so backward for her age she had had to quit school. Jim was twenty-nine years older than Ettie. In two days' time Ettie was to go away to an institution in Barrie. Jim had wanted to marry her but the minister, who had reminded him that he had been in jail four times, would not marry them so he had come to an agreement with her any way.

Jim rubbed the toecap of his right boot against the heel of his left. His boots were thick and heavy, he repaired them himself and could not get the soles on evenly. His brother Jake came out and picked up the paper. Jake saw Jim's forehead wrinkling and knew he was puzzled about something that was worrying him. One of the canaries in a cage on Corley's veranda started to sing and Jake looked over and saw Ettie.

"It ain't no good, Jim."

"Eh?"

"What's the matter?"

"Aw lay off, Jake."

[1] Copyright, 1928, by Morley Callaghan.

"Heard uptown to-day they're thinkin' of ropin' you in on somethin' pretty bad."

"They roped me in a few times before, didn't they, Jake?"

"Well, it's done you no good."

"Awright, it's done me no good."

"It'll be serious."

"Whose going to touch me around here?"

Jim turned away in disgust and looked through the lilac leaves. Jake thrust his hands in his pockets, then drew the right one out and examined the palm attentively.

"The sun's hitting the porch," Jim said suddenly. "I think I'll go in." He got up, turning toward the door. The sun shone on his thick neck. He turned around, shaking his head, blinking his eyes in the sun.

"Didn't I buy Corley's coal last winter? Where'd Ettie be now if it weren't for me? Where's her sister gone, running around like a little mink somewhere?"

He went in the house, right through the kitchen to the hall and out to the front steps. He looked around, surprised to find himself facing the street so unexpectedly, then stared down at a broken picket in the walk. Jim looked at the one broken picket in particular, wondering how he could fix things up with Ettie. He stepped down to the walk and pulled the broken picket from the scantling and tossed it out to the road. Dust formed in a small cloud and drifted toward the green grass on the other side of the road.

Jim walked across the front of the house and stood at the corner, waving his hand at Ettie. She saw him and came out to the sidewalk and down to Cline's veranda.

"What do ya want, Jim?"

"What's up, do you know?"

"I'm kind of scared. They got it out of me."

"They won't do nothin', that's all right."

"Can't we beat it, Jim?"

"No use, you can't beat it."

She looked up at him, her mouth hanging open, a big girl for her age, her dress four inches above her knees, her hair uncombed. Jim didn't notice that her hair wasn't combed he was so eager to explain something to her, an idea that might be carried to a point

where everything would be satisfactory, but words wouldn't come readily. It was a feeling inside him, but he had no words for it. He felt himself getting hold of a definite thought. Last winter he had wanted to give her some underwear after discovering she had made some herself out of sacking, but she had protested strongly against such extravagance.

"I'm going to give you something to wear before you go way, Ettie."

"Aw no, Jim."

"I'm going to get the car out and we'll go downstreet and get some."

She looked at him, half grinning, wiping away a strand of hair from her face. She looked worried, moistening her lips.

Ettie leaned against the thick poplar tree, while Jim went around the house to get the car. He had a slouchy stride, his wide shoulders swinging as he walked.

The car rocked and swayed coming up the driveway. Ettie got into the car. Passing Corley's Jim drove slowly without looking at Ettie. Mrs. Corley came out to the sidewalk, wiping her hands in her apron, shaking her head jerkily. She watched the car turn the corner, then went into the house quickly, her loose shoes scraping on the steps.

At the Elton Avenue bridge Jim stopped the car while Noble's cow crossed, its tail swishing against the rear mudguard. Tommie Noble, following a few paces behind, glanced at Jim and Ettie, then turned his head away. "Co Boss," he said, cutting at the cow with a gad. The car jerked forward, Ettie bounced back, her head hitting Jim's shoulder.

They drove down Main Street and Jim parked the car outside Hunt's drygoods store. Until the car stopped in front of the store, Jim had imagined himself going in with Ettie, but he merely took hold of her by the wrist, giving her an idea of the things he thought she should buy. Ettie giggled a little till Jim took seven dollars out of his pocket and counted it carefully. "Aw gee, Jim, you'd be good to me," she said.

She got out of the car and walked timidly across the sidewalk to the store. The door closed behind her and Jim fidgeted to get a more comfortable position, one foot thrust over the car door, his eyes closed. Ettie would just about be talking to a clerk, he

thought, and imagined the woman taking down from a shelf many flimsy articles for a girl. He hoped Ettie would not buy the first shown to her instead of taking time to pick out pale blue, or cream, or even pink, which would be a nice color for a girl. Jim opened his eyes, looking down the street. Three kids, swinging wet bathing suits, were coming along the street.

Smiling prettily Ettie crossed over to the car and Jim kicked the door open with his heel. She had the bundle under her arm. "Oh, boy," she said, climbing into the car. Jim looked at her, her cheeks flushed, eyes bright, and grinning, he started the car. She would become a fine woman later on he thought.

"We'll be getting along," he said cheerfully.

"Ain't it too bad we got to go home."

"Aw hell, Ettie."

The car turned out to the middle of the road, and backed up, and Jim saw the sheriff, Ned Bickle, getting out of a car at the curb. Jack Spratt and Henry Tompkins were with him. The three men, walking alertly, approached Jim's car.

"Get out of the car, Jim," the sheriff said.

"What's the matter, Ned?" Jim said suspiciously, though appearing very friendly. Ned had arrested him three times, twice for stealing chickens, once when he had got into a fight at Clayton's blind pig, but it had required at least three men to hold him. The sheriff weighed two hundred and twenty-five pounds, his hard hat was pushed well back on his head, a two days' growth of hair was on his face. Jim did not look directly at either Tompkins or Spratt, though aware of them as if they had been just a few feet away from him many times before.

"Now, Jim, there's a couple of charges against you, you know how it is, Jim."

"Awright, go on, don't get tongue tied."

"Well, it's about Ettie, Jim."

"What about her?"

"Her old woman's had a lot to say."

Jim leaned over the steering wheel, staring at the sheriff, then glancing casually at Ettie, was suddenly disappointed and bewildered. He straightened up, his back erect, resentful, his neck getting red, his moustache twitching till his lower lip moved up and held it. His left foot shot out and the door flew open catch-

ing Tompkins in the middle, forcing him back two or three paces.

Jim jumped out, but tripped on the running board and lurched forward, bumping blindly against Tompkins and spinning half way round. Tompkins wrapped his arms around Jim's back and held on as Jim tried to swing him off. Twice he swung his shoulders, and one of Tompkins' arms lost its grip, only some one had Jim's feet. He yelled and kicked out with his free foot, the boot sinking into something soft, but a huge weight was on his shoulders, forcing him down slowly, his knees bending gradually, his feet stationary, his legs held tightly together. They had him. Jim knew when they had him in such a way he couldn't move. Always they tried to get him the same way. He toppled over on his back and the road bricks hurt his shoulder blades.

"Just a minute now till I get the cuffs out," the sheriff said.

The cuffs went on easily. Jim, stretched out on the road, twisted his head till he could see Ettie, who was standing up in the car, leaning over the seat crying and yelling, "Leave him alone, do ya hear, leave him alone."

They hoisted him to his feet. He walked willingly to the sheriff's car. People who had come out of the stores to stand on the curb now formed a ring around the police car. "Aw, leave the guy alone," somebody yelled. Ned Bickle pushed Jim into the back seat and got in beside him. Tompkins stepped into the driver's seat. Spratt went over to Jim's car to drive Ettie home.

"This is about the worst you been in yet," Bickle said to Jim as the car passed the drygoods store. The sheriff puffing a little, was smiling contentedly, feeling good-natured.

"Yeah."

"I'm afraid you'll do a long stretch, Jim."

"What for? What gets into you guys?"

"Seduction and abduction we're calling it, Jim."

"Aw lay down."

Under the maple tree in front of the jail the car stopped. The leaves of the tree were so low they scraped against Jim's bare head as he stood up to get out. The jail was a one-story brick building, four cells and a yard with a twelve-foot brick wall. Jim had been in jail three times but had never remained there more than fifteen days.

Tompkins and Spratt followed Jim and the sheriff into the cell

and leaned against the wall, very serious, while Ned was taking the handcuff from his own wrist, then from Jim's wrist. Jim, rubbing his wrist, looked at the bare walls, many names written there, his own over at the corner, underneath the window.

"Who else is around?" Jim asked.

"Willie Hopkins."

"What for?"

"Stealing three barrels of wine from old man Stanley's cellar."

Jim sat down on the bed and they went out, locking the door carefully. Jim leaned forward, his elbows on his knees, his chin cupped in his hands, staring at three iron bars in the small window. Sitting there on the bed he felt all right till he remembered that an hour ago he had been sitting on his back porch looking at the lilacs. He got up and walked around the room, his thoughts confused, and when he tried thinking slowly his head seemed to ache. He sat down on the bed to forget all about it, stretching his legs out, his arms behind his head. The sun shone through the window forming barred squares of light on the opposite wall.

A tap on the door aroused him. "Heh, Jim." Dannie Erker, the guard, was smiling at him. "Do you want to take some exercise in the yard?"

"Not now," Jim said mildly.

"Ain't you feeling well?"

"Awright."

"Suit yourself then, I thought you'd like to, that's all."

Jim lay on the bed till Dannie brought him some supper, cold beef, potatoes and maple syrup. The meat and potatoes he ate greedily, and liked the maple syrup so much he coaxed Dannie to give him an extra saucerful and promised to play checkers after supper.

For fifteen minutes Jim waited for Dannie to return with the checker board. Then he heard Dan's voice and another voice. The Rev. Arthur Sorrel, a plump, agreeable little man with a small nose, the minister who had refused to marry Ettie and Jim, came into the cell with Dannie.

"Well, Mr. Cline," he said.

"Well," Jim said soberly.

"I thought we might want to talk things over."

"Maybe I'd better get another chair," Dan said.

"Don't bother. I'll stand, or perhaps sit on the bed."

Dan went away. Jim folded his arms across his chest and glared at the minister, who sat down on the edge of the bed.

"I want you to understand, Jim, that I'll do all in my power to help you. I'm not against you." The minister scratched his head thoughtfully, rubbing his cheek with the palm of his hand. "But there's not much I can do for you," he added.

"There's only one thing I want to know," Jim said.

"What's that?"

"If I'm guilty, what'll I get for it?"

"Oh, I don't know, I'm sure, I mean I can't say for certain but I'm afraid it will be life and lashes. That's the usual thing."

Jim jumped up. "Life?"

"And lashes, yes. But I can do all in my power to have them go easy on the lashes."

"Life, eh?"

"I'm afraid so."

Jim sat down, then stretched out on the bed, vaguely aware that the minister was talking but not interested in following the words. . . .

"Ettie is going down to Barrie to-morrow and she'll be with the Ladies of Charity and I wouldn't wonder if she grew up to be a decent woman."

Jim, staring at the ceiling, did not answer.

"Of course she's had the worst home in town and something should have been done about it long ago," he said.

Jim did not answer.

The minister got up, slightly irritated, and called through the door to Dannie, who let him out.

Turning over on the bed Jim rubbed his forehead on the pillow. The minister had said he would get life and he had helped Corleys and bought coal for them last winter. Everybody in town knew he had bought coal and food and some men had said the Corley kid would be lucky if he married her. Jim sat up, feeling uneasy. He had almost hit upon an idea that would be a solution for everything. Everybody knew it would be best for Ettie to marry him, and Ettie wanted to, and he could go to work, but the people who had arrested him, couldn't understand it. Fiercely indignant, he felt himself getting excited. If he could get out he

could explain his idea to everybody and get people behind him. Jim walked over to the window and looked out over the yard to the tall brick building, the waterworks.

A key turned in the door. "How about the checkers now?" Dannie Parker said.

"I got a headache, Dannie. Can't I go out in the yard a while?"

"Wouldn't you like a little game first?"

"I feel kinda rotten, Dannie."

"Did Sorrel bother you?"

"No, I just feel punk."

"All right, just as you say."

Dannie left him alone in the yard. It was about half past seven daylight saving time and the sun was striking the tops of the trees. Jim walked the length of the yard without looking at the walls. Walking back his eye followed the top line of the wall. He wasn't thinking of anything, just watching the wall. It was very old. He could remember when it was built twenty-five years ago. Cracks and crevices were spoiling it. One long crevice ran the full height of the wall.

Slyly he looked around at the jail, though he kept on walking. Passing the crevice he saw that there was room for his boot three feet above the ground.

The second time he passed the crevice he turned quickly, jammed in his boot, reached up, hoisting himself to the wall top. He dropped over to the street. No one in sight. He started to run. As he ran down the street he tried to concentrate on the idea of doing something definite that would explain his feeling for Ettie, and appeal to the whole town. The idea had come to him back in the cell, but it was necessary to get home first. He passed Hanson's grocery store, then the Catholic church and the caretaker watering the lawn yelled at him.

He ran across the bridge and on to Corley's house. Mrs. Corley was sitting on the veranda. Seeing her, he stopped, shaking drops of sweat from his forehead and pulling his shirt open at the throat. "Now you keep out of this, do you hear, you old bat," he said. She stood up, remained motionless, then squealing ran in the door, slamming it. "Scared as a rabbit," Jim said to him-

self. He laughed out loud. He walked around his own house and in the back way. The evening paper was on the porch.

No one was in the house. In the front room he sat down on the sofa, breathing deeply, fascinated by the heavy beating of his heart. He was ready to go on with the idea of getting people behind him but did not know how to go about it. He stood up angrily, rubbing his forehead. His own head was to blame. There was a way, only he couldn't see it and make use of it.

He stepped into the hall to the telephone and called up the sheriff, Ned Bickle. "Is that you, Ned? This is Jim Cline. You'd better keep away from me. I'm out and I'm going to stay out."

Jim didn't hear what the sheriff said. Walking away from the phone he felt much better. He went upstairs to get a Mauser revolver from the bureau drawer. He put it in his back pocket. No one would bother him, but it was better to have it. Downstairs he felt helpless wondering how it was the idea had seemed so simple back in the cell.

A car drew up on the road. Jim heard the car and turned to run out the back door. He rubbed his chin, assuring himself he should go out the front door. He opened the door and stood there on the veranda. Ned Bickle jumped out of the car, pointing a gun.

Jim half opened his mouth, getting ready to give an explanation, then looked stupidly at the barrel of the gun. He couldn't think of anything to say. Hunching his shoulders, he resentfully clenched his fists, leaning forward, his forehead wrinkled. He half turned on one heel, his hand moving toward his hip.

"Stick 'em up, Jim."

Jim straightened up and let his muscles relax. His mouth closed abruptly, there was no way of getting people behind him. Shaking his head he grinned sheepishly, holding out his hands. Ned slipped on the cuffs.

It was getting dark and crickets were singing along the road. Jim got in the back seat between two men. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Jim," Ned said.

AT THE SIGN OF THE THREE DAUGHTERS[1]

By DOROTHY CANFIELD

(From *The Delineator*)

ONE day in Midassoa we had a visitor from the great world. A Parisian acquaintance, moved by the dilettante curiosity of people who have seen too much, made the jolting way-train trip from Biarritz to judge for herself, she said, whether a Basque fishing village was different from any other. By dinner-time she had found out, she informed us, that it was not.

Dining with us that same evening was an old Basque friend, the village school-teacher. She had been born and brought up in a remote Basque-speaking valley in the Pyrenees, had had a few years' training in a normal school of the region, and after that for twenty-five years had taught school in this little settlement of fishermen and small farmers tucked in between the Bay of Biscay and the Pyrenees. As you can see, she was but a provincial nobody compared to the sophisticated experienced big-city dweller. Where on earth, I wondered, as I watched the two women together, did she get that easy naturalness of manner. And why in the world should she at forty-five, rough, plain, lean, dark, make the other woman of the same age, carefully tended and smoothed, seem like a slightly wilted cut flower?

The conversation turned, naturally enough, on the Basques, the strangeness of their racial isolation, not only wholly unrelated to the European Aryans all around them, but to any other of the races of mankind; their extraordinary vitality which has outlasted the Romans, the Goths, the Moors, feudalism, monarchy, industrialism; their passionate irrational clinging to incomprehensible old folk-ways; the oddness of the fact that unlike all other peo-

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ples they never seem to have roamed and migrated to and fro, but (since they are probably direct descendants of the Pyrenean cave-dwellers) are the only human beings in the history of our race who took root where they were planted.

Over our coffee, I made the comment, "Doesn't it seem curious that so aged, aged a race should still seem to have much more sap in its old stem, to be so much more life-loving than the younger nations around them? Why should they be far less afflicted by disease, and moral lassitude and despair than the rest of Europe . . . than the rest of the world, for they seem to be the only ones who do not echo Europe's note. What can be their secret?"

Before the words were out of my mouth, I knew exactly what the Parisian would answer. Every mention of the Basques seems to push the same button in the French mind. Sure enough. Her response was their usual formula: "What's the good of a racial vitality that creates no art? They have no great music, no great literature, not even decent pottery." Her accent made these words mean, "How can such a race presume to go on cumbering the earth?"

I expected an explosion and a picturesque one from the school-teacher, for she is a true Basque, fiery-hearted, hotly, almost amusingly proud of her race, and like the rest of her people has no patience whatever with the drab Anglo-Saxon notion that there is something indecorous about expressing honest emotion. But she made no protest. Said not a word. Responded only by a tolerant smile, and turned the conversation.

After we had escorted our out-of-town visitor to the station and had seen her on the ten o'clock train, we stood still for a moment, noting how mild was the lightly stirring air, how clear and soft the stars. It was the very night for one of our late evening strolls back and forth along the foot-path through a clover-field on top of the headlands. Without even needing to propose this in words to each other, we turned into the steep cliff path, the loose stones rattling under our feet as we climbed.

When we emerged upon the table-land I was startled. I always forgot between those evenings on the cliffs. The distant lights of the Spanish coast twinkled faintly on our left, Biarritz, as far to our right, was a blaze of diamonds, the dark sea murmured lightly

and evenly far below us, the blossoming clover sent up in the star-light a fainting sweetness to mingle with the salty pungence of the sea-breeze.

"How can any one?" asked my friend with perfect simplicity, "once having seen the Basque country, be content to live anywhere else?" This seemed more like her. And it reminded me of my earlier wonder at her leaving the French gauntlet where it had been thrown down. I asked her curiously, moved by a genuine inability to guess at what could have been in her mind, "What is in your queer, incalculable Basque brain that you can smile, apparently almost with pity, when French people bring out complacently, with their everlasting flourish, their everlasting 'but the Basques have no art.' What odd un-Aryan idea lies back of your smile?"

She laughed a little. "If I don't say anything back at them, it is because there is so much to say. And it would perhaps not be very polite to say it to an Aryan. No art? We Basques? Listen—" She paused as if to decide where to begin, and said, "In my classes up to a few years ago I had a little girl who was a foundling. . . ."

I perceived with enthusiasm that her answer was to be another of the stories from life which are heaped in the memory of any woman who has taught twenty-five years in the same school. That is, if she means by "teaching" the whole-hearted sharing of life which is the definition of that word made by my Basque friend.

She went on, "The child had been sent years before as a tiny baby from the Paris office of the State Child-Placing Bureau, what we call the *Assistance Publique.* One of the fixed old traditions to which we so irrationally hold with our stupid, unenterprising Basque conservatism, is that children are to be treated kindly. Our climate is a very fine one. As a consequence the French Government sends to the Basque country a good many of the nameless foundlings for whom the State has made itself responsible. Our poor fishers and farmers see less cash in the course of a year than you would believe, so that the small sum paid by the State for the support of such children is quite a help. There are always several such adopted children of unknown parentage in any Basque school. Everybody is quite used to them,

and they are treated exactly as well as their little Basque foster brothers and sisters. But that does not mean very easy, or even ordinarily comfortable lives. You have seen for yourself how little softness there is hereabouts.

Little Noémi had been taken as a six-weeks-old baby by one of our poorest families, the Hirigoyen, who have a small thin-soiled farm on a back road up towards Lharrugne. They tried to make no difference between her and the swarm of their own little boys and girls either in food, clothing, work or affection. But the food and work on which the little Basques throve and grew strong, was too hard for the foster-child and she was often ailing. They did what they could for her, gave her the plain best of their plain food, and put off the heavier jobs on the other children. Now as far as actual hard work goes, the easiest of the tasks on a Basque mountain farm is watching the stock as the animals feed, seeing that they do not break through the hedges (our only way of separating one field from another) or do not roam too far when sent up for the day to unfenced mountain pastures.

You've probably heard a lot of romantic poppy-cock about the picturesqueness of being a herdsman to animals. The very name of shepherdess seems to have a sort of candy-like prettiness to people who know nothing about sheep. They will talk to you by the hour, too, about Giotto and David and what not, and tell sentimental stories about the strength of character developed by the hours of meditation. I've lived among a pastoral people all my life, and as a matter of cold fact I've never seen anybody yet who, if he got too much of it, didn't become either half-idiotic, or half insane, or wholly degenerate. That's so well-known among us Basques that there's always an effort made to divide up that work, turn by turn, among all the family.

The Hirigoyen meant to do this fairly. But it was more evident all the time that the foster-child did not have the strength for her share of other work. Almost without anybody meaning it little Noémi was the one who morning after morning went off with her bite of lunch to watch over the two cows, the calf and the ten sheep.

That meant, of course, that she was frightfully irregular at school although, one eye on the quarterly visits of the State Inspector of Placed Children, they did send her down to the village

often enough (or almost often enough) to comply with his far-from-strict rules about school attendance.

After a year or so, naturally enough, even when Noémi came to school, her books did her little good. The other children were always dishearteningly ahead of her in lessons, and, their wits being sharpened by the give and take of group life, were even on the play-ground far beyond her poor grasp, which seemed to grow feebler as the child sank deeper and deeper into apathy. Those endless stupefying hours in mountain pastures, with no stimulus to call out the inner powers of a child, with nothing to do but to watch in a trance of imbecile idleness the hypnotically recurring flash of sheep's teeth as they bit off blades of grass and more blades of grass! As a child I took my turn at it. I know.

I did my best for Noémi, giving her extra time at noon periods and special attention in class. And once in so often, boiling hot within and without, I toiled up the mountain road to the Hirigoyen farm intending to blow them sky-high. But I always cooled off when I saw the good folks, working themselves like horses to make both ends meet. They were honestly trying to do the best they could. They throve on their cornmeal bread, sour milk and hard work. But they were right about Noémi; she had not their hardihood. It was a perplexing situation for them.

We all saw her life plain before our eyes—to grow up and live always on that remote mountain-slope, silently serving the silent cattle, gentle, sluggish half-sister to the animals. Not an unhappy life for a half-wit, sheltered from the brutality of the world as she would be by the faithful affection of her Basque protectors.

And then a wonderful thing happened to her. A hereditary taint in her blood showed itself, strange in our Basque eyes. One of our stubbornly conservative old racial folkways is the habit of clean ancestors. It began with a sore on one knee, a little sore of which we thought nothing, no bigger than a boil. But it did not heal. For weeks it grew larger and deeper and more angrily full of pus. She was more and more often absent from school and finally I went storming to blow the Hirigoyen up for no longer even going through the motions of sending her to her classes. I found her bedridden, lying on a mattress beside the hearth, looking stupidly at a tiny fire of twigs, dumb and unprotesting as a sick animal.

So I blew up in other directions. It took a good many explosions, but I did at last sufficiently blow up the Inspector and blast away enough Government red tape to get her moved to the free ward in the hospital at Bayonne. She was morally too numbed and physically too sick to notice what happened to her; but the Hirigoyen were sure she was being taken to her death and cried like children when she was carried out of the house.

Her trouble was serious, they said at the hospital, serious but by no means incurable. With good care thereafter she might never have it again. The treatment—mostly perfect rest in bed, hearty food and long sun-baths—would take many months.

The Hirigoyen were too poor and too Basque to think of taking the trip (all of fifty miles!) into the ravening metropolis of Bayonne (all of twenty thousand inhabitants).

So the first chance I had, about a fortnight after she'd been taken away, I myself went to Bayonne. At the hospital I was astonished to have the Sister in charge of visitors tell me that she thought I would not be allowed to go in.

"Me? Not allowed to go in!" said I, bristling, for Sister St. Teresa, grand though she might look in her black robes and white coif was no other than she who had been the youngest of the eleven Sallaberry children, whom I had dragged up through the multiplication table and the alphabet and knew as I knew the inside of my own pocket.

Sister St. Teresa backed down a little and brought Reverend Mother to explain. The explanation was preposterous. That very afternoon she told me, another lady had called asking to see little Noémi Hirigoyen. It was the regular visiting day. She had been allowed as a matter of course to enter. What happened nobody knows, for nobody had chanced at that time to go out on the sun-terrace where Noémi's little bed was placed, till suddenly the lady visitor had rushed through the ward and out of the hospital, her handkerchief at her eyes sobbing convulsively. And at the same time hysteric shrieks from Noémi sent a Sister running to her.

But they had not been able to get a word of explanation out of the child. "What did the lady do to you?" she had been asked over and over. "Nothing. Nothing!" sobbed the child. "She just looked at me. It frightened me so!"

A Sister was with her now, trying to quiet her down. And naturally, I must understand, they doubted the wisdom of letting her receive another visit.

"Now, Reverend Mother," said I, using my most high and lofty tone, when she had finished this fine tale, "let me tell you something. Somebody in your hospital is playing horse with you. Not a word of all this can be true. I know all about that child. Except to come to my school and to go to church, she has never till now been off the Hirigoyen farm. Nobody outside of our village has ever seen her. It is simply impossible that any 'strange lady' can have known there was such a child, let alone have known she is here."

At this, Reverend Mother looked at me hard. "Isn't she a foundling child? From the Assistance Publique?" she asked. "And isn't it the rule of the Paris office to notify the mother of what happens to those children if the mother wishes it?"

I fell off my high and lofty tone in one tumble. I'd clean forgotten that Noémi did not belong to the Hirigoyen by blood. We stood staring at each other silently a long time.

"Well," said Reverend Mother finally, "we'll let the little girl herself decide if she feels like seeing you."

Of course Noémi sent out for me at once. As I went in Reverend Mother cautioned me not to excite her. But I found the child excited enough already. Strange to find the little face I had always seen so heavy and dull now almost convulsed with agitation! She had told the Sister that she had been "frightened." But fright was not all I saw in her startled eyes. She had had a great shock evidently, but had it been altogether a painful one? I thought not, though she cried loudly on seeing me, and told me all over again about the strange lady who had appeared by her side and had looked at her.

"Didn't she say anything, Noémi?" I asked. "And how was it she looked at you? What made you cry?"

"She looked—she looked—" said the child, but she found no words, "she looked at me so long!"

"What did you do, Noémi?"

"I looked back. I couldn't move my eyes from hers. Then as she looked her mouth and all her face began to tremble. And I

began to shake all over too. I thought I was going to die. It made me feel so—"

Yes, it had done more than frighten her. There was more than panic in the hysterical tears which continually poured from the child's eyes. I had never seen her cry before. I had not dreamed her capable of such feeling.

She grew quieter as I turned the subject, gave her the flowers I had brought, and began to tell her bits of home and school news. But when I rose to go, the agitation in her eyes flickered up again flame-like. She jerked me down to her pillow and whispered in my ear, "The lady kissed me." With that she began to weep loudly again, burying her face in the bed-clothes. I had never thought that anything in the world would make me positively enjoy seeing a child cry.

Yes, of course, as you knew at once, it was her mother. And a week or so after this, her mother and I met at the hospital (Reverend Mother arranged this and sent for me) and had a long talk. The mother had been, it seemed, born and brought up in a mountain hamlet not far from my own old home. There's no need to tell you in detail her story for it is a perfectly familiar one to every member of the human race, Aryan or otherwise. A family of French tourists spent some weeks in her village the summer she was sixteen, and persuaded her, considerably against her parents' wishes, to go back to Paris with them as chamber-maid. Like most young Basque girls she was pretty. There was a grown son in the family. You know all you need to know except that, though the childish little exile was half-mad with fright and sorrow and homesickness and shame, she did not gladly seize on the opportunity offered her by the Assistance Publique to rid herself once and for all of the burden of her little nameless baby. No, from the moment she knew she was to be a mother, she loved her child with that invincible naturalness of human feeling which is perhaps what we Basques most prize, most cling to. From sheer penniless poverty and terror of the world, she had been forced to leave her baby-girl in the hands of the State, but she begged the Assistance Publique officials to place the child in a Basque family where she could be close to it, and to inform her of any change in its life. Perhaps . . . sometime, she had thought as she had passionately kissed the little thing good-bye.

She had come home to the Basque country, not to her own village, but to Biarritz which seemed to her like a big city where she would have more chances for employment and could recover her health and poise among young people who did not know her. Being decently educated, with a good head for figures, and now very sobered and serious, she had secured, on trial the position of assistant to the cashier in a prosperous butcher-shop. The work was poorly paid, and the hours were long. But she wanted no more soft positions in families. She had at least now her own mansard room with a key in the lock.

Soon after she came to work there, the proprietor of the shop died, and his only son, just back from military service, inherited the business. He was as Basque as his name of Ganich Garanatz, as Basque as the blue beret, on his round dark head to his nimble sinewy espadrille-clad feet, and lived up to every Basque tradition with zest. How was he so Basque? Well, he played guard on the best pelota team of his part of town, was very devout, full of the high spirits of exuberant good health, sang bass in church every Sunday, always made a point of smoking tobacco smuggled from Spain (you know we Basques do not at all admit the right of the French government to shut us off by customs and duties from our Basque brothers who happen to live in Spain) was sound as a nut physically and morally, crammed full of vitality, preferred corn-meal bread to wheaten, never wore a leather shoe—or a coat—if he could help it, and secretly looked down on every one who was not of his race. He approved very highly of the pretty, pure-blooded young Basque girl so mannerly and retiring. And so did his family. All Basques know about each other's families more or less, there are so few of us and we have connections scattered everywhere. They knew of hers, respectable mountain farmers, tilling the soil which had been in their family for hundreds of years. Among other Aryan traditions we have never adopted, is the warm-hearted Aryan institution of the dowry. It did not occur to Ganich to ask for money with his chosen bride. In six months they were man and wife. "And I hadn't told him! I meant to. I tried. Honestly. But I didn't dare. He isn't that kind of a man. I knew he wouldn't understand. He had always lived so quietly with his mother and sisters—such good girls they are. One of them is

a nun. He was so sure of me. I knew he'd never get over it if I told him. I didn't dare! I was so crazy about him then. I am still! We have a little girl now—seven years old—a darling. Suzanne is her name, after my mother. It was his idea to name her that. Wasn't it sweet of him? I have been so happy. But always unhappy too, so ashamed I was such a coward. I couldn't forget my little Noémi. I knew all the time where she was. I tried and tried to think of some way of going up there to see her. But what excuse could I give my husband? It would take two days to go and come. Then they sent me word from the Paris office that she was in the hospital here. I have a married sister in Bayonne, and I often come over on the trolley to see her. So I came—I meant just to glance at her and pass on. But when I saw her—my own little daughter—she looks so like us—exactly like a little sister who died. Now I have seen her I can never let her go, never! She needs a mother! But how can I—what can I do?"

So we two Basque women put our heads together to plan. After a time, we went to see the Inspector who, after tearing his hair over the miles of red tape involved in any change, agreed to what we had worked out—at least temporarily. The State, in France, always stands ready to restore foundlings to either parent at any time it can be shown it is for the child's interest. Madame Garanatz found a discreet respectable family in a suburb of Bayonne who agreed to take Noémi after her treatment at the hospital was over. Here she could have good medical care, could go to school regularly, and her mother could see her several times a week as part of her regular established visits to her married sister. You may be sure that all this time I kept strictly to myself—not out of any delicacy or kindness but from simple cowardice—the unpleasant fact that Noémi was subnormal in intelligence. Her mother would learn that for herself, fast enough, I thought.

But it turned out to be something her mother never learned at all. From even before the end of her six-months' stay in the hospital a new Noémi began to emerge. The life there was so quiet and monotonous that it would have seemed to a Paris street child like being buried alive. But it provided a constant series of stimulating experiences to the little girl who had been limited to the society of sheep. The cleanliness, the order, the good food,

the brief talks between doctor and nurse on the daily medical round, the reading aloud of a Sister during the meals, the comings and goings of other human beings, the echoes from the life of the big world outside the hospital walls—above all the frequent visits from her mother focussing a passionately attentive and ingenious affection upon her benumbed little personality—a Noémi we had never seen struggled up out of stupor, awoke, looked about and began to draw the breath of life.

By the time Noémi's knee was quite healed and she was moved to her new home, the Hirigoyen would scarcely have recognized her. And by the time she had had a year of reasonably normal family life and school, anybody who had ever seen her herding her sheep would have scouted the idea of a connection between this pretty animated child and that other silent little earthen clod.

Through my frequent reports, the Hirigoyen followed her progress, enchanted, incredulous! Noémi standing high in her class. Noémi taking first prize for embroidery. Noémi with a gold filling in one tooth, just like M. le Curé! Noémi learning to cook on a real cook-stove, not over a hearth-fire! The day—what a day!—when I chanced to mention that Noémi had begun to take lessons on the piano. What a sensation on the side of Bidache mountain! Such shoutings to and fro! "Gratien! Maria! Mimi! Our Noémi is taking lessons on the piano! Where is Jeannot? In the cowshed? Run quick, somebody, and shout to him that Noémi is taking lessons on the piano!"

There was no alloy in their pride and pleasure, except that she was lost to them. "Of course she's much better off. But I miss her. I'm lonesome for her," said Maman Hirigoyen who had but nine of her own to keep her company.

Noémi's mother, never having had any notion that the child was subnormal, naturally felt none of the astonishment which gave a special sweetness to our joy. That the little girl should develop and blossom out seemed natural enough to her. What seemed unnatural to her, increasingly hard, every day more sad, was the separation from the child who was, every day, dearer to her. And what was more than hard and sad, what was intolerable, was the shame of deceiving her husband. "I can't look him in the face," she told me bitterly, as we chanced once to meet in the home where she had placed Noémi. "It makes me so sad when I tell him I

am going to Bayonne to see my sister." There was indeed an expression of real despair on her comely face, so plainly meant for sweet and simple happiness.

If there is one thing, ignorant old maid that I am, that I know nothing about, it is about the inner life of married people. It was absurd of me to dream of giving her advice. But we Basques believe in often acting on impulse rather than reason. I remember that once I cried out to her, quickly, before I should have to think, "Madame Garanatz, you know there is nothing in your heart but love—bewildered though it may be. Why do you take for granted that your husband's heart is any less warm than yours? Why don't you tell him?"

She turned very white, but she did not look surprised. I could see she had thought of it before. "Even if he put me out in the street," she said slowly, "I would respect myself more than now."

But I was sure she would never do it. It was evident that all her life depended on her husband. She was frightened to faintness by only thinking of the possibility that he might cease to love and respect her.

And yet one hot day, four years ago, in the middle of the second summer after Noémi had gone away, when I had not seen Madame Garanatz for a long time, there came a knock on my door. I got up sleepily from my afternoon siesta to answer. There she stood, her wholesome face as bright as a peony. She had evidently meant to greet me in the correct, citified way, for as I opened the door, she was extending a gloved hand. But at the sight of me, I suppose at the associations brought up by my appearance, she gave instead a wordless cry and flung her arms around my neck.

Of course I knew what she had come to tell me. But in my all-knowing wisdom I tolerantly decided to seem not to have guessed, and to let the simple-hearted creature tell for the sake of the satisfaction it would give her. Then as she talked I found that I was about as near to all-knowing wisdom as life ever ironically brings me. For through her excited, half-finished sentences, something startlingly unexpected emerged.

There had come for her a time, I gathered, of really desperate perplexity and unhappiness, when she had grown beside herself with the horror of her own lying, and when it seemed to her that

her husband began to suspect her, peered at her furtively when he thought she was not noticing. "I could not stand it any longer—I could not stand it. And yet my courage was not a bit greater. One night in bed—it was all dark, I did not even know if he woke or slept—I made a prayer to the Virgin to help me—and all at once, there in the darkness was my own voice, very far from me, speaking. I was terribly frightened to hear it! I cried, I cried all the tears of my body—but the voice went on—till, oh, you never could think what happened—never, never! I felt his arms around me, my husband's arms, and his cheek as wet with tears as mine—and then—it was not my voice, but his, coming through the darkness—broken and faltering like mine. And what was it saying? Something he had never dared to tell me before we were married. For I had seemed to him too young, too ignorant of life. He was sure I could not understand. All that time he had lived with a burden I had not shared! My Ganich! And the trouble lately had been that he thought I seemed absent and strange in manner, that he feared I had learned—that I was turning away from him in resentment."

It was horrid, and sad, and sordid—what had happened to Ganich Garanatz at eighteen, when he had been a shy, ignorant, country lad, hot-blooded, awkward, alone in Bordeaux for a time, and had given the first flower of his youth to a worthless girl. She had let him love her, had amused herself with playing on his unworldliness, and then from one day to the next, had flung off with somebody else (he had never known who) to—he had never known where—Paris? Lyons? Marseilles? She had amused herself for a few weeks by tantalizing the distracted boy with messages every day or so from a new city. He had understood nothing of it all, had known nothing—not even whether the child was his, the baby girl whom, months afterwards, she had cynically brought back to him one night. As he came to the door of his room in answer to a knock, she had thrust the little bundle into his arms, crying out mockingly as she disappeared into the street, "She's yours! Better give her something to eat!"

Before the stupefied boy could stir, he was alone with the baby in his arms. He had never known anything more about it. "My husband never even knew surely that the child was his—and yet he took care of her. Just a boy, and in such trouble—

his first great sorrow—but so deep-hearted even then. My Ganich! Never was there such a heart! The little thing in his arms was helpless and alone in the world. And he did not let her fall. To have seen that she was fed and clothed, year after year, that had not been enough—he had gone to see her regularly, had given her time and thought, something of himself. Perhaps she really was his daughter. And even if she weren't, she had nobody but him."

After all, you see, it had not turned out altogether horrid and sad and sordid, what had happened to Ganich Garanatz.

Well, there was the queer, twisted, warped uncomely material destiny gave those human hearts as stuff for their lives. I know from having read thousands of your English and French stories about what Aryan men and women do to each other, what a picture any Aryan writer would compose as the inevitable sequence of this explosion in their lives. If your learned artistic story-writers tell the truth, this is what would have happened—the husband, even with good intentions, mastered and overpowered by animal impulses of retrospective jealousy of his wife's past, hating—with all the force of subconscious instincts stronger than he—the child who was its visible reminder, spying on his wife's comings and goings with a poisonous suspicion of her every look and accent. The wife, as helpless as he before deep forces in her nature, never able to forget that her husband had kept a secret from her for years, sick with a physical maternal jealousy for her children of the child of another woman, unable to resist throwing up to him the uncertainty of its parentage, morbidly obsessed with the idea that the father favored that one above the other children. The three girls, so strangely flung together by life, reflecting this disharmony, fishing with a brutal self-absorption in these troubled waters to get all and give nothing, playing the weakness of one parent off against the weakness of the other—in short, hell on earth. The favorite theme, it seems to us Basques, of the so-called artistically gifted races around us when in their great literary masterpieces they paint what they have seen, what they believe, of human relationships.

What actually did happen? This unlearned butcher and the woman who is the cashier of his shop, what did they make of this grotesque stuff of life haphazardly thrown at them, unex-

pected, disconcerting, shapeless? What did they create for themselves and the children dependent on them? To understand what they created, you must not forget that they are descendants of a race whose oldest tradition is that it is not only possible but natural for human hearts to give each other joy rather than pain, and who recognize this as the natural and attainable end of human existence.

As to what actually happened, it is a good thing that you do not need to rely on any testimony of mine, but can go and see for yourself. The next time you are in Biarritz, walk over into the old Basque quarter to the Place Lamberbaita, to the fine big butcher-shop on the south side of the square. Step in and pay a call on the Garanatz family. They will be glad to see any one from our village. Ten minutes will be enough. All you need—far more than you'd believe if I told you. You won't see the children, probably (except the new little three-year-old) for they will be away at work or school. But you will find Ganich in his white apron behind his scrubbed clean butcher's block. Take one long look into his quiet clear dark eyes. Madame, in her plain Basque black, will be at the cashier's desk. As she chats with you, watch her mouth and see how naturally its tender curves melt into the good smile, not-to-be-imitated—is there a better in this world!—of a woman in security and at peace. You may, if you are lucky, catch a glance exchanged between them. That'll be something you'll like to carry away with you. Or one of them may chance to make a brief remark to the other. It will be in Basque. But you'll have no doubt as to its meaning.

Then go and look up at the brightly painted sign hanging over the door, and see the name they have chosen for the *enseigne* of their business—"Aux Trois Filles." You may have to do a little meditating in Basque perhaps, to take in all that that means, even when I have told you what Madame Garanatz told me—the final saying of her husband that night, a saying full it seemed to me, of clear sense of what are the true values, the real facts of human life. He said at last to his wife, quite heartily and simply, "Why, this is all it comes to. You and I are not different from what we were—after eight years of life together each knows who the other one is, I should hope. And as to the rest—we had

thought we had a poor little family of one small girl, and here we are rich with three daughters."

If you want to see what has become of those three daughters go up with me next summer some day to the Hirigoyen farm. Yes, the poor little mountain farm on the road to Lharrugne. The Garanatz have shown as much warm natural understanding for the Hirigoyen as for each other. The mere facts of Noémi's hard life have not hidden from them the kindness of her old protectors, fumblingly doing their poor best for the nameless child. Every summer Noémi is sent back (with many presents in her bag) to board with them for a month. Generally she brings her two sisters to run wild in the fields with her, for the three girls are inseparable comrades.

Remember, I am not making any of this up. This is no literary story. It is just one of the things I have seen in my dull, uneventful life among an old race, very old, who have no art.

What are the girls like? Well, Magdeleine the oldest, nearly twenty now, is a fine hearty comely creature, not a bit clever, not very interesting, but strong and domestic-minded and warm-hearted. She's engaged to be married to a well-to-do farmer in St. Jean Pied-de-Port, a distant connection of Madame Garanatz. She'll make a good mate for him and he for her. Little Suzanne was at first too much adored and spoiled by them all, but now that a baby brother has pushed her from the center of the stage, she's a good little thing, just what a nice child of eleven ought to be. Noémi's the flower! Just wait till you see her! They're all so proud of her. She is past seventeen now and will be entering normal school in a year. For she is planning to be a teacher. Yes, she is planning to spend her life among our little mountain boys and girls."

The voice of my old Basque friend had sunk lower and lower to a murmur and now she was silent. We had been walking slowly back and forth along a path through the clover-field. Back of us, black against the star-lit sky, the Pyrenees rolled their dark bulk inland.

We stopped to look up at them, the shelter of the earliest ancestors of the woman by my side, the homes where her first forefathers had struggled to learn how to be men and not beasts.

She reached in the dark for my hand. "Well? Well?" she

asked me softly, a smile in her voice. "Do you see why I tell you this long dull story? Can you guess what may be a reason why we of all races have never gone migrating from one corner of the globe to another? Why we have never been lured on by the idea that only three days' march away is the longed-for land where people can be happy and at peace without doing their share to create peace and happiness?"

I made a little protest, "But, dear friend, we Aryans are not all what our story-writers picture us. What you have been telling me—it could have happened among simple people anywhere, among people where a quiet, uncomplicated life has not destroyed their sense of human values."

She answered, "You asked me what was in my queer Basque mind that I can smile silently over the accusation that we have no art? Is it not art that, through all the countless ages of our life, we have kept ourselves clear of those complications which destroy the sense of human values? To have understood that human values are of more consequence than complications, and to have made the choice between them? No Art? I'd like to ask the people who say that—but they would never understand —is there nothing a human race can learn out of a long experience of life save how to paint lines on crockery pots? Is there no poetry that is not written but lived?"

JOHN OF GOD, THE WATER CARRIER[1]

By MARÍA CRISTINA CHAMBERS

(From *The Monthly Criterion*)

MOST of the inhabitants were still on their knees in the middle of the street, praying that there might be no repetition of the trembler. Others were searching anxiously for divine symbolism in the earthquake's handwriting of crossed and zigzagged crackings in adobe walls. It had come without warning. Through the ground had passed a series of shudders, like those of a dying animal, with a twitching of houses, a spilling of fountains, and a quick sickness to people's brains.

Several horses from a burning stable were running wild through the streets. An Indian boy who had just risen from his knees unslung his lazo and tried to catch one that galloped past him, but it swerved from the flung noose and charged through an open cabin, striking down a kneeling woman in the doorway. The boy ran to her and lifted her head, then lowered it quickly and crossed himself. Beneath the wetted hair, where a hoof had struck, he had felt the grate of a fractured edge of bone.

Suddenly he was driven at one bound into the street by a thin cry inside the hut.

"Mamá!" said the voice, and then, "Mamacíta!" with a drawling petulance on the diminutive.

The boy moved a little nearer, calling:

"Come out, muchachita!"

But the unseen raised her voice and replied that she could not come out without her mamá, being a little bad with fever. Also, her name was Dolores and she did not desire to be called "muchachita," and she was thirsty, and where was her mamá?

"I will come to thee, Dolores," the boy replied in a shaking voice.

[1] Copyright, 1928, by María Cristina Chambers.

As he stepped past the dead woman he turned his head aside with a prayer. There in a corner was the child, swaddled in coarse cloth, lying on a straw mat. Her head was tied up with fresh leaves of rosemary and mallow, which are sovereign for fever if allowed to wither on the skin. He gave her drink from a water-jug, and then she sucked her lips and looked at him searchingly from eyes like balls of black onyx.

"Who art thou?" she demanded.

"I am Juan de Dios, son of Pancho, the aguador."

Baptismal names of sacred meaning are in high favour with the Inditos, and in "John of God" there was nothing uncommon except the solemnity of the youth's tone as he announced himself to the wondering child.

"And thou," he added, "what age hast thou?"

"Five Aprils," she replied impatiently. "Where is my mamá?"

"Perhaps with thy papá."

"That cannot be. My papá is dead." And then raising herself on one elbow to see him better, "Why dost thou weep?"

"There is dust in my eyes," said Juan de Dios. "Tell me—thou hast brothers and sisters?"

"I have none."

"Grandparents?"

"Quién sabe?"

"How 'quién sabe?' Hast thou no one?"

"Foolish one! My mamá is enough. Where is my mamá?"

"Perhaps at the church. We have had a trembler."

"Santa Bárbara bendita! Then it woke me!"

"It was a very strong trembler, and if we should have another—"

"Take me out, Juan de Dios!" she cried, holding out her arms to be lifted.

He wrapped her in a blanket, covering her face so that she might not see her mother, and carried her out. An unnoticed figure in that agitated hour, he walked, he stopped, he ran a few steps, he looked around wildly. At last, discerning a closed carriage approaching soberly, he dropped to his knees, uncovering the child's head and his own. The black curtains over the carriage windows were partly drawn, but not sufficiently to hide from view the gold chalice covered with an embroidered cloth

which an acolyte in red and white held steadily before a black-robed ecclesiastic. Poor and rich, old and young, kneeled in the dust as it passed, for this was the carriage of Our Master—"Nuestro Amo"—and the whole pueblo felt blessed, comforted and protected by the divine mystery which it bore among the people. The boy, after its passing, rose with a light heart and continued on his way, uplifted by what seemed to him a personal message of pardon and peace. The little girl, who a few moments earlier had said, "Why dost thou weep, Juan de Dios?" now said, "Why dost thou smile, Juan de Dios?" He only replied, "Nuestro Amo has passed." And she fell asleep, and the warmth of her little body filled him with a troubled tenderness.

His parents ran to meet him, thanking the saints for having preserved their first-born.

"But what thing bringest thou?" said his father, looking at the bundle in his arms.

"A little sick one," said Juan de Dios, displaying the green herbs that crowned his protégée and permitting her sleeping face to make its own appeal. It was the face of a toast-coloured cherub.

"*Que bonita!*" exclaimed his mother, admiringly. "But of whom is she, son of mine?"

And he told them in a whisper how the child's mother had been killed, not mentioning the unluckily thrown lazo and his own blood-remorse, but adding simply that Nuestro Amo had sent him the thought to take care of the little orphan.

"Be it so, son of ours!" exclaimed the water-carrier and his wife in one voice; and Juan de Dios, who still looked at the face of the sleeping child, added:

"The chiquita will grow fat and strong for helping, and when she has taken her first communion I will marry her."

And so it was settled. No one else claimed the orphan, and the priest saw no reason why Pancho, the water-carrier, should not add a ninth young mouth to the eight that already busied themselves at feeding-time beneath the flat roof of his adobe cabin. After Juan de Dios, who was twelve, came Tiburcio, two years younger, and then a mixed rabble of bare-footed infancy, in which the newcomer took a middle place and proved able to hold her own. The new home was a counterpart of the old one,

except that it was more populous and amusing. The tortillas were just as warm and as grateful to little stomachs; there wasn't a pin to choose between the niceness of the beans, black and red, or of the sauces that would sometimes bite little tongues; and as for the *chilitos verdes*—little green peppers just the size of her fingers—Juan de Dios would bring them to her in handfuls, knowing that she adored to crunch them between her sharp little teeth. She developed a strong affection for the household altar which stood in one corner and was touched by no one but Juan de Dios. It consisted of an image of the Virgin of Guadalupe stamped on a large piece of leather and decorated with delicate white plumes, at its feet an earthen dish of oil in which a butterfly was always burning—not a real butterfly, of course, but one of those little contrivances of a short wick stuck in a float called by the same name, *mariposa*.

A month after his adoption of Dolores, Juan de Dios was a different person. By parting with certain property, to wit, one carved leather belt, one knife, one lazo, fashioned in a superior manner with fancy knots and stained in bright colours, one flute, which he had made from a piece of sugar-cane, and one veteran fighting-cock with a bamboo leg, he had raised enough money to buy an income-earning equipment consisting of two water-jugs suspended at either end of a long pole which he balanced on his shoulder. So burdened, he embarked in business in a small way, delivering water to households of the humbler sort, and earning about three reales a week. And he was soon rich enough to buy Dolores three white shirts, three skirts of gaily striped and figured baize, much green cotton ribbon for her hair, a medal of their Mother the Virgin of Guadalupe, and scapularies of Santa Barbara, who protects from thunder, the Virgin of the Conception, who defends chastity, and the Archangel Gabriel, who watches over little children.

When his day's work was over Dolores would beg for a story; and sitting cross-legged, with their backs against the sun-warmed cabin wall, he would tell her stories of the miracles and apparitions of saints, and she would catch her breath and stretch the rims of her eyes at the exciting parts, just as children of the northern land do over the deeds of giants and fairies.

And she would tell him the events of her day. She had spread

the clothes on the rocks to dry for the mamacita washing at the brook; she had fetched holy water from the church; she had gathered wild jasmine, pink and white, and made a basket of posies which she had taken to the station with Tiburcio and some of the sisters, and the passengers in the trains had given her many centavos, which she had tied in a corner of her rebozo to keep them from Tiburcio, who was as full of tricks as a monkey.

Sometimes Juan de Dios would remonstrate with Tiburcio for teasing the little motherless one; and then Tiburcio, taking the scolding in good part, would make Dolores laugh with his comical grimaces. He had bright, impudent eyes and a mole under his mouth which gave him a laughing look and earned him many gracious glances from the señores on the trains when they bought his pomegranates or purple passion-fruit.

Juan de Dios saved enough money in the course of a year to discard his long pole, which caused the *porteros* of the better residences to exclude him from their patios, and provide himself with a mature aguador's outfit like his father's. Thenceforward he bore a very large jug on his back, balanced by a smaller one on his breast, and his knees bent more than ever, and he was very proud. No other Indito was so alert in undertaking small errands or so faithful in performing them. And at last it fell out that some of the oldest families in the pueblo, lifelong patrons of the deliberate Pancho, would ask him in emergencies for the services of his son. Now, Pancho loved his son, but he also had his proper pride, and one day he said to Juan de Dios:

"Son of my life, comfort of my soul, thou art now a man and mayest choose thine occupation."

"Choose my occupation?" stammered the astonished youth. "But your honour knows that I have chosen it these four years."

"Not so," replied Pancho positively. "Of aguador, sufficient with thy father. Better that thou be a donkey-driver. It is my wish, thou consolation of my miseries; and the day of thy saint I will give thee a burro—and may God accompany thee!"

Juan de Dios was silent. The thought of changing his occupation filled his heart with anguish. Was he not sixteen, and long settled in life? Did not all the world know him as Juan de Dios, the aguador?

That evening at twilight, as he and Dolores squatted against the wall, he said to her:

"To-morrow we will go to early mass, and after we will speak to the padre about thy confirmation. I have to leave thee, Dolores."

"To leave me!" Incredulity and indignant protest struggled with a very lively curiosity.

"Even as I say. I have a weight in my heart, Dolores, but all is for the best. I am going to work for thee a few years in the capital."

She looked at him with mingled terror and admiration, for in the imagination of the Indian of the pueblos, the City of Mexico is enveloped in formidable and sinister mystery. With the same feeling in his heart, and a sudden surge of loneliness, Juan de Dios wept. She tried to comfort him, begging him not to go, but he stammered:

"The road of the glory is sown with thorns. I will go. Resign thyself, little daughter. When I return we shall receive the benediction of the padre, and thou shalt be my little wife."

"Yes, yes, Juan de Dios!" She joined her bronze hands flatly as in prayer, bowed her forehead on the finger-tips, and then threw back her head with a heavenward glance of mild ecstasy. "Yes, yes! I shall be very big when thou comest back, and thou wilt take me to my own little cabin—oh, what enchantment!"

She kissed his hand reverentially, and her heart was filled with the great calm that assurance of protection gives to the weak and ignorant.

And so a morning arrived when Juan de Dios departed from his birthplace, accompanying a party of donkey-drivers who were taking various wares to sell in the capital. It was a morning of farewells, promises, benedictions, and tears. The capital was only two days' easy march distant, but it seemed to all that Juan de Dios, the confidant and comforter, whose daily blessing of the hut had carried an unnamable gentle charm, was embarking into dark distances full of dangers.

. . . . . .

The capital, as sensitive of its reputation as an elegant woman, has a code of manners for Inditos and enforces it in times of peace, peremptorily though kindly. Juan de Dios learned that in

the City of Mexico one may no longer enjoy the comfort of going barefoot, and dutifully he taught his feet to endure the encumbrance of leather sandals. He learned that the city aguador may not blow his whistle to halt the traffic while he gravely crosses the street, but must wait for the passing of many vehicles, some with horses and some outlandishly without. From early morn to the fall of the afternoon he would go from fountain to fountain and from portal to portal, his lean body so accustomed to bending that he never thought of straightening it, his head bowed as if in prayer.

On the first day of each month he visited a little shop in the street of San Felipe Neri, where a good old widow sold tobacco and snuff, candles for the poor, for the rich, and for the church; flags of silver and gold paper stuck in dry oranges to adorn altars; toys, candies, lottery tickets, and many other necessaries. With her Juan de Dios understood himself very well. She would change his mountain of centavos into silver pesos, and from her he would buy his meagre supplies for the month, including his lottery-ticket, with which he never won a prize although he never neglected to have it blessed by holding it up in church at the moment of the benediction. Very happy, he would jog home, the heavy silver pieces in his leather pockets making a discreet and dulcet *trink-trak* between his jugs and his body. He lived with a charcoal-seller in one room at the back of a bodega, where the odours of dry fish and vats of wine mingled with the dust of the charcoal nightly swept into the farthest corner of the soft earth floor to make place for his sleeping-mat.

When his first jugs had worn out—the sweet-scented, porous red clay becomes perforated in time—he had buried them to their necks in the corner where he slept, and they were now his treasury. On returning home from the widow's he would uncover them and drop his coins one by one into their depths, receiving a separate thrill of satisfaction at the piquant echo of each one from the hollow of its prison.

Once in a year or so he received word from his family by the mouth of some donkey-driver or pilgrim. They were well. They sent him benedictions. And he, as opportunity offered, sent them gifts for their saint-days.

. . . . . .

It was the month of June, which always makes the heart restless. During his five years in the capital, Juan de Dios had treated himself to fewer holidays than most peons—not celebrating the days of more than ten or a dozen favourite saints each year—and now his spirit rebelled at many things. The rainy season was, as usual, depriving him of the centavos which at other times accrued from the sprinkling of the streets in front of his customers' houses, as ordained by law. And then there was a new and mischievous spirit in the air, a spirit named "modern improvement," and it now possessed and agitated one of the houses on his route, a three-patio building inhabited by fifteen families of the middle class. The plumber—worker of evil and oppressor of God's poor—had been exercising his malign spells. Was it the will of God that water should run upstairs, except in jugs sustained by the proper legs of a man? Was the roof of a building a fit place for a large and unsightly tank? Was it reasonable to suppose that a man could fill such a reservoir with water by see-sawing laboriously an erect stake of painted iron, as tall as his breast, which had sprouted diabolically in a patio at the margin of the fountain? Or that the tenants could supply themselves with water by no more than turning a stick of brass not as large as an honest man's finger? Was it for him, Juan de Dios, to become a confederate in these mysteries by hauling and thrusting that painted stake, instead of making many sociable trips between the fountain and the kitchens of his customers? No! He would not so endanger his soul. With firmness he had refused to serve the strange gods of the plumber. And the owner and tenants of the building, liking well their patient and apostolic-looking aguador, and understanding perfectly his prejudices, had murmured "Mañana!" and allowed the highly painted and patented American force-pumps in the three patios to rust in unlovely idleness.

But the incident had given Juan de Dios a shock and turned his heart toward the simplicity and piety of the pueblo. His Dolores was fourteen now, and ready for marriage. He had saved enough money. He could build a little hut and buy a burro, and lead an easy and blessed existence with his chattering little squirrel of a wife, and the babies that would crawl in the sunshine at their cabin door.

Meanwhile the excellent business which he had built up in the capital should not be lost to the family, for Tiburcio should succeed to it. That part of it had already been arranged; it only remained to send him word that the time had come.

Then came many days of patient waiting and of serious preparation—days, too, of fasting and prayer—until one afternoon there dawned upon his vision at the public fountain which he had appointed as their meeting place, a radiant young spark whom he would not have identified as the weeping boy he had left in the road, except for the eloquent mole under the still-laughing mouth. He wore leather trousers, wondrously tight-fitting, and laced up the sides from foot to hip between double rows of brass buttons; a white shirt, without a collar, but with a large, flowing scarlet bow sewed to the middle of the bosom; a leather belt hung with a fancy knife, a plain knife, and other decorative items; from his neck a religious medal which clashed cheerfully against the metal of the knife; on his feet, heavy shoes of wine-coloured leather, much overlaid and ornamented in punctured designs; on his head a cheap sombrero heavily bound to its very apex with silver rope, richly knotted.

Tiburcio saw his brother trotting along with head bended as of old, and moved to meet him; and with many simple ejaculations of joy and affection they placed each his hands on the other's shoulders, with smiles and graceful bendings of heads, and strokings and pattings, like a pair of friendly ants. Thus they remained regardless of the disorganized traffic, until a gendarme, himself an Indito, ran to them and in a friendly fashion, moved them on. And at length Juan de Dios permitted himself to take cognizance of Tiburcio's elegance.

"But, brother of my soul," he protested, "thou appearest a Judas!"

Tiburcio hung his head in shame at this allusion to the garishly bedizened effigies of Judas which are hanged in the streets and plazas on Saturday of Glory and burned amid festive mockery and the sputtering of fire-crackers. Fortunately he had working garments tied up in the blanket, and the portero of a neighbouring house where Juan de Dios was known allowed him to change there and emerge in the simple habit that God had undoubtedly ordained for water-carriers. And not until then did he remember

to impart to his brother a piece of important news. Laughing, he said:

"Brother, with all thy scoldings thou didst put it away from my memory to tell thee that Lola is here."

"Lola?" repeated Juan de Dios, not understanding.

"Dolores—she came with me."

"Protect me, Saint of my name! Dolores here—but for what? And where is she?"

"While I found thee I left her at the cathedral."

"Well chosen the place. But I beat my brains to comprehend. Did I not tell her to wait for me in the pueblo? And now—*Ay! Ay!* What sinful impatience that she must come to meet me here! What sad fortune that I could not have embraced her as I always wished, in the cabin where I left her!" He wagged his bended head with a heavy sigh at this upsetting of his plans. Tiburcio looked uncomfortable and opened his mouth to speak, but Juan de Dios, having eased himself of his pique, began to rejoice: "But since God wishes it to come sooner, the pleasure, so much better. She is here, my young woman! What little moments we will pass! *Uy, újule!*"

And with that liquid cry of joy he unharnessed himself, pulling over his head the shoulder-straps, with the leather breast-and-back plates and head-piece, and the heavy jugs, and proceeded to harness his brother, saying:

"Do me this service, Tiburcio. Carry on this street five journeys to number fourteen, six to number eighteen, three to number twenty, and eight to the principal patio in number twenty-two. Take care not to touch the pots of flowers in the corridors, and where the cages of birds hang be sure to bend lest thou knock them down. If the parrots speak to thee, answer them not, for the señoras like them not to learn our manner of expressing ourselves. If thou seest a melon or a bunch of flowers swimming in a patron's water-jar, touch them not, for after thou hast poured the water, they will but dance a little and come up again. Here are my colourines." He passed over a leather bag filled with scarlet beans.

"With these count thy journeys, leaving one each a time with the servant of the house. Conduct thyself well, and that God may

accompany thee. I go to the cathedral to find my Dolores. Adiós! Adiós!"

The new aguador attracted the attention of a lady and gentleman sitting in the principal patio, and they asked him about Juan de Dios. Tiburcio explained everything with great care, and added in a confident and winning manner that he expected to give just as good service as his brother, if not a little bit better. And the lady in some excitement whispered to her husband:

"Perhaps this youth will agitate the pump, and by the grace of God we can utilize at last our porcelain bath!"

The lady's husband, who was the owner of the house, jumped at the idea, and Tiburcio was conducted to the pump. He rolled his eyes at it distrustfully, and seemed to regard the señor's explanation of its raison-d'etre as a rather lame one; but when the señor himself grasped the lever and moved it sturdily back and forth without suffering any other penalty than a shortness of breath—for he was a fat and not young señor—the youth recovered his courage.

"Lend here, Patrón," he said; and getting free of his jugs and rolling up his trousers, he attacked the business with confidence. The proprietor and his wife put heart into him at intervals by remarking what a strong fellow he was and how the capital was the proper place for him; and although Tiburcio's muscles were not hardened to such labour he kept at it, his spirit swimming in the ether of pride and praise, for half an hour. Meanwhile the news that an aguador who would pump was on the premises had spread to the second and third patios, and so flattering were the overtures made to him that Tiburcio, concealing his fatigue, addressed himself with zeal to the other two force-pumps. When his arms failed him he continued by employing the weight of his body, the forward plunge pulling a quart of water from the fountain and the backward fall projecting it toward the roof—for it is the ungracious nature of a force-pump to work equally hard both ways. On abandoning the third pump, Tiburcio felt a weight in his chest, and his legs bent under him like green twigs; but he was wonderfully happy as he took the silver pieces that he had earned by the sweat of his body, and with them made the sign of the cross on his brow, his eyes, his mouth, and his breast. After which he rolled himself in a straw mat in a shady corner,

and abandoned himself like a tired child to his well-earned siesta.

. . . . . .

Juan de Dios and Dolores met under the trees of the plaza in front of the cathedral—a new Dolores, almost as tall as himself, with dove's eyes and a sad little voice, very desirable—and they embraced just as he and Tiburcio had embraced, hands on shoulders, with the same little glances and bendings and ejaculations. And she called him "Padrino" as of old, at which he protested playfully, *"Qué padrino ni que calabazas?"*

"What godfather nor what pumpkins? Not thy padrino, but thy husband, who forgives thee for coming to him."

At that she was troubled, and abruptly withdrew her hands from his shoulders, averting her face. That gesture smote him with the knowledge that an evil nad come between them. Trembling with anger, he exclaimed:

"What thing is this I see? What thing? What thing?"

His voice pitched higher and higher. Her hands flew to her downcast face. He seized her wrists and shook them, making her whole body reel like a palm in a hurricane.

"Don't beat me, don't beat me!" she sobbed. "Where is Bucho?"

The endearing diminutive of his brother's name, or the tone of instinct in which it was uttered, told him all. He fetched a great sobbing breath and struck her in the face with the back of his hand, and then again with the palm, and then rained blows on her head and shoulders; and she, being a woman and born of blood impressed with the proverb, "Who well loves thee will make thee weep," snuggled against him, whimpering. While beating her he swore many oaths, such as "Lightnings and chains of fire!" and spoke bitter reproaches of ingratitude and perfidy, weeping all the while. They were near the central terminus of trolley-lines, and a crowd gathered about them, and there were calls for a gendarme. Hearing that, Juan de Dios turned her about and gave her a push to make her walk in front of him.

Tiburcio had not been seen at number fourteen, nor eighteen, nor twenty, but in the principal patio of twenty-two Dolores heard snores which she recognized, and they found Tiburcio curled in slumber.

Deeply curled, for it required several kicks from his brother

to awaken him, and even then his fatigue pressed upon him so heavily that he stared up at them with a vague smile, unconscious of the fury in one face and the fear in the other. Soon, however, it dawned on his sluggish senses that Juan de Dios was declaiming angrily, then that Lola was weeping, then that her love and his own was the cause of the outburst, and then that the girl had thrown herself between them with upraised arms, crying to Juan de Dios:

"Don't curse him! Don't curse Bucho! Bucho, speak to him!"

"Lightnings!" shouted Juan de Dios, his voice muffled with foam. "For his sorceries with which he hath bewitched thee, that God may cripple him!"

Dolores gave a gasp of horror. Tiburcio, his face suddenly bleaching to a waxen yellow, tried to rise to his knees for prayer, but at the first movement an intense pain shot through his back between the shoulders and he tumbled over on his face, howling:

"Crippled! God favour me, miserable sinner that I am! Brother, brother, thy words have fallen over me! I am crippled truly! I cannot move! *Ay-ay-ay!*"

In a series of shrieks he described the progress of his affliction, which extended to all the muscles that he had brought into unwonted action during his intemperate exertions with the force-pumps. Dolores screamed for help, sputtered incoherencies at the portero and ran round the patio like a wild animal, kneeling at intervals to pray but not daring to go near Tiburcio for fear of the demon that possessed him. Shudder after shudder convulsed him as he sprawled with his forehead on the pavement, the poison of terror augmenting that of fatigue. From the house emerged many servants, male and female, asking questions, offering advice, chattering and crossing themselves, afraid to approach.

It was important to get Tiburcio away. Juan de Dios lifted him to his feet at last, despite his piteous moans. It appeared that he could use his legs but from loins to neck he seemed paralyzed. Supported by his brother and Dolores, and uttering cries at each step, he traversed the streets to the charcoal-seller's and was laid on a mat. Juan de Dios rubbed his body with holy water, sprinkling what was left of it all over the room to frighten away evil spirits.

Night fell over the anguish of the three, but without abating it. Toward Juan de Dios and his prayers the other two deferred in a spirit of humility and anxious expectancy, while he performed such prodigies of spiritual concentration that he shook as with an ague, and his tears lost their identity among the drops of sweat that rolled down his contorted visage. They would not believe that he could pray in vain—he, the blessed one, he at whose curse the punishment had fallen! And yet, soon after the great clock of the palace had boomed out eleven, Tiburcio reported to Dolores in a whisper that he seemed to be breaking into two pieces. She wailed loudly, and in desperation, demanded of Juan de Dios what thing she could do, or he and she together, that would incline the good God to show mercy to Bucho. Since he was angry at the broken troth, might it not appease Him if she renounced her love of Tiburcio and became the little wife of Juan de Dios? Tiburcio from his mat begged that the efficacy of that method of cure might be tested. Juan de Dios said nothing, but his eyes burned as he looked at Dolores, and shortly afterward he abruptly went out into the rain. From the door she could see him dimly, by the light of a distant street lamp, sitting motionless under the sky with his knees to his breast, his face upturned in submission and inquiry.

Hours passed before he returned, and then he was alight with resolve. Making a sign to Dolores that she should help him, he uncovered the buried jugs and removed by handfuls all his savings, which they packed in two leather bags. Soon afterward the three set forth into the dark and rain-swept night, Tiburcio travelling as a passenger on his brother's back, partly sustained by a leather band which passed across the other's forehead, and inadequately counterpoised by the two bags of silver pesos which alternately patted Juan de Dios's chest as he trotted. They traversed unfrequented streets until they reached the outskirts, and then struck the road along which a trolley-line runs to the Villa de Guadalupe, the Mecca of the Mexicans. Tiburcio suffered severely from the jolting and straining of sore muscles; but the knowledge of his destination so filled him with hope that he suppressed his groans.

The sun was rising when they reached the Villa de Guadalupe. Juan de Dios stretched his brother on one of the heavy iron

benches in the plaza at the foot of the hill. Tiburcio seemed a little easier, which was not to be wondered at, for many miracles had been known to follow the mere arrival of the sufferer within the precincts of the sacred pueblo. To Juan de Dios the very air was sanctity and he breathed it with rapture. Faint incense instilled it, bells trembled in it, some as remote voices imploring faith, others strong and impatient mandates to repentance. Padres in long black cassocks flitted hither and thither from church to church and from chapel to chapel. Their houses loomed sombrely above gardens which seemed thronging congregations of flowers. Even the rag awnings fluttering here and there under the old trees of the plaza played their part in the enchantment, for beneath them were exposed for sale every imaginable aid to devotion—rosaries, images, ribbons of saints, and many other objects, even to little dark papers of blessed earth, the virtue of which is notorious all over Mexico. Juan de Dios bought some of the earth and all three devoured it, as is the way of the faithful, Tiburcio receiving the largest share. It was a natural transition to blessed water. This they obtained from the sacred well at the foot of the hill in the centre of a little ancient domed temple, by casting into its rocky depths, a heavy, conical cup of iron attached to a chain. Tiburcio drank of the water as much as he could, its abominable flavour strengthening his faith in its miraculous powers. Also his brother poured a cup of it over him.

And now Juan de Dios was ready for the pilgrimage proper. Shading his eyes with his hand, he traced the course of the stone stairway mounting heavenward from his feet, flight after flight, at first shaded by great trees and at last almost lost amid wild creepers as it aspired in curves like those of a snail's shell to the lofty summit, with its coronet of churches and chapels now ethereal with the golden light of the young morning. With an eagle glance which seemed to perceive in that radiance an authentic sign from the Virgin of Guadalupe whom he had adored from childhood, he exclaimed:

"If yonder thou art, Mother of mine, unto thee I bear a sinner. He is my brother. Make thee the road hard, dangerous. Put me obstacles; all that may be necessary to make merit for my presentation before thee with Tiburcio—that is his name."

He wiped the sweat from his forehead with one finger, and continued in a tone of exaltation which thrilled the others.

"I will carry him to thee on my knees, over all those steps, unto thine altar! This act of devotion, I offer it to thee for the health of my sinner brother, that thou wilt permit him to move the body again, if thou thinkest he merits it."

And having signed himself, he dropped to his knees and with much difficulty, Dolores assisting, hoisted Tiburcio to his shoulders with feet hanging down in front and hands clasping his brother's brow. Juan de Dios held his body upright, balancing carefully, as he felt his way upward, one knee after another, slowly—always slowly. Dolores followed, marvelling at his sanctity. It being the rainy season, there was no great throng of pilgrims, but the few who were ascending to the shrine—some women carrying wax candles decorated with gold paper, others with plates of sprouting wheat of a delicate pallor from having been grown in the dark, and a few Inditos with bamboo cages containing fighting-cocks to be blessed in church that they might have fortune in battle—these remarked the superior zeal of Juan de Dios, and regarded him respectfully as a holy person, one whom it was fortunate to have seen. The same spirit was manifested by the sellers of blessed articles on the landings of the stair. While he rested, Juan de Dios caused Dolores to buy the largest and most beautiful candle obtainable, and thereafter she carried it, unlighted, in front of them. Also, for refreshment and edification of them all, they bought blessed fruit, blessed tortillas fried in chili sauce, and tortillas of the Virgin, which are made sweet and very small and dyed in different colours.

As he climbed, Juan de Dios prayed, and the more he suffered the more he thanked God. His wide cotton trousers gave but the scantiest protection to his knees, and that not for long, yet he did not look for smooth places, and Tiburcio groaned more than he. Once he slipped on a rolling pebble, and after that he mounted every step with the same knee, lifting the hurt one after it. The time came when even his strength of aguador wore out, and he clawed the stone balustrade to raise himself and stopped on each step, his breath hissing between his locked teeth from which the lips were stiffly peeled; and still his eyes pleaded for martyrdom.

Dolores at every opportunity would wipe Tiburcio's face where the thorns had scratched it.

When Juan de Dios reached the top he signed to Dolores to light the candle, and he held it at arm's-length as he continued his march into the ancient church of the hill, his knees leaving prints of red on the white marble pavement. Into the depth of the church, straight to the blazing shrine he went, and Dolores saw his face working frightfully as he unlocked his teeth to proclaim that he had kept his word; but no sound came from his throat, and he suddenly fell forward in a swoon, spilling Tiburcio, who executed a series of instinctive movements, too quick for eye to follow, which landed him on his feet, supple and free from pain; and he and Dolores threw themselves on their knees beside the unconscious one at the shrine, to recite a multitude of "gracias" for the miracle.

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Dolores fully expected to become the little wife of Juan de Dios. He had come from the confessional when he said to them:

"I now comprehend that I do not serve for this world. The love of woman confounds me too much. God will free me from committing more barbarities. I will remain in this saintly place, for which it seemeth to me I was ordained before my mother bore me. Thou, Dolores, and thou, Tiburcio, serve for this earth. Go, and may the good God accompany you always. Take this bag of money, that it may help you to marry and live justly as good Christians. The other bag I have given to the good padre, who will manage it so that I shall have enough prayers and masses said for the guidance of my steps while I live."

They left him, and he continued to be an aguador, carrying water from the sacred well to the top of the sacred hill with which to refresh pilgrims, especially the sick and crippled, after the ascent. He himself was crippled, never recovering from a stiffness of one knee, which remained bent. And in this manner Juan de Dios became veritably John of God.

NO DAM' YANKEE[1]

By IRVIN S. COBB

(From *Cosmopolitan*)

EVERYBODY on that river knew Major Marmaduke Todd. He was forever traipsing back and forth on that river. He was a commissioner for the National Military Park up at Shiloh. Our government has a different arrangement now, probably a more businesslike if a less sentimental arrangement; but once upon a time it was provided by act of Congress that there must be three commissioners and that all three must be men who had seen active service on the battle-field of Shiloh, two of them to be Unionists and the remaining one an ex-Confederate.

Major Todd was the chairman of this commission. A former colonel of volunteers and a former brevet brigadier were his associates. The Colonel was a small, high-tempered, terrifically patriotic old gentleman who had been a congressman until a shift in politics divorced him from the payroll and turned him into what Washington called a lame duck, and paved the way for his descent into this present easy berth.

On the other hand the Brigadier was an extraordinarily plump old gentleman, serious with that intense seriousness which seems so very remarkable when you find it in a fat man and, to the eye, an easy-going old gentleman. But that was where your eye would be fooling you, because he really was very set in his ways. He took his membership and his duties with an impregnable solemnity and maintained a sort of polite but exceedingly poisonous feud with the Colonel.

But the Major was not little and peppery, neither was he large and ponderous. He was tall, raw-boned, walked with a curious gait, and he could take a joke or a drink, and he would. An

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important part of his task as he conceived it was to play the part of peacemaker as between his confrères.

They knew him—and it might be added, liked him—on the packets he rode, the *Lady Slidell,* the *Promised Land,* the *City of Iuka,* the *Linda Smythe* and the rest of them. He traveled to and fro so often that the crews came to regard him almost as one of themselves and, as he often said, he felt more at home on a steamboat than he did on dry ground. It was one trip on the *Linda Smythe,* of the Withers Line, that he had his famous little set-to with the lady passenger from down in Mississippi—an episode which the old-timers like to recall even to this good day.

The lady from down in Mississippi was from very far down in Mississippi, where the opinions, like the levees, nearly all ran the same way. She was an elderly lady and her own opinions had solidified with her age until she was practically, as you might say, adamant. Mr. Dorsey Dozier, the chief clerk, introduced Major Todd to her and he sat down by her on the boiler deck and they talked together of this and that. Before the conversation had gone far it was inevitable that the subject of The War *should* come up. North of here people spoke of the war between the states—if, indeed, they spoke of it at all—as an event of a past century, which it was, the Christian world having already turned the corner into its nineteen-hundred-and-somethinged year. But down here when they spoke of it, which some one invariably did, it was as though it had ended only last week or last month.

It was at this point that the lady from Mississippi fell into an error, one, though, for which she scarcely could be blamed. In the first place, the Major used an accent akin to hers—perhaps a trifle more strident but nevertheless closely enough related for all purposes. Then, too, he had stated that he was a good Democrat although he needn't have included the qualifying adjective because to her all Democrats were good. So when Shiloh was referred to and he happened to mention that he had been wounded there—in the left shoulder and again in the leg—the lady, being by this time thoroughly deceived, naturally jumped at conclusions and, as one devoted partisan to another, spoke feelingly of a common love for the Precious Cause which had become a Precious Memory.

The Major looked at her and smiled. He said: "Madam, I'm afraid that unintentionally I've been sailing under false colors be-

fore you. When I told you just now that I fought at Shiloh I forgot to tell you which side I fought on."

"Oh!" she said. She plainly was shocked. "Oh, I certainly do beg your pardon," she went on, her tone growing chillier by the syllable, "but your manner, your bearing—so like that of a true Southern gentleman! Why, I should never, never have suspected that you were, that you could be a—a—"

From motives of a ladylike delicacy she did not finish the sentence. There was no need that she should finish it. All persons residing below Mason and Dixon's line knew there was one swear-word which when employed in a given connection was no swear-word, not even though it fell from the unsullied lips of a gentlewoman of what might be called the mid-Jeffersondavisorian Era.

"Madam," said Major Todd, and he arose and bowed low before her, "permit me to make myself clear. For at least three generations my people on both sides have been Southern people. I myself am Southern born. I have always lived in the South. I expect to die here. I was one of three brothers, I being the youngest. The other two were Confederate soldiers. My father was a strong Confederate sympathizer. I claim to be an orthodox Southerner in my habits and tastes.

"I think anybody who prefers pumpkin pie to sweet-potato pie suffers from a derangement of the intellect. I never take maple sirup if I can get New Orleans molasses. I maintain that a cook who deliberately puts sugar in corn bread is a menace to our national civilization. A man who would crush the mint in his mint toddy would put scorpions in a baby's bed.

"But you see, Madam, back in 1861, there happened to be a slight difference of opinion in our family touching on secession and it also happened that I formed a strongly prejudiced minority of one. In accordance with the dictates of my conscience, which has never reproached me since on this score, I enlisted in a Northern regiment and served four years in it.

"I am not ashamed of that fact." He fingered gently the little button of the Loyal Legion in his buttonhole. "I am exceedingly proud of it. This is not an apology, Madam, it is an explanation. Madam, I am a Union veteran in good standing. But, Madam, I am no dam' Yankee!"

Afterward recounting the incident the Major said he was afraid the laugh had been on him. Some people thought the laugh had been on the lady from down in Mississippi.

Be that as it may, such was the Major's declaration of independence, his platform of principles, his motto. He was a Southerner—and don't you forget it! He had been a volunteer in the Federal army, going in as a private, coming out as a scarred-up battalion commander. He never let you forget that, either. But no dam' Yankee!

Now, it was decreed by the little deputy fates who post up the ledgers for we lesser earthlings that there should be an affair of the heart between the children of Major Todd's fellow commissioners, or to be specific about it, between the General's youngest daughter and the Colonel's only son by his second marriage. It furthermore was decreed that in this matter the main item of bookkeeping should be complicated with cross-entries and with debits greatly in excess of the credits. There was a good deal of red-inking to the whole transaction; any expert accountant will tell you what that means.

And finally, it was so ordered that the Major should be projected headlong into the tangled equation. In fact, before the record was closed on this particular case, one whole page of destiny's docket practically belonged to him and his gimpy legs and his romantic if sixty-odd-year-old soul.

Any day and for a valid reason or for none at all, one or more of the commissioners might visit Shiloh, but all three of them made a point of being present for a whole week in the latter part of each April. It was the week during which fell the anniversaries of those two great days of fighting there; and in it the three transacted such accumulated business as properly was brought before them, and they bestowed their official greetings upon the veterans of both armies, who came by the thousands—for in those days there were thousands of veterans to come—and they sat in judgment on divers petitions.

Then ensued a great shaking of hands across the once gory Chasm, a great and hearty slapping of friendly palms on receptive backs, a great professing of eternal amity and everlasting concord —with certain mental reservations on either side. Yet under the surface courtesy, under the intermingled currents of hospitality

graciously extended and hospitality graciously accepted, you might have detected now and again the lingering sparks of an olden and a deadly flame.

You could forgive but you didn't have to forget, did you?

That, more or less, was as it would go on, and this time while it went on, a good-looking, upstanding young gentleman from the North, to wit, one Mr. Ethan Allen Van Duzen, attorney at law, of Battle Creek, Michigan, and an exceedingly pretty young lady from the South who, to-witting some more, was no less a personage than little Miss Sally Ann MacAllister, reigning belle of Pine Bluff, Arkansas, were pledging their faith forever and ever world without end till death did them part, beneath a green canopy where a pair of mating thrushes discussed housekeeping arrangements on a limb which Minié balls may have pierced. And close beside them winding off through the fragrant grove, ran a sunken road that once, on just such another fair April afternoon as this, had been brimful of dead men, dying men, stricken men, but now instead was full of soft brown leaf mold and wild violets.

But with the sweet, unreasoning, entirely reasonable selfishness of youth, these twain conceited that the violets were out on their account, that the amorous gentleman thrush sang his song to them and not to his own speckle-breasted lady-love, that this trysting-place, with its whispering memories of slaughter and pain, of heroisms and agonies, had been especially contrived by nature for their present and exclusive usage.

The couple occasionally paused from plighting for long enough to wonder why the Providence which had been so kind as now to bring them together could have been so unkind as to keep them apart until now.

Behold how simply Providence had operated to produce this altogether so lovely an outcome: Colonel Van Duzen's son had other plans for the month of April, but at the eleventh hour those plans failed and he decided—it seemed to him a whim then, but to-day he recognized it as a happy hinge for the turning of one of Creation's most perfect schemes—he decided to come along with his father and look upon the scenes of his father's honorable and gallant achievements in the realm of military distinction. Simultaneously and at a point far distant, General MacAllister's daughter, having it in mind to visit a former schoolmate at Knox-

ville, found she could spare a week on the way for viewing a spot where not one alone but several of her breed had most valorously acquitted themselves.

Both of them at the outset had looked forward to rather boring experiences; either of them, looking back on it, could take credit for having been inspired by a desire to please an older person. Wherefore and lo, the bread cast upon the waters of affection was returning—not after many days, but after a miraculous few—as wedding-cake. Or was it?

Because a brace of lions stood in the path a-roaring. At least, one of the lions roared. The testy growlings of the second might sound less ominous but were just as hostile to their future rose-colored intents.

The lion which roared was old General MacAllister; the lion which growled was old Colonel Van Duzen. After years of consistent disagreement these eminent gentlemen at last had found an issue upon which they might stand together firmly united. Neither desired that his child should be in love with the other's child; or if love already had come, that the affair should go further. They equally were ready to transmit to the generation oncoming the quarrel of the generation outgoing.

For to General MacAllister this saucy Sally Ann of his was as the apple of his eye. She had been born to him in his middle life; she had been the baby of his household; by his jealous reckonings she still was a baby. He wanted her to have beaux a-plenty, else he had not been a true Southerner. He wanted her within bounds to flirt with them; it was a part of her heritage to flirt. Of course he did not want her to die an old maid. But when the day came for her to marry—a day hopefully regarded by him as being still far distant—he wanted, father-like, to have a hand in picking and choosing the bridegroom.

Above all things else, though, he wanted no serious entanglements with the house of his ancient foeman.

As for the Colonel, he had as much pride—family pride, personal pride, sectional pride—as the next one. He defied any living man to outdo him at nursing a grudge. Publicly he might advocate the burying of hatchets, but inwardly he entertained always the pleasing picture of burying his own private hatchet at the fat-enfolded base of a certain elderly skull. With genuine

concern he had observed the ripening intimacy between his dear lad and his enemy's daughter, an intimacy dating, or so it appeared, from the moment when the pair met. With each passing hour spent by them in company his concern had increased, as well it might.

It might be a very foolish form of obstinacy; we'll concede that it was altogether foolish. But nevertheless it was a condition and not a theory. It was the Montagues against the Capulets all over again; it was Lancaster versus York. It was—to bring the metaphor a few centuries nearer—the Hatfields and the McCoys.

So, along with the joy there was trouble for those two who traded passionate vows in their greenwood by the sunken road behind old Shiloh church.

On the Friday Major Todd emerged from a session of the commission and was in a mood of high good humor. Among other matters which had come up there were one or two about which he had his own way.

It wouldn't be supper-time for an hour or so yet. He figured a short walk might stimulate an already healthy appetite. Tacking away from the main driveway leading inland across the parked battleground, he chose to stroll along one of the by-paths. He was tired of crowds. He hoped nobody would recognize him.

The trouble, though, with the Major was that nobody who had ever seen him walking would fail to recognize him again if still he were afoot. To begin with, nature noticeably had made him bow-legged. Then one of those Confederate bullets which winged him in '62 in this very vicinity had accentuated the outward skew of his left leg. He traveled with a sort of scollopy rolling motion. When he went slowly he made you think of gimlets, but when he was in a hurry to get somewhere he made you think of corkscrews. Considered as a pedestrian, he was probably one of the most conspicuous pedestrians that you'd find in any climate.

That twistiwise gait of his was a welcome sight for a pair of young persons who hastened across a broad strip of greensward to intercept him in a sort of natural ambuscade where the shrubbery offered shields from casual observation.

"Oh, Major," cried little Miss Sally Ann, running up to him, "we've been waiting here ever so long to waylay you! We're just dying to see you."

Once a Kentuckian always a Kentuckian. The Major swept off his large white hat with a gesture which absolutely would have turned any Elizabethan cavalier—say, Sir Walter Raleigh, for choice—as green as a string-bean.

"My dear child," he stated in his courtliest manner, which was a very courtly manner indeed, "I am honored beyond my deserts. I am yours to command."

"Remember, that's a promise," Miss Sally Ann took him up so promptly that he gave a slight start.

"As a matter of fact, Major Todd, we will be very grateful to you for your help," said young Mr. Van Duzen. "There's an emergency and we can't think of any one else to turn to."

"Hum," said the veteran. It was beginning to dawn upon him that possibly he had been just a trifle rash with his pledge of service. There was something so conspirator-like about this pair, she all tremulous and flushed, he obviously nervous. "Hum," the Major said again, prolonging it with extra *m's*. "Before I trap myself any further, would you mind please telling me just what this emergency is?"

"It's this," explained the young man—"Miss MacAllister and I are engaged. But nobody who counts really knows it yet but you."

"May I then be the first to congrat—"

"Please, Sir! We are engaged and we intend to be married."

"Very laudable I'm sure, but—"

"But my father would be against it and it seems like Allen's father would be against it just simply because my father would be against it! And so we've decided to run away." This was Sally Ann speaking flurriedly, breathlessly.

"Or in other words, to elope," added the fiancé, as though to make the meaning doubly clear.

"And that's where you come in, Major dear," supplemented the affianced.

"One moment, now." The Major lifted an authoritative palm. "Permit me to ask a question or two: When did you two meet for the first time?"

"Last Monday afternoon at a quarter past three."

"And when did you first discover that you had become seriously attracted to this young lady?"

"I just told you, Sir. Monday afternoon, quarter past three."

"Ah, indeed!" The interrogator looked now at her. "And you?"

"About the same time. It seemed to come over me, just like that! All at once!"

"And when did you reach the decision that you would elope?"

"Oh, that wasn't until this morning. We discussed everything very thoroughly first."

"But why elope at all?"

"Oh, Major!" exclaimed Sally Ann. "You don't know my father!"

"Oh, don't I? My dear, your father and I have been confrères for six years."

"Then you *do* know how set and determined and aggravating he can be when he takes a notion about something. He's a perfect old darling, my father is, and I adore him. But, oh, he can be so hard-headed!"

"I will concede that your esteemed father is a man of quite positive views on various subjects. But am I to assume that merely on the supposition that your respective parents—either or both—might enter an objection to this union you are preparing—"

"Not at all, Sir. I'm afraid we've sort of rushed you off your feet. Perhaps I'd better try to explain in detail the whole situation?"

"Yes, do," assented Sally Ann. She lifted a confident face from her lover's worried one to the Major's wrinkly one. "Allen can explain things just beautifully, Major. He'll tell you everything and then you'll realize for yourself that we're exactly right."

For what followed the Major made an excellent, a most sympathetic audience. When Allen said he didn't see how anybody who was in his right senses could keep from falling in love with Sally Ann the Major promptly seconded the motion and declared that if only he were forty years younger he himself would be offering strong competition in that quarter.

When he was told how Allen had gone straight to his father the night before and had informed that choleric person how matters stood, Sally Ann having already approached her father indirectly and, so to speak, by a roundabout route; and how im-

mediately intense opposition had developed from these parental sources, the Major remarked:

"Now I begin to see why both of them were so exceedingly polite to each other to-day—and so exceedingly embittered toward me. They had to take it out on somebody. Do you know, young people, I've about decided that the great mistake I made was not fighting against both sides just in order to lick a little common sense into the heads of such colonels and brigadier-generals as might survive my righteous wrath? I do so!"

All at once he, who had meant to maintain an aloof impartial attitude, found himself with one impulsive hand patting Sally Ann on her shoulder and with the other giving Allen's nearer shoulder slaps of hearty endorsement.

All at once he found himself committed as a partisan and an accessory to the impending venture. It was none of his business but quite evidently it was going to be his business.

All at once he found himself saying: "You'll need a license to get married in this state?"

"That's been attended to, Sir."

"And a preacher, of course?"

"We thought about that, too, Suh, or Allen did—he thinks of everything!"

"Well, then, where do I figure except as a friend and well-wisher? Mind you, though," he added with a sudden rush of caution, "I'm not saying that I propose to get myself involved in this escapade of yours at all. I'm merely asking."

"Oh, Major dear, you'll never regret it!" pleaded Sally Ann, clinging to his arm and turning the devastating batteries of a pair of big swimming violet-blue eyes upon him. "As things stand, Father would never give his consent beforehand. But after it's done he'll come round. He'll see what I see in Allen. He'll admire him as much as I love him. And I'll make Allen's father like me—I'll just make him! He's never had a daughter of his own. I'll flirt outrageously with him, I'll make him over. Oh, you'll see."

"I don't doubt it in the least," granted the Major. "But that's not telling me what I'm expected to do, if anything!"

"I'll tell you, Sir," said young Van Duzen. "I'll make it brief because there isn't any too much time to spare. I didn't dare go

away myself to get the license. My father was suspicious of something being afoot—I could tell that; and the General has been watching Sally Ann like a hawk—or trying to. So I found a trustworthy man—perhaps you know him?—Ringgold is his name; he lives down here at the landing."

"I know him," said the Major, who knew nearly everybody at nearly every landing. "Ben Ringgold. I reckon he's trustworthy enough although not what I'd call intellectually gifted."

"So early this morning I sent him down the river in a skiff. His job was to hustle on down to Savannah—that's the nearest county-seat, I believe"—the Major nodded in affirmation—"and get a license for us and then leave the skiff behind and catch the packet *Linda Smythe* which was due to pass up by there late this afternoon. She did pass less than an hour ago—I found that out down at the river where they seemed to have word of her. So she ought to get here in less than an hour from now unless she's delayed at some landing in between, which they say isn't very probable; it's only eight or nine miles, you know.

"Ringgold will be on board with the license, but his orders are to stay there. As soon as the boat touches here—it'll be good and dark by then—Sally Ann and I are going to slip aboard and hide ourselves away until after she pulls out. Then it will be too late for anybody to stop us. Ringgold is to go on with us to a little place called Tucker's about eight or nine miles farther up-stream. There's a country preacher living there. I sent him word by Ringgold's son, who crossed on the ferry and rode up horseback, to be waiting for our arrival. He'll marry us and Ringgold will find us a place to stay to-night—he says he can do that—and in the morning we'll come back to ask forgiveness."

"That all sounds very well," said the Major, "but still I don't see where I—"

"Pardon me. I'm just coming to that, Sir. Your part—if you'll be so good?—is to sort of stand guard behind us. On account of General MacAllister, I mean. If the worst comes to the worst, I'd defy my father—although of course I hate a scene—but with Sally Ann it's different. She's a minor. We—we had to get Ringgold to do a little fibbing about her age. So it might be fatal—it would be fatal—if the General should get wind of this and stop Sally Ann.

"All we want you to do is to be on watch when the *Linda Smythe* pulls in—that's the critical moment, as you can see for yourself—and if you see the General going toward the landing, please intercept him, delay him on some pretext or other until the boat is gone with us safely on her. Will you do that, Sir?"

"Oh, you will, Major dear, won't you—for our sakes?" begged Sally Ann.

"Children," said Major Todd, with the air of one sealing a momentous vow, "I'm just enough of a sentimental old fool to do that very little thing. And probably get shot for it afterwards. Anyhow," he added, offering a salve to his uneasy conscience, "I seem to recall an important matter which ought to be brought to General MacAllister's attention at the earliest opportunity."

Fondly flattering himself with the delusion that he was innocent of all semblance to a double-doer, but in reality looking as guilty as a man who has just set fire to an orphan asylum, Major Marmaduke Todd faithfully did his turn at sentry-go while the early twilight thickened about him. On the bluff above the river, where he could command a view of all who passed, going or coming, the Major vigilantly patrolled to and fro on his callipered legs.

He presently heard, not a hundred yards from him but beyond his sight, below the bluff, a steamer blow for the landing, and gave a little jump; but before the blast died away the Major—who was enough of a riverman to be able to recognize boats by their whistles—knew it couldn't be the *Linda Smythe.* It must be then the *Oscar P. Hooks,* also upbound. It was; that steamy cracked whine of hers was unmistakable. He remembered that she had been due hours before, but steamboat schedules were flexible tablets always. She must be in a hurry to make up for lost time because almost immediately she was pulling out, as he could tell. She merely had poked her nose to bank and then had withdrawn it.

Five minutes passed, then ten, fifteen, and to the Major's strained ears came from downstream a familiar and, for this occasion, a welcome sound. Thus closely on the heels of her rival, the *Linda Smythe* was making port, too. Soon now with the elopers all would be well.

An overwhelming desire to be convinced that all was well with them lured the Major away from his post. Stealthily, and casting furtive looks behind him, he retired up over and thence down under the brow of the land. Almost directly beneath him where her lights made ruddiness in the dusk, the *Linda Smythe* discharged cargo. Next she would receive freight, if any, for up-river points and expeditiously then would clear.

Peering thither, the Major beheld on the flare-lit bank fronting the packet's bow, a figure—a figure whose pose, whose twisting neck and turning body bespoke irresolution, bafflement, confusion. He curlicued down the slant. He clutched that shape by its shoulder. He addressed it sharply. His voice was tense with a vague alarm, a rising concern.

"Ringgold, what are you doing here? Where are those two young people?"

Mr. Ringgold, matrimonial plenipotentiary extraordinary, laughed a hollow mirthless laugh. "That's whut I been astin' myself," said Mr. Ringgold. "Seems like there's been a hitch. But, by heck, 'tain't my fault! I brung the docymint fur 'em—you know about that, mebbe?" He winked meaningly. "And seems like they been hidin' behind that pile of gov'mint supplies jest yonder and when the *Hooks* pulled in, they bein' ign'unt about sich things and not knowin' one boat from 'nother—they jest bulged right erboard, not astin' no questions from nobody—anyhow, that's whut I've jest found out frum a feller that seen 'em. And seems like they've gone skihootin' on up the river thinkin' all the time they wuz on the *Linda Smythe* and expectin' to find me, of course. And seems like here I am and whut to do about it I don't know!"

"Good Lord!" groaned Major Todd. To himself he was thinking: "I've got to follow them—there's nobody else I can trust. No minister would dare go ahead without that license. They'll be left stranded all night at Turner's with nowhere for them to stay, probably, nobody who'd take them in. It'll be ruination." Aloud to Ringgold he was snapping an order: "Give me the paper. You dust on home and keep your mouth shut!"

He crumpled the precious license into his pocket. He clambered up the stage plank between two rousters. He ascended the forecastle gangway. He bided impatiently in the boiler deck

guards forward. In five minutes the *Linda Smythe* withdrew to mid-channel and straightened away. In five minutes more her skipper appeared from below. The Major caught him by both lapels of his coat.

"Captain Jim, there are certain reasons—highly important reasons—why'd I'd like for you to overhaul the *Hooks*—beat her into Turner's if possible. Great favor to me! Anyhow, shove up alongside her as close as you can—I've got a pressing private message for somebody aboard her. Understand?"

"Already fixin' to do one of those very things. And as for shovin' in close to her, that'll be easy; glad to accommodate you there, Major; no trouble at all. But say, Major, what's come over everybody to-night? First one gentleman busts up to me all in a swivet and asks me for personal reasons to ketch up with the *Hooks* before we reach Turner's and he ups and offers me fifty dollars cash to beat her in. Naturally I takes him up on his bid, and now not two minutes later here you come askin' for practically the same—"

"Who—who was the other man?" asked Major Todd. But he knew the answer. His sinking heart told him.

"Why, General MacAllister. Ain't you two on the same mission? He must 'a' followed you aboard not more'n a minute or two behind you. He's right down below here. I can—"

"No, no, don't call him. Don't—er—don't even tell him I'm on board. Oh, Lord!"

Sorrow-shaken, feeling almost as though he had suffered a deep bereavement, the Major retreated down the guards leaving a bewildered skipper to stare at his vanishing back.

"Love's young dream—all split wide open, all ripped to thunderation! The downcast veteran went aimlessly by a row of closed stateroom doors. He really wasn't going anywhere; just disconsolately drifting. He brought up beyond the invisible dividing-line marking off a lesser partitioned-off space at the rear of the main cabin—the "bureau," this smaller compartment was called in river parlance. He halted here; you couldn't go much farther aft anyhow. He faced outward, with lack-luster eyes regarding the peaceful darkened landscape past which they slid. Beneath his feet he could feel the *Linda Smythe* picking up speed. So soon she was under forced draft. There arose a steamy roar-

ing, a quickening clank of machinery parts. He fetched a deep sigh.

Directly behind him a door banged. A form, an impressively portly and dignified form bulked against the rail, almost touching him. Idly, for lack of something better to do, he peered at it; made out its contours, its distinguishing items of costuming. And then, right there, right then, Major Todd really began to show four great gifts—a gift for intrigue, for diplomacy, for strategy, for action.

There had been steamboat races before then on the Tennessee River. There still will be races on the Tennessee River when we are all dead and gone—races for spite, races for money, races for reasons of business, races for reasons of sport.

Now here was a race that was different, though just how different it was, most of those persons who took the minor parts in it—crews and passengers as well—did not know while it lasted, and were not to know until after it was over.

Away they went, two medium-sized, prosaic-looking, commonplace stern-wheelers, and it a foregone conclusion which one would win. But then the *Oscar J. Hooks* didn't even know she was being raced with—not yet she didn't.

So for a while, the rearmost boat, forging straight ahead, fairly ate up the intervening distance. It was beyond Churchwell's that the master of the *Hooks*, now leading by a half-mile margin, realized the *Linda Smythe* was following with intent to overhaul her. But why? Perhaps the *Linda's* captain had word of some fat unpledged consignment on beyond somewhere?

That must be it. What else could it be? Very well, then, the *Hooks* would give this opposition craft a tussle for it. Her skipper called out orders. Her wheel began to spin faster; big sparks flew out of her smoke-stacks; her boilers hummed. Behind her she kicked up a foamy hillocky wake.

But she had started her sprint too late. Anyway, the *Linda Smythe* was just naturally the faster boat of the two. Furlong by furlong, the Withers liner crawled up on the puffing independent packet. Her bow was even with the adversary's stern. She was hauling abreast; and now also, for reasons best known to herself, she was quartering, sheering over, swinging in closer

and closer, almost dangerously close, so that either laboring steamer wallowed and heaved in the swells thrown off by the other.

The churned-up water between narrowed to a matter of yards, then to a matter of feet—say, sixty feet. They were neck-and-neck now. Moved to marvel that the *Linda Smythe* should insist on becoming so near a neighbor, the *Oscar J. Hooks'* engineer, Mr. Jake Small, came forth from his greasy and clamorous domain and halted behind the barrier of the bull-rails just forward of it. From the lower deck of the *Linda Smythe* at a point directly opposite came in a familiar voice a sharp hail.

"Hey, Jake!" cried the voice above the tumult.

"Why, Major," he answered back, "hello! What's the big rush with you fellows anyway?"

"Jake, thank heaven it's you!" was the swift cryptic response. "Jake, two young people—boy and girl—went aboard you at Shiloh."

"Saw 'em myself. Acted like they was fleein' frum the wrath to come."

"They were!" The Major's tone was grimly, snappily insistent. "Jake, I want that pair. Go for 'em, or send a darky for 'em, quick! Tell 'em 'twas I sent for 'em. Tell 'em I say to dust down there where you are now as fast as they can make it but keeping out of sight of everybody on this boat—if they can. When they get there you throw those bars down and let 'em out on your fantail as far back as they can go without actually walking overboard."

"But, Major—"

"Don't ask any questions. Don't let them ask any questions. Do it!"

It was done before the second-hand on your grandfather's clock could make the circuit thrice. Two bemazed runaways, with arms interwoven and hands clutching, were balanced on a narrow cleated wooden flangeway which extended past the stern proper to meet the turning thwartwise shaft of the wheel. Beneath them, just beneath them, the water was being beaten to a custard, to a creamy white batter, and great drops splashed in their bewildered faces.

"Turn this way, children, and stand side by side!" They

caught the shouted command; they obeyed it. Across the intervening welter, the Major's anxious face was visible. He made a cup of his hands: "That's it! I've got the license here. I've got the preacher here! I've got the witnesses here!" He nodded his head sidewise and they could distinguish additional shapes in the shadows immediately behind their benefactor. "There's no time to explain anything, but there is time to get married—if we hurry. Are you ready?"

"Yes!" cried Sally Ann, "yes, Major darling!"

"Can you hear me?"

"Yes," cried Ethan Allen, "perfectly!"

"Splendid!" His voice was shrill with jubilance. And next a vast and sonorous voice, in volume twice as thick as his, in majesty at the least five times as majestic, in its throatiness indubitably a clerical voice, was boomingly uplifted to them:

"Will theah high cawntracting pahties kindly clasp each theah othah by theah right hand?"

"I theahfoah pronounce you man and wife!"

Rarely have the holy rivets of wedlock been clinched on with a greater celerity than was the case here. But then it isn't every wedding that can boast itself of so competent, so quick-witted a best man as Major Marmaduke Todd.

Let us go back in the ritual to a point approximately fifteen seconds before the final binding words of the officiating dignitary had sounded on the night wind and while yet the bride's response was being murmured, the bridegroom having previously uttered his.

As nose by nose these paralleling steamboats raced, General MacAllister stood on the tip of the nose of his particular boat, or as near the tip of the nose as he could get, and he was puffed out with rage, but puffed out still more with a foretaste of his impending triumph over his rebellious daughter and her audacious accomplice. His exultant eye swept keenly the upper decks of the overtaken steamer. No sight of a pair of thwarted elopers there. He let his glance fall lower, go rearward and, for one instant, perhaps two, conceivably three, General MacAllister's two hundred and sixty-five pounds froze solid with an intolerable horror, an inconceivable remorse.

Where they were poised yonder on a perilous slender overhang within inches of a madly beating wheel, a murky light from the engine-room at their backs illuminated them. It revealed to him their resolute young figures, their rapt faces. Their hands were clasped, their lips moving as though in prayer. They raised their heads, they kissed each other lingeringly, fondly, as might two in token of an eternal farewell before a fatal plunge.

Colonel MacAllister thawed to life. He plunged off the forecastle, he lunged back headlong through a cluttered deck-space and as he plunged and lunged he gave voice tremendously:

"For God's sake, my child—my children, don't jump! Don't jump! I give in! I surrender! But don't jump! Have your own way! You were right! I was wrong! Only, don't jump!"

It was all over with by the time he came abreast of them, and the reverend aide, having pouched his fee, already was discreetly, not to say hastily, withdrawing; the witnesses, a fireman and a striker, also were retiring with speed. It was Major Todd therefore who took the impact of General MacAllister's last despairing lunge; it was Major Todd's stout grip which restrained him, Major Todd's reassuring voice which by swift repetition dinned the soothing word into his distracted brain-cells:

"Ca'm yourself, General. This isn't a suicide. It's a wedding —that's all—a wedding!"

Those dreadful gongs which had been ringing in his quivering ears quit ringing. The General gasped and breathed again and reason reëstablished herself upon her customary throne. He looked dumbly past the Major. Over yonder, her face radiant, her eyes dewy, his Sally Ann was throwing him kisses.

"Wedding?" he asked dazedly. "Wedding, you say? But how—when—where?"

"Just now; just finished."

"But—but who—"

"Oh! By a regular clergyman, quite orthodox, I gather. He happened to be a passenger traveling—hem—in the bureau."

"In the bureau!" A horrified stupefaction temporarily overcame the bride's father.

"I have his name. He gave me his card—oh, here it is." By the light of a deck lantern the Major squinted at the pasteboard. "It appears," he stated, "that the ceremony was performed by

the Right Reverend Virgil K. Bogardus, D.D., of Florence, Alabama, Bishop of the Zion A.M.E. Church, District of Northern Alabama and Northern Mississippi."

"Merciful heavens! A black—a nig—" The poor General choked on it.

"Well, reasonably dark-complected."

General MacAllister clutched for support at a handy stanchion but promptly rallied and a cold fury began to superimpose itself on the heat dying within him.

"While under a misapprehension as to the real circumstances here I offered my consent to this union. I stand by my word." He stated it handsomely. "But, Major Todd, when I think that had it not been for men of your kidney who fought to free that—that race—this thing, this inconceivable thing could never have—"

"General Angus Donald MacAllister," interrupted Major Todd, "you listen to me: This is an hour for felicitations, not for recriminations. But before these boats reach bank and you step across with me from here to there to take your child in your arms and to welcome that splendid young gentleman who is now her husband and your son-in-law, I have just this to say to you, Suh: You may have fought, among other reasons, to keep that race in servitude. Some may have fought to free it. But, Suh, no trivial side-issues concerned me. I fought only to preserve the Union. General MacAllister, for the last time let me remind you that I am no dam' Yankee!"

THE FIRST OF MR. BLUE[1]

By MYLES CONNOLLY

(From *Columbia*)

I FIRST met Blue under odd circumstances. John Stuart and I were having a glass of beer together not far from City Hall. John was with the *Sun* in those days and the talk touched, as it inevitably did, on Frank Munsey. We were talking of great failures, not the glorious failures you find in the research laboratories of the Rockefeller Institute, or in the literature departments of universities, or in the planning rooms of organizations like the General Electric, not the fine failures who have dreamed dreams too immense for themselves—too immense often for any mortal—and missed, but the failures who are thrust into greatness by the gods and are too weak to make any use of their fortune or too stupid to know what it is all about. Munsey always represented an uninspired failure to me. I was about to say as much when a voice at my side by the bar piped up:

"I know a gent who's so happy he's almost crazy."

Happiness wasn't the burden of the conversation; but in those days no one was interested in carrying the burden of a conversation. Our new comrade, a sturdy little man with coarse ruddy cheeks and bright black eyes, looked up at us over one of Al's excellent free ham-on-rye sandwiches. His name was Stevens, as I remember it. He was, it turned out in talk, the superintendent of the Tootsall Building, a new thirty-story structure on lower Broadway. It was he who first introduced me to Blue.

One day (so Stevens told us by the bar), a tall lad with dark intense eyes and an easy nonchalant smile came to his office to rent some space on the roof of the building. He wanted to live on the roof. He had a tent he could pitch there, he said. Stevens

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was baffled. No one was renting space on skyscraper roofs in those days, not for pitching tents at any rate. He thought him mad. But the lad insisted he was sensible and in earnest. He set forth the advantages of living on the top of a skyscraper: the air, the view, the solitude, the closeness to the heavens. He spoke vividly of his plans: how he could dream there on his back, how he would use the tent only on stormy nights, how delightful the music of the city would be, compressed by distance into a single note, how he could fly kites there and liberate balloons and set off Roman candles, how he could shout there to his heart's content and, even, pray there.

"The first thing I knew," grinned Stevens, "I was beginning to think of living on the roof myself. The boy with his spell-binding almost had me sold. But I remembered the wind from the Atlantic is a gale up there more often than not, and I thought of the fog that hangs on the tops, and I knew all elevators stopped at nine P.M., so I argued myself out of the coma. Think of climbing up thirty stories to bed!"

But the lad would not be dissuaded. Stevens had no way of setting a price on the location. He gathered that his visitor was anything but wealthy. Finally, he agreed to let him have freedom of the roof provided that he, in turn, would fill in on the elevators and polish brass when special polishing was needed.

"You'd think I'd handed him over the British Isles," said Stevens, "the way his eyes shone. 'How can I ever thank you?' he asked me. I told him to keep below the parapet up there or the wind would blow him into Ohio. 'That would be an odd journey,' he mumbled seriously. I looked at him sharply. 'None of this suicide stuff, now,' I warned. He laughed at me. 'Suicide? I should say not! I'm just beginning to live.' "

So Blue became a tenant of the roof of the Tootsall, thirty-story skyscraper, Broadway, New York City, New York.

He was a rare tenant, according to Stevens. He gave up the tent for an enormous packing case that he found somewhere in the building. Blue could stand up in the case and walk around in it with ease. He painted it on the outside a half dozen different colors but not without some pretense at design. It seemed to be covered with figures, figures of gaily-garbed soldiers marching, all marching. The colors were brilliant and the effect arrest-

ing. The case looked like a glorified circus wagon. On top of it Blue had nailed a long broom handle as a flagstaff. From the flagstaff flew a white crudely cut pennon with the bold word, painted in red: COURAGE. It flew there, day and night, high over most of New York.

"There are higher buildings than ours," Blue used to say to Stevens, "but we have it on them. Our building is a fort." To Blue, that building rising up into the skies above Manhattan, towering at the time over all but eight or ten other structures, with its painted box and pennon on the roof and its red word *Courage,* was a citadel standing for something or other. It stood, I suppose, for what Blue stood for. It did not discourage Blue to tell him that to the millions of human microcosms that crawled up and down at the foot of his skyscraper the building was a tall structure and nothing more. "Anything so glorious as this," he said one afternoon out on the roof, "anything pushing up so into stars and skies, anything subduing the sea and rivers and landscape as this does, must have a glorious significance." He waved a long arm toward the blue-black ocean creeping up New York Harbor, creeping up the East River and the Hudson River, he waved to the stretches of Long Island, to the cliffs of New Jersey, to the stone thickets of Manhattan thinning out westward into the hills and levels of New York State, spreading out westward over the world. "Must," he said, "must have a glorious significance."

Blue had a regulation hospital cot on which he slept. He pitched his cot in the southwest corner of the roof top, close to the parapet facing the harbor. He slept in his packing case only on rainy nights. It was spring when he moved up, so the weather was with him.

I was interested in Stevens's tale, as you may imagine. Stuart was a bit bored. He had seen too many eccentrics in his day. After the incident of the band, John folded his newspapers under his arm and left to catch a train for Douglaston. But the incident made me more interested than before. I could catch glimpses of a curious wisdom in this lad Blue. I stayed.

Blue, according to Stevens, was very fond of band music. He would follow a vigorous band the whole length of a parade, never tiring of the blaring of the brass, the thumping of the drums. He especially liked martial music. His idea of one of the greatest

offerings of life was a rich, full band with plenty of brass and drum and plenty of supplementary fifes, marching in gorgeous uniform, marching with high military bearing, marching down a broad avenue or boulevard out of the distance, metal flashing, uniforms flashing, marching proudly, nobly, radiantly, and playing some magnificent bizarre fighting tune. "The thump of it, and the pound of it, and the ring of it, and the call and challenge and command of it, start my blood racing, start my feet lifting, start my eyes searching, my heart stirring. . . . Surely, no man can deny there are things worth fighting for, worth dying for, who hears militant music like this." So Blue said to me in a lyric moment in later years when I knew him. I think it was the spectacle of marching uniformed men quite as much as the sound of marching music that thrilled him. Blue had little interest in form but he was ever hungry for color. A beautiful pool or splash of color, formless, accidental, would hold him enthralled. A chart of the spectrum, a red tile roof against a blue sky, an orange chalk disk on a school blackboard, a yellow hat under green trees, a spread of paint samples, weather flags, railroad signal lights, any sudden display of color would fascinate him, sometimes hold him as intensely as a sunset pageant or the shifting canvases of sky and sea. The spectacle of a colorfully uniformed band with dazzling brass coming down through the great shafts of sunlight and shadow of a high-walled avenue would lift Blue to another level. And when the music burst out, when it came tumbling like a gorgeous cataract down the street, Blue was happier than it is given most men to be on earth.

One day, Blue invited Stevens to a little party he was giving on the roof. The time set was eight o'clock. Stevens stayed in town that night so he could attend. Blue had told him it was to be a private and exclusive affair.

Stevens arrived a little after eight. It was a hazy night, dark toward the harbor, dusky toward the sunset. Blue met him at the door on the roof. He was all courtesy and graciousness. His duties as host rested gaily upon him. He led him to a bench, borrowed from an office for the occasion, set against the parapet facing downtown. The light, such of it as came from the raised elevator shafts, was bad, and Stevens was almost seated before he observed a fellow guest: Abraham Morgenthau. Abe ran the

news-stand at the subway entrance on the corner. He was a fat undersized, talkative, good-hearted Jew of about thirty-five who was everlastingly puzzled and amused at Blue. They were devoted friends. When Abe's little boy Morris was in the hospital, after his fall from the fire escape, Blue used to sit with him all afternoon telling him stories. Morris didn't understand Blue or his stories, any more than his father did, but he liked Blue. Abe had no use for the tops of skyscrapers. It was only his affection that brought him there that night.

Abe and Stevens waited. They were the only guests. Blue was enthusiastic, rubbing his hands, talking. "This is going to be a great surprise," he explained to them.

"It was," said Stevens. "He disappeared through the door for about five minutes. When he came back he was arm in arm with one of the funniest things I ever saw in my life—a tall, cadaverous negro, three or four inches taller than himself—and Blue must have been six feet—dressed in all the shiny braid and buttons in Harlem. There wasn't much light, but what there was sparkled on that fellow, magnified, as the pictures say, a million times. Abe was scared, I think. He moved around nervously. The tall negro had a cornet slung by gilt cords across his epauleted shoulder and brocaded breast. Blue brought him over proudly. 'Friends,' he says, 'I want you to meet a great friend of mine, General Grant.' Then, he introduced us. He wasn't fooling, not Blue. He was fond of this fellow. They both were all smiles.

"General Grant drew back to the center of the roof. He pulled himself up as high as he could, and, believe me, it was some high. A strip of light from one of the shafts fell on him like a stage light. He lifted his cornet, tilted his head back, and began to play. . . ." Stevens looked up at me with an intense seriousness. "I tell you I never heard anything like it in my life. Abe and I weren't laughing. I don't know what he played, but it got me. And he could play it, standing up there, swaying. . . . The music was so startling, the whole thing was so different, that I figured there must be a law against it and we'd all be pinched. You should have heard that music from that tall darkey alone up there. Abe was shivering. I felt funny. . . ."

I can't duplicate Stevens's description. There wasn't much poetry in Stevens but he knew when anything moved him. And

I can imagine how that lone cornetist on the top of a skyscraper at night sending his music vibrating up into space, up into the stars, moved him.

Blue withdrew into the shadows until the General had finished. Then he rushed out. "Glorious! Magnificent!" he was crying. He shook the General's hand. "I'm proud of you," he said.

And then came the high point of the evening. The door opened cautiously. Suddenly, there piled out of it a dozen negroes of all sizes and shapes, all dressed like General Grant, and all with instruments, trombones, cornets, drums, cymbals, all grinning. Blue stepped out to meet them.

"Abe was groaning," said Stevens, "and I was afraid Blue was going to jump off the roof or pull something more nutty."

Blue, it appears, had picked up a few dollars somewhere and had confided his idea for a "top-of-the-world" band concert (as he called it) to his friend Grant. Grant played in a band that suited Blue's plans. The result was the concert.

According to Stevens, there never was such a concert. The negroes were able bandsmen. Blue, they knew, was a friend of the General. And the night, the height, the stars, the twinkling dark in the distance, the yellow haze over uptown Broadway, the silence, made them outdo themselves. "The music blazed so," said Stevens, "that you could almost see it." Blue wanted wild militant music only—"maniacal music" Stevens called it—and he got it. It must have been overwhelming up there. I suppose none of the drab citizens who tramp lower Broadway at that time of night heard or suspected the magnificent tumult on the roof of the Tootsall Building.

It was a strange concert.

I was eager to find out more about Blue. Stevens, I said to myself, has some sort of vagrant on his roof, but he probably exaggerated his eccentricities for the sake of a good story.

"I gather from your tale that this fellow is mad," I remarked to him, "but I don't believe he's the marvelous youth you make him out to be."

Stevens took up the challenge. "Come on," he said.

We left Al's together. Stevens stopped for a minute to call up his wife in Flushing to tell her he would be late. There was a wrangle over the telephone. Everybody in the cigar shop could

hear it. Everybody enjoyed it. Stevens came out of the booth unruffled. It must have been a daily ritual with him.

We reached the Tootsall Building in a few minutes. An elevator shot us up the shaft to the roof. We looked around for Blue. It was dusk. Finally, Stevens spied him lying out on his back, on top of his packing case, his hands clasped under his head. I could see dimly the gaudiness of the case and could make out the line of Blue's body on top with his white face tilted up.

He came down in a jump.

"This is great," he cried, taking Stevens by the hand. "I've been lonesome all evening."

Stevens introduced us. Blue was enthusiastic. "Don't you like it up here?" he asked, searching me in the dark with his shining eyes—eyes that were keener, I thought, than most people suspected.

I confessed I did. Stevens and he carried on a conversation together; that is, Blue did the talking with Stevens answering rhetorical questions now and then. Blue overflowed with ideas. He wanted the owner of the building to build cottages on the roof for the scrubwomen and janitors. He had a plan which involved flower and vegetable gardens and a small playground and what-not. All needed, he declared, was twenty-four-hour elevator service and he felt sure the owner would not object to that. "Why," exclaimed Blue, "look at the good he could do!"

Stevens grinned. He knew the owner better than Blue. "If he knew you were up here," he returned, "he'd kick you off tomorrow."

Blue was worried. "I didn't know that," he said.

So the time went by. The more I listened to Blue the more I liked him. I liked his looks, to begin with. Anybody would. But besides that there was a certain sanity—one might call it a certain spectacular sanity—beneath all his ideas that was novel and stimulating to me. This boy, I said to myself, is no mere crack-brain, whatever he may be. And later events bore me out.

After a while, Stevens went down. I was left alone with Blue. He elaborated further to me his plan for letting the poor live on the top of skyscrapers. With the proper walls and protection, he maintained, they would be more comfortable than in their slums.

"And then," he declared, "think of the beautiful lives they would live up on these clean heights. Think of the customs they would build up, and the literature they would create. Can't you picture a group of laboring men gathered together out over some cornice after their day's work, gazing into the sunset, and making the tales and legends of a new race of people? Can't you imagine the women putting up their fragrantly clean washing in the lofty winds of a May morning? Can't you see the new games the children would play, the new gaiety in their hearts? Poor people with these horizons! Poor people with the whole beautiful world beneath them! Poor people up here in the skies!"

I suppose there are a million practical difficulties, even admitting the consent of the owners. But Blue made me see the poor living up there with him so vividly that I almost believed it true. Blue always made me feel that he, whatever the difficulties, could make any of his dreams come true.

The minutes passed. . . . Night had smothered the city, and the city gave up its protest in uncountable millions of bubbles and gasps of light. Below was glittering Manhattan. The east was black. The opaque hilly horizon of the west was razor-edged against a last gleam of cold white light. Destroyers rode the unbridged Hudson; ferries and small craft flecked her with light. The East River lay her dark secretive self, coddling her treasure, Blackwell's Island,—lay a cool, lamp-spotted, many-bridged stream between the sprawling white conflagrations of Brooklyn and Manhattan. It was terrifyingly beautiful up on the roof, four hundred feet above the gaudy streets, four hundred feet up in the cool dark silences, four hundred feet up nearer the stars. What a freedom! One instinctively drew deeper breath. One instinctively expanded in stature, in gesture, in vision. The voice alone tended to grow small, as if in reverence. There was little wind. The parapet was breast high. I leaned over it slightly to see Broadway below. I shuddered. Broadway was darker here. The great fountain of light at Times Square that inundated the uptown streets trickled away in these lower caverns.

Blue leaped up on the parapet, lightly with the aid of one hand. I shivered. He stood there smiling against the dark nothingness of the sky. He was talking, gesticulating. Then, he laughed. He seemed twice as tall as before. "Behold," he said, with a wave

toward the harbor, turning as he waved, "the ocean, Italy, Spain, England, Europe. And now behold," he went on with another gesture, this time turning toward the west, "now behold the farmlands and the deserts, California, the Pacific, Japan, China, the Orient. . . . What a view one has from here!"

Three or four stars popped out. One large one shone above the boy's head. He was superb.

"God is more intimate here," he addressed me from the parapet. "Don't you find Him so? This is height without desolation, isolation without emptiness. I ride into Infinitude on the top of Manhattan Island!"

He leaped down. "I'm so happy that you're here. I wanted to share my world with some one. It helps me to realize what a beautiful world I have."

He stood before me for a moment, watching me. Then he asked: "Are you a Christian?" I nodded. He said: "You're lucky. We're both lucky."

He put his hands into his trouser pockets and leaned backward, his face toward the heavens, now filling with stars.

"I think," he whispered half to himself, "my heart would break with all this immensity if I did not know that God Himself once stood beneath it, a young man, as small as I."

Then, he turned to me slowly.

"Did it ever occur to you that it was Christ Who humanized infinitude, so to speak? When God became man he made you and me and the rest of us pretty important people. He not only redeemed us. He saved us from the terrible burden of infinity."

Blue rather caught me off my guard. I might have admitted in him a light turn for philosophy. I did not expect any such high-sounding speculation as this. But he was passionately serious. His eyes were glowing in the dark. He threw his hands up toward the stars: "My hands, my feet, my poor little brain, my eyes, my ears, all matter more than the whole sweep of these constellations!" he burst out. "God Himself, the God to Whom this whole universe-specked display is as nothing, God Himself had hands like mine and feet like mine, and eyes, and brain, and ears! . . ." He looked at me intently. "Without Christ we would be little more than bacteria breeding on a pebble in space, or glints of ideas in a whirling void of abstractions. Because of

Him, I can stand here out under this cold immensity and know that my infinitesimal pulse-beats and acts and thoughts are of more importance than this whole show of a universe. Only for Him, I would be crushed beneath the weight of all these worlds. Only for Him, I would tumble dazed into the gaping chasm of space and time. Only for Him, I would be confounded before the awful fertility and intricacy of all life. Only for Him, I would be the merest of animalcules crawling on the merest of motes in a frigid futile Infinity." He turned away from me, turned toward the spread of night beyond the parapet. "But behold," he said, his voice rising with exultancy, "behold! God wept and laughed and dined and wined and suffered and died even as you and I. Blah!—for the immensity of space! Blah!—for those who would have me a microcosm in the meaningless tangle of an endless evolution! I'm no microcosm. I, too, am a son of God!"

He finished his outburst with a great gesture to the stars.

It was some minutes later before he turned to me.

He must have seen the amazement on my face.

"I'm sorry," he said. "It's a sort of declaration of independence I make up in these high places."

I told him it was curiously impressive. He smiled. "I'm afraid it was rather long. Five years from now I shall probably be able to say all that in two or three sentences. Ten years from now I shall probably be able to sum it up in a line." He looked at me for a moment. "And fifteen years from now I shall probably keep it all to myself."

He was amused by this last observation.

"Imagine," he declared, "imagine any one with anything good to tell keeping it to himself!"

My head was in a whirl. He had raised me to the clouds with his brilliant apostrophe. He had seemed like some lean dark-haired archangel. Then, suddenly he was laughing with me. . . .

Blue, I must confess, was too much for me. His exuberance and courage were overwhelming. Besides, the night was too beautiful, too beautiful up there in the freedom of heaven. The stars, the sky, the wind, the water and land strewn with their own stars, all had a freshness unknown to me before. I suppose it was Blue

who with his magic gave them that. I had had too much for one night. . . .

I left him with his big gaudy packing case and its pennon crying *Courage* to the stars.

The elevators were not running. I walked down the stairs. There must be a thousand steps from that high roof to the street. Yet, I do not remember coming down. I remember reaching the street and feeling somehow that it was good to be down on the level of the world again. And I also remember bending back and looking up along the front of the towering building, looking up to where the distant top disappeared in the dark, expecting to see Blue. . . . It was madness, of course. But Blue made one believe almost anything was possible.

. . . . . .

I left New York on business shortly after my first meeting with Blue. It was June before I saw him again.

He was on his knees on the roof painting a giant box kite he had made. He painted with energetic delight. The roof was splashed and daubed with the bright green liquid. He was splashed and daubed with it. I had to keep several strides from him or I would have been similarly splashed and daubed. His face was streaked with green and his smile never looked merrier than it did through the paint.

"I am Spring," he laughed, "and I'm just starting out to paint the world!"

It wasn't hard to picture Blue tipping sky-high vats of green paint down the hills and over the plains of the world. And how he would drench the world!

It was a brilliant afternoon with the roof like a float in the vast blue heaven. There was a gusty light wind chasing a half dozen white clouds northward high overhead. Blue finished off the painting of his kite with a series of extravagant brush strokes that sprayed paint over the roof. He chuckled to himself as he did it. He was having glorious fun. And this, I said to myself, this is the passionately religious lad, the tall dark archangel who stood against the stars one night weeks before. . . .

Blue announced his intention of flying the kite. That was one

temptation he could never resist, he explained—the immediate flying of a new kite. "Who knows what a new kite will do? It may show powers undreamed of, special powers given it by accidental twists, fourth dimensional twists, with which it may pull the earth off its orbit, lug it into the way of the sun and planets, set them crossing, colliding, crashing, blasting the whole universe to pieces. That would be a kite! . . . What a kite! The least this green dragon can do is to pull me off the roof, pull me up over the city, up over the Great Lakes . . . up over Canada . . . up over Alaska . . . up over the North Pole! . . ."

THE SWAMPER[1]

By WALTER D. EDMONDS

(From *The Dial*)

THEY said that he had lost his mind: at any rate he could not remember anything for very long. That was why he kept on as swamper for Amos Gives's Saloon for so many years. Any man who worked for Gives must have been a half-wit; and if old David got a free supper and breakfast out of the establishment, he got precious little more except the cussing Amos gave him every morning.

David (God help him!) used to come into the bar at five o'clock every morning: that was his regular hour; so there he was at sunrise on this first Saturday in May, unlocking the door with his key. He stopped on the porch and looked down the canal; the saloon was built on the wharf at the top of the hill, so that boaters could come right down the gang, as soon as they tied up, and walk through the bar-door in three steps if they wanted to. This village was quite a place in 1879; three saw-mills on the Black River, which ran past the foot of the town; and the town itself rising up the hill in two tiers of houses. The saloon and Widgeon's hotel stood at the top. The canal licked along their foundations, and the road, coming over the bridge, ran on a level with the second-story windows. What with the mill-hands and the loggers that came in on Saturdays, and the farmers and the boaters, there must have been two thousand people here. And if you were sending a letter to any one of them, instead of "Hawkinsville," you wrote "Slab City, N. Y." on the envelope; and put "Oneida County" in the lower left corner, if you were particular. It really was quite a place: there were a tannery and four stores (dry goods and groceries) and three blacksmiths, and three churches, not counting the Lutheran Church across the canal at the top of the hill. It was just opposite the saloon, so that

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Mr. Ennory used to say that you could see Heaven and Hell in Slab City, right before your eyes, and doing a pretty good trade at that. And if William Durkin was round and drunk (he generally was) he would always want to know which was which.

So here was old David on the stoop of the saloon that morning on the first Saturday in May, 1879. There were three boats loading matched spruce boarding for Albany tied up at the wharf. He could hear the horses getting up in their stalls in the bows and rattling their halters. It was a warm morning, with a bit of mist on the river, and very still, so that the canal looked like black silk under the rising sun. David pulled out his pouch of Warnick and Brown, Heavy, and filled his pipe and lit it before opening the door. He looked feeble with his straggly grey hair and weak eyes, and his match shook so in his hand that the flame could hardly grab hold of the stick. But he sucked the smoke deep into him and then let it out on a long stream. It was the only smoke in boat or house.

When he went inside, he saw the bar was well enough, so he built a fire in the big chunk stove to take off the damp and another in the kitchen stove to heat water for Amos's shaving. Then he got his pail and mop and put a lot of water on the floor. After he had done that, he went up and knocked at Amos's door and came away, for Amos was a mean man in the early morning. David came downstairs and took the water back off the floor: that was what he called mopping.

He went out into the kitchen and sat down to wait till the water boiled. He couldn't hear Amos stamping round upstairs as usual, but that did not bother him. There was not a sound in the house; and David looked out of the window at the river valley. The mist floated along up-stream on a level with the lowest houses, hiding the meadows; and as he sat there, David began to hear cow-bells tinkling on cows coming in from night-pasture.

The sound was quite clear and full, as sound is in misty weather, and it kept breaking out at different parts all along the valley, until all the mist was ringing like one bell. He must have listened for quite a while, because all at once he heard the kettle boiling loud enough to make him jump and run for a pitcher, which he filled and took upstairs. He stopped at the door, but there wasn't a sound out of Amos, so he knocked again. As Amos

did not swear, he opened the door and put the pitcher on the washstand.

Then thinking he would like to see what Amos looked like when he was asleep, he went over to the bed. The window was open a crack, and he could hear the cow-bells quite clearly.

Amos Gives was lying on his side with his legs drawn up, and David looked at him a while before he went downstairs and out on the stoop. He sat down in a chair and knocked out his pipe and put in another load. The sun had come in under the roof to warm him so he shoved his hat back on his head, put his feet on the rail, and spat a good spit clear over the wharf into the canal.

He could see a boat drawn by a black team coming up round the bend from Boonville. The boat hung low in the water and the team were having heavy work bringing it up against the current. It would take them all of fifteen minutes to reach the wharf.

The town below was beginning to wake up. David could smell the rising breakfast smokes. On the road he heard a man shouting and a moment after, a four-horse team came out on the dock with a wagon-load of lumber. They drew up opposite the last boat in the line, and the driver went aboard and pounded on the cabin door. At the same time four men appeared from the hotel and began listlessly to hand the lumber into the pit. The boarding was light; one man could handle it alone; so the four had made a line of points between which the boards were raised and lowered, like inch-worms walking. The driver and the boater came over to the saloon.

" 'Lo, Dave," said the driver.

" 'Lo," said David.

"Mornin'," said the boater.

"Mornin'," said David.

The two men sat down, the boater removing a battered pipe-hat which he placed under his chair. David did not recognize him. He was a big man with a hearty complexion and a nose like an apple. He wore a dark green shirt without a tie under his loose yellow waistcoat, and his brown trousers just reached the tops of his cow-hide shoes.

"Saloon open?" he asked loudly.

"No," said David.

A woman came out of the cabin of the second boat. She was tall, with hawk-like grey eyes, a strong chin, a fine full figure.

"Mornin', folks," she said.

"Mornin', mam," David replied for all of them.

He knocked out his pipe.

" 'Baccer?" asked the boater with the pipe-hat, offering his pouch.

"What kind?"

"Mechanic's Delight."

"Don't never smoke it. That's railroad tobaccer. Warnick and Brown's mine. I used to boat it," said David.

"Did you really?" asked the boater, slightly huffed. David looked too out-at-ends and weak and watery ever to have done anything.

"Eanh," said David. "I boated it."

"That's right," said the teamster. Then he leaned over to the boater.

"David's twirly," he said, indicating his head with his thumb. "Used to be a rich man hereabouts; had a boat of his own. Man of the community; always making money; trying for more. Thought he'd get it by marryin' his daughter to Uberfrau for more money. Didn't work. She ran away. Dave went to pieces; lost his money. Got twirly; look at him."

David listened with a critical cock to his head.

"That's right," he said.

"Poor man," said the woman, pityingly.

"Eanh," continued the teamster, putting flavour in his voice. "Went round by himself after she went off with the boater; he rotted inside, I guess, and went twirly. Been that way for ten years. She was a fine gal; lot of us tried for her. Now look at him; he's a sight to see. Swamps the bar-room for two meals a day and sleeps in the mill barn, long side of my team—they're good uns. Twirly, but he's all right. Sort of mischeevous—like a chipmunk. Tell you all about his gal. Says she's a fine lady, now; claims he hears from her; claims she's comin' back to take care of him now he's old. Ain't it right, David?"

"Eanh," said the old man. "Gettin' kind of doddery so she's a-coming back."

"I feel sorry for him," said the woman; "that's the truth. Poor old man!"

"Funny thing," said the boater.

The sun had come out very hot, and a small breeze rose to flick the water into ripples. The mist had burned away from the river; the meadows shone green here and there with new grass.

"Anne!" roared a man's voice from the second boat. "Where in hell is my shirt?"

The tall woman made a face and went back into the cabin. The teamster twisted himself in his chair to get at his handkerchief.

"Gol," he said. "There's Simms coming in with his boat."

David grunted.

"I seen it."

As the black team passed them, the boat slid in to the wharf.

"New team," said the teamster.

"Whoa!" yelled the man who was driving them. "Can't you stop when I tell you?"

The horses were quite ready to stop; they lowered their heads and seemed to let go of the muscles in their ears and flanks.

The man who was steering ran to the rail and flung a rope ashore which the driver caught and, as the boat ground against the wharf timbers, snubbed to a post. They drew in the bows and tied them. The man on the boat slid a broad gang to the wharf and lifted the roof of the bow compartment. It went up like a box-trap, leaving a door open in the side of the boat; and the team went aboard for breakfast. The three men on the stoop could see them turn round and face the shore before the man lowered the trap. Then they heard the harness jingle as the team shook themselves.

" 'Lo, Simms," said the teamster. "New team?"

" 'Lo, George. Yes they be. Cheap, too."

"Pretty good. How much?"

"Two fifty. Say . . ."

He came forward, an angular, middle-sized man with blue shirt and black hat, wearing a gossip's expression.

"Well?" asked the teamster.

"Got a passenger."

"Smells like fertilizer to me."

Simms lost his dramatic forward bend, then recovered.

"Yes," he said. "I'm peddling it. I've got a passenger, though."

"Where from?"

"Utica. She signed my cabin at Bentley's Oyster Booth and Bar."

"*She?*"

"I thought that'd fetch you," said Simms, smirking. "Yes, sir. A fancy woman. Gownds. Dresses. Powders in the morning. Got a New York hat. Took my cabin; and me and Henry slept with the horses. Turn about at the stove."

"What's she coming here for?" asked the boater with the pipe-hat.

"I don't know. Aims at business, she says."

"What in?"

"Aims to start a bar. She used to work at Bentley's, I hear."

"Not Amy Silverstone?" asked the boater with the pipe-hat.

"Yes, *sir*. I never seen her before. But that's her name. Swell and stylish and tiled with money. Fancy woman, she is."

"Well, I'll be dredged," exclaimed the boater with the pipe-hat. "What she'd want to come here for, beats me. They give her a name on the Erie"—he went on with a leer—"she ran a cook's agency. She had a name all right. She did more than run the bar."

The man on the second boat came out of the cabin followed by the tall woman.

"Guess I'll have a drink," he said. "Hot day. I'm dry."

"Mornin'," said David for all of them.

He sat up with importance.

"The bar ain't open."

"Oh, hell," said the boater, and he sat down, while his cook sat down, too, a little way off from the men.

"Anne," he yelled at her, "go back and clean up! Think I'm paying you wages just to look at you?"

The tall woman tossed her head.

"You'd better look at me while you have the chance, Goudger."

"Git on back, dang you!"

"I'm no slave," said the tall woman. "It ain't hard for *me* to find work."

"Oh, all right."

"Speaking of bars," said the teamster, turning to Simms, "your passenger'll have a job getting Amos Gives's trade."

David coughed and gazed critically at the tiller of Simms's boat.

"No, she won't," he said.

The others slewed round at him.

"Kind of twirly," explained the teamster. "He don't mean harm."

They relaxed.

"I wish this damned saloon would open," said the man the cook called Goudger, plaintively. "I'm dry."

"It won't open," said David.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Goudger. "That's a good un. Won't open on Saturday with the loggers coming in. Haa, haa! Wait till I tell Amos."

"You won't tell him," said David, and he spat.

"Why not?" said Simms, sarcastically. "Wouldn't you tell us why not, Dave?"

"Eanh, I reckon so. I'm goin' fishing."

They guffawed.

"Thinks Gives'll let his swamper go fishing on Saturday!"

"*He* won't stop me," said David. "*He's* dead."

They fell silent and rather white.

The tall woman had laughed, shrilly. . . .

They stared uneasily at the windows behind them.

"What's wrong?" asked a woman's voice.

The men swung about to face the canal. Simms's passenger was coming on to the stoop. She was something to see. She had a short, plump figure, a wide mouth, and cool, affable, blue eyes. Her brilliantly yellow hair was done up in curls at the back of her head. She wore a stiff, apple-green dress with full skirts, a short coat of the same colour trimmed in scarlet, and a red and green hat beflowered with yellow pansies, which was drawn down tight on her head. Her plump, pink hands came forth from the throats of her long yellow gloves, and the rings on her fingers threw glitters all over her breast. Her voice was hearty and had a cheerful lift to it.

"What's wrong?" she repeated.

The men had all been shaken pretty badly; but the teamster managed to explain, while the rest gaped at the woman. She gave the teamster her full attention, bending toward him with a suggestion of graciousness. As she listened, she composed her features to a proper expression of melancholy, so that little lines made themselves apparent under her rouge—particularly about her mouth and nostrils. Then she straightened up and gave them another shock.

"Of course, it's too bad," she said. "But it amounts to the same thing as evacuation of the premises, don't it? You see, I own it; it belongs to me; I bought it last month; and he was to move out to-day."

"*He* ain't going to dispute that," said David.

She gave them a fine smile; and they realized all at once that she had looks. There was something cool about her; they liked her.

"I guess as Mr. Gives went out this way, I'll have to keep the bar closed to-day. But I'll open it Monday night. My name's Amy Silverstone and I'll be glad to see all you gents here then. From seven to eight all drinks is on the house. Now will somebody be so obliging as to fetch a doctor?"

She swept past them with a swagger of her full skirts.

"Fancy woman," said Simms, with pride in his voice.

The teamster went off for the doctor and Lawyer Gannet.

"By gol," said the boater with the pipe-hat, "you'd hardly think she had a name on the Erie, now, would you? Well, she has."

"I've heerd tell," said one of the men who had been unloading lumber, "I've heerd tell that she's the hardest drinker on the Big Ditch."

"That's right," said the boater. "To see her so re-fined and bold-looking, you'd hardly think it was so. But when she was into Bentley's, she'd drink with any man who'd ask her; and she'd never say no. Lots of times a man would set himself up to drink her down under, but he allus gave way first. Jeepers! Half the time she'd take him off to bed, and then come down and start in drinking again, cold sober as your Sunday razor."

There was a general murmur in the group.

"It don't hardly seem true," said Goudger; "but I've heard plenty as had seen her say it was."

"She has her own partic'lar drink," said some one else.

"Eanh," said the boater with the pipe-hat. "She always drinks her own."

"She's a fancy woman, all right," said Simms. "Look at the cool way she took hold here. Old Dave had nothing on her."

"Hell!" growled Goudger. "Now I don't get no drink at all. Anne, you wash them dishes—hear me?"

He herded the tall woman off to the boat.

"What're you going to do now?" asked the boater with the pipe-hat.

"I'm going fishing," said David.

He got up slowly and went back down the hill through the town, walking stooped over, his tattered trousers dragging about his heels, his hat on the back of his head, his watery eyes peering from side to side.

The others could see puffs of smoke pop back past his ear now and then, until he disappeared into the mill barn.

"Funny thing," said the boater with the pipe-hat, dubiously.

David had the right of it all round: the saloon did not open; nobody told Gives; and he went fishing.

He got some cheese sandwiches at the hotel, and the cook gave him some bad potato cuttings in a bag. He walked a mile up the canal to Izzard's Cove and sat down on the tow-path. When he had lighted his pipe, he baited a hand line with a piece of potato and threw the hook out into the water. Across from where he sat lay Izzard's old boat. It had been tied up there to the far shore for five years now, ever since the smallpox epidemic when they had isolated Izzard and his cook and driver in the setback. It was one of the few things David remembered perfectly. He had had to bring provisions up from the store every morning and leave them at the foot of the tree under which he now sat. Then he would go back a way while the cook or the driver would row slowly over in a boat and get them. After they had rowed back, David would return and give the news across the intervening water and ask about old Izzard.

Old Izzard had died; the others came out after three months

and went away. Later on it got about that Izzard had not died of smallpox. But David put no stock in such rumours.

It was a gloomy spot in which to spend a holiday; but it was a great piece of water for carp, being the only set-back for a mile each way. The heavy-headed fish ran in there out of the current and lay on their bellies on the bottom, nosing the rudder of Izzard's old boat. David could read the name on the stern of it—Lucius P. Izzard, *Boonville.*

It did not make much difference how the old devil had died; it was good riddance, David said to himself. If it hadn't been for Izzard with his high notional talk about the canal, David's daughter, Molly, would have married Uberfrau who owned the mill and had a fine house to live in, and David could have given up boating for a comfortable life. The old boar-hog! He'd snitched her right out from under his nose; and not hide nor hair had he heard of her since, in spite of his keeping up stories about her for the form of it. She was probably cooking it for some boater on the Erie, now. She might be married; David doubted it. She was too ignorant a girl to get away with a thing like that; she'd trust a gipsy with a twenty-dollar gold piece; she was that kind —most likely she was dead. . . .

It had hit David hard, her going off like that—look at him now. He leaned over and looked into the water at himself, swamper of the Slab City Saloon.

Then he had a bite, and he settled down to fishing. . . .

On Sunday mornings, David usually got up pretty late. He had learned the news the night before: Lawyer Gannet had verified the fancy woman's statement; and the doctor had verified David's. He said that Gives had died of apoplexy. The saloon was in new hands.

That did not disturb David. He let himself into the bar; and then wrinkled his nose in disgust. Mrs. Silverstone had been busy. The bar was clean as a whistle; there were fresh calendar pictures tacked to the walls; the stove was blacked and the cupola top had been painted with gilt; the bar and the floor were oiled down slick. Even the windows had been washed.

He counted four new spittoons along the bar, bright brass ones.

"Cripus!" he snorted. "Jeepers Cripus!"

He spat on the side of the stove. He was outraged. He lifted his voice and shouted querulously, "Saaay! Who's been monkeying with my saloon?"

Some one stirred upstairs in Gives's bedroom; firm slippered steps advanced to the head of the stairs; a pair of feet appeared on the treads; and slowly Mrs. Silverstone came into view. The fancy woman had on a night-gown under a bright red wrapper, and her brilliant yellow hair dangled in curl-papers, with a row of odd little metal pins along her forehead. David stepped back abashed. Her plump face was lathered and she carried a razor in her right hand.

Suddenly the lather crinkled and broke over her mouth, and she grinned. She came up to the old man with her buoyant walk, the swagger noticeable even without her flaunting skirts.

"Say, old man, how'd you come in?"

If Mrs. Silverstone had been impressive in her giddy clothes, in this war regalia she was stunning. David took his eyes off the razor and some of his indignation gave way to timidity, for the exhilaration of the preceding day's events was wearing off. He held up the key and muttered surlily, "I'm swamper into this saloon."

"Ah," said the fancy woman. "Be you really?"

She rested the knuckles of her right hand on her hip and leaned against the bar. It was an attitude calculated to please; but the razor and lather gave it an outlandish touch. David repeated with a slight whine, "I'm swamper into this saloon."

"Well," said the fancy woman, "if you're swamper here, clean up that spit before you're fired."

David lifted hand and voice to protest, but he met the fancy woman's eye.

"Clean it up," she commanded.

"Eanh." He was abject.

When he had finished, the fancy woman told him to sit down.

"Now," she said, in a pleasanter voice. "You're David, ain't you?"

"Eanh."

"You're an old man, ain't you? You ain't much good for work."

David shuffled his feet and looked into his hat, which he had

just thought of taking off. "I'm allowed pretty good with a mop," he said.

"Look here, old man. Who do you think cleaned up this filth to make it look like this? By Jeepers, I ought to know how you swamp, if anybody does!"

"Yes, mam," said David. "I guess you do."

She was mollified, apparently, for she came over to the bench and sat down beside him. The sunlight played over the two of them from the east window, and the fancy woman's full figure in the scarlet wrapper made a great blob of colour that the floor caught up in reflections about her feet. She wiped the lather from her lips with the back of her hand and pulled a cigar out of her pocket.

"Got a match?"

David lighted it for her. She crossed her legs, regardless of convention.

"Old man, you and me'd better talk business."

"Eanh," said David, scenting a turn in his favour and pulling out his pipe.

The fancy woman mouthed her cigar and puffed leisurely.

"Now," she began, "this ain't the first bar I've run. I know the trade; but I'll be eternally tarred if any bar of mine is going to look like this one did. I'm going to get all trade, mill-hands and the more re-fined—them as want to smell their likker. Now I'll try you out as a swamper; but you'll have to clean to suit *me*. No smooching in the corners; and the floors oiled every week. Hear me?"

"Eanh," said David.

"All *right*," said Mrs. Silverstone. "Now, I've got my own 'keep a-coming up from Utica, see? And he can handle any rumpus if I need help—which I generally don't. But I'll want you round for odd jobs. I won't have you looking like a junk-heap, so I've got some clothes for you, new pants, shirt, and shoes. You'll sleep out back in the kitchen, and you'll get your meals, and two dollars a week extry. Take it or leave it."

"I guess I'll take it," said David, mustering his dignity. "Sold!"

The fancy woman smiled; she seemed to have a liking for the old man.

"You're pretty old, ain't you?"

"Middlin'," said David.

"What happened to make you swamp for such a cheap bar? They tell me you owned a boat, once."

David launched on his sorrows.

"That's right. Me and my datter used to boat it, up and down the Erie, Buffalo, Syracuse, New York a lot of times. I had a farm here, and a man to work it. But she went away on me. Sneaked out, she did." He put his hand to his eyes. "She was a purty little gal, black-haired she was, kind of soft like. I was all tore up when she sneaked on me. Yes, mam, she went away, she did, and left me, a pore old man, and here I be a-swamping."

"Pore old man," echoed the fancy woman. "They tell you was mean to her."

"Mean? Me mean? Say, would she be writing to me every week if I was mean? Married to a pork dealer she is; and she's coming back to look out after me, she writes. Would she do that if I was mean—her such a quiet little gal, and gentle with no harsh ways?"

He sobbed at the recollection and pulled out a red cotton handkerchief to wipe his eyes. The fancy woman stared out of the window as if she had not heard.

"Mebbe I was mean," said David; "by her lights I might've been. But I done it for the best, and she won't hold against me. Say, you never seen her, did you, when you was on the Big Ditch? Molly, she was; a little black-haired girl; kind of trembly ways?"

"No," said Mrs. Silverstone. "I never did."

She stretched her plump figure, raising her arms over her head, so that the razor tossed swift glitters of sunlight between the beams. She yawned, got slowly to her feet, and went over to the bar, where she paused to examine something. David followed her.

"Nosey!" she said looking up at him with a grin. She paused, then spoke to him again. "See them bottles? That's my special mixture. The Delta Distill'ry puts it up for me; I have to have it with all the drinking I have to do for sociability and business. Now I ain't mean. I don't grudge you a swaller now and then;

but *that* stuff costs money, and if you touch it, by Cripus, I'll ride you for fair!"

David took a look at her and backed away.

"Now you set down till I've dressed," she said, tossing her cigar into one of the new spittoons, "and then I'll learn you to clean good."

"Yes, mam," said David.

He listened to her moving round in her room for a minute, then put on his hat and sneaked over to the bar with elaborate caution.

"Ride me?" he snorted. "The old rum-hugger!"

He found a loose cork in one of the bottles, and his watery eyes gleamed. Leaning over, with the sunlight coming along the bar to fall on the small bald patch on the top of his head and the end of his nose, he looked like a thieving chipmunk. He worked the cork out, raised the bottle to his mouth and, with a great effort, swallowed noiselessly.

A look of tearful surprise enshrouded his face. He replaced the bottle, hurried over to a spittoon, and emptied his mouth of the liquid.

Her particular mixture! The old scut!

He sat down again and watched the stairs with furtive eyes as the fancy woman began to descend. . . .

When he sat down on the stoop of the saloon on Monday evening, David smarted inwardly from the sarcasms of Mrs. Silverstone. He had done nothing right, according to her notions; and he objected, anyway, to being ordered round. It wasn't as if he had never swamped before. He had done it for years.

The new bar-tender had arrived to exasperate him further, for he regarded David as a personal slave. How could David dispute him? The man was a big, black-haired fellow with the forearms of a smith and the fists of a prize-fighter. He wore very tight clothes, a red waistcoat, and a top hat tilted to one side. He was almost as fancy as the fancy woman herself. It made David snarl to think of him. In spite of the good supper in his insides, he recalled Amos Gives almost with approval.

But he had new clothes on and a dollar of his wages in his pocket—the other dollar being on him and in him in the form of

a new hat and two glasses of whiskey. His feelings were verging on exuberance. With the bar behind him opening for the first time under the new management, it was plain that he regarded himself as a figure of importance.

It was seven o'clock. The sunset had tinged some clouds above the canal with bright orange. Four boats were tied up at the wharf and a big lumber-raft was in the making just below the bridge. The sounds and smells of cookery floated from the cabins of the boats; and in one of them a man was singing hoarsely. In the bar David could hear Mrs. Silverstone and the new 'keep putting on the finishing touches. Now and then one glass rang against another.

A man and a woman came off the end boat in the line. David recognized Goudger and his cook, the tall woman who had laughed hysterically at the news of Gives's death.

" 'Lo, Dave," said Goudger.

"Evenin'," said David.

"Bar open now, eh?"

"I reckon."

"I see they're a-keeping you on."

"They be," said David.

Goudger stroked the back of his neck, glanced at David, at the door, and tramped inside. The woman sat down on the chair next to David's.

"Evening, mam," said he.

She smiled.

Other men came to the stoop and spoke to David and went inside. David gave them all greeting with an air. You might have thought, almost, that he was proprietor of the saloon. He pushed his hat back on his head, hooked his thumbs through his galluses, tilted his chair against the wall. He smoked incessantly. " 'Lo," he said, and, "Evenin', Pete"; "Yes it does seem like a droughth coming on"; "Them new horses of Slinger's looks fair to middling, all right, but I'll bet they're over nine"; "Eanh, business is so-so. 'Course it ain't Saturday, but you wait."

They passed him, good-humouredly responsive to his comments. The woman stayed at his side.

"No taste for likker, mam? Very good gin from the new Rome distill'ry. Some prime whiskey."

The tall woman said nothing; but she smiled, a thin little smile, whenever he spoke. She leaned forward in her chair, elbows on knees, chin in hand, her eyes moody. David said to himself that she was a fine specimen of a woman; he didn't remember seeing many as good-looking. There was something bold about her, too. She had a deep-fringed blue shawl over her shoulders and a straight wool dress that managed to bring out her figure, here and there.

While he looked at the tall woman, who in turn stared down the canal, David started to hear a voice murmur, "Pardon, David."

"Eh!"

"Beg pardon, Dave. Sorry to interrupt. Is thish th' saloon?"

The speaker swayed unsteadily on his feet and regarded the two others with a vague earnestness. David grunted.

"My name's Will'am Durkin, mam! Pleasure."

He turned to David.

"Say, Dave. What's thish I hear about the fancy woman—drinking with everybody all night long and not saying no or turning up her toes? Jeepers, that ain't in nature and I don't believe it, do you, mam?"

The tall woman remained silent.

"I don't believe it can be done. Been tryin' it m'self for twenty-two yearsh. B'Jeepers! I'm a-goin' 'o see. I'll set Pa's son again' a wommin any day."

He bowed profoundly and elaborately to the tall woman, manœuvring his feet with skill.

"Beg—*hic* (pardon). Beg pardon, mam. Nothing pershonal."

The tall woman looked at his bottom waistcoat button for a minute and then looked back down the canal; and Durkin sighed and disappeared into the bar.

It grew dusky; then the darkness gathered under the stoop-roof. Lights, which had already been lighted in the bar, shone past David and the tall woman, painting their faces with shadow.

The woman drew a deep breath.

"Eanh," said David.

It became quite dark—there were no stars and the canal flowed unseen save for two patches of water running through the light from the windows. Laughter echoed in the bar-room; but on the stoop, the sound of it was dim.

"So she gave you a job, did she?" asked the tall woman.

David drew himself forward on his chair. "Well, I said as how I'd swamped here so long the saloon was as much mine as it was hers."

He paused, but as the woman had nothing to say, he went on: "She didn't give me no answer to that; so I struck her for bed and board and new clothes besides my pay."

"What'd she do?"

"Oh," said David, modestly, and he hitched his new trousers over his knees to ease the crease. "Oh, she took it pretty good."

"I'm surprised," said the tall woman.

"Ain't you goin' in?" asked David, after a while.

"No."

Some one in the bar was singing "The Orphan Ballad Singers" in a long-drawn, nasal tenor.

"Oh, dreary, weary are our feet,
And weary, dreary is our way;
Through many a long and crowded street
We've wandered mournfully to-day.

"My little sister, she is pale;
She is too tender and too young
To bear the Autumn's sullen gale—
And all day long the child has sung.

"She was our mother's favourite child,
Who loved her for her eyes so blue.
She is so delicate and mild,
She cannot do what I can do.

"She never met her father's eyes
Although they were so like her own,
In some far distant land he lies,
A father to his child unknown. . . ."

A sentimental hush fell on the room behind them. The tall woman sighed. Old David hid his face in his hands.

"Say," he said suddenly between his fingers, "you ain't seen my

datter on the Erie, has you? She was like that. A little, trembly gal, with black hair. She sneaked on me and I ain't seen her since."

The tall woman rested her chin on her fist.

"Don't you never hear from her?"

"Yes. Eanh. She writes. Says she's comin' back to take care of me now I'm old and doddery. But she's long coming. You ain't seen her on the Big Ditch, has you?"

"No," said the woman.

Bit by bit the laughter and clatter were resumed in the bar. It had grown damp and a little cooler. The tall woman shivered.

"Better go in," said David.

"I don't want to."

"Why not?"

He wasn't sure of the tall woman's answer, if she made any, for Mrs. Silverstone's hearty lifting laughter rang out just then.

David decided to remain with the tall woman. He had made a great impression, he told himself, and he did not want to have it spoiled by being ordered about if he went into the bar.

Goudger came out with another man reeling on his arm.

"Hello, David," they said.

"Hello. 'Lo, Bill."

"My namesh Will'am D-durkin," said Goudger's companion with high seriousness. "You're David, if thatsh y-you."

"You're drunk," said David scornfully.

"My shame ish open 'o all men," admitted William collapsing on to a chair. "My glorioush nation! That fancy woman *can* d-drink! My hat'sh off to her."

The boater with the pipe-hat appeared in the door.

"It sure is," he said. "I just saw George putting it in the stove."

"Bye-bye hat," apostrophized William Durkin. "Nev' mind. The woman wash too much for me. I got to believe about her now. But it ain't in nature. She'sh been too much for more men than me. She drinksh with them all."

"That's right," said Goudger. "She does it with all that steps up to her and never turns a hair. Them that's seen her in Bentley's say she'll go that way all night. She uses her own whiskey. She's got her own partic'lar drink."

"I've seen her in Bentley's," said the boater with the pipe-hat. "And it ain't no lie."

"Jeepersh," said William. "I wish I knowed how she did it."

The tall woman had moved away when Goudger came out. Now she rejoined them. David grinned at her.

"I know," he said to Durkin.

"How?"

"I've drunk her partic'lar drink. I tried it yesterday when she was upstairs getting dressed," he added with an air of importance.

"What wash it?" asked Durkin. "Old Jam-maicy?"

"Cold tea," said David.

"I don't believe it," said Goudger.

"The old man's right," said the tall woman. "I *know.*"

"How do you know, Anne?" asked Goudger.

"I worked for her in Utica," said the tall woman. "She got her claws on me when I first come to Utica, and she left her marks on me. My God!"

"I got you through her agency," said Goudger. "What're you kicking about?"

"You're one of the marks, God help you," said the tall woman in a flat voice.

"I think you're a jackass," said Goudger.

He guided William back into the bar.

"So you know her, too?" said the boater in the pipe-hat.

"I got a taste of her this morning," said David. "She thinks she knows the whole damned world."

"She dang near does," said the boater.

"I know her," said the tall woman. "We came from the same part of the state, only she came earlier than I did."

"Thinks she knows the whole damned world," repeated David. "Bossed me round. Bossed me round ragged. . . ."

"She took a fancy to me," went on the tall woman, "because we've got the same name."

"Listen," said the boater with the pipe-hat. "She drinks tea. . . ."

"She's a devil," said the tall woman.

"Listen here, David," said the boater. "You know where them bottles of hers is kept?"

"Eanh. At this end of the bar. They've got the same label as

the three-hundred-per-cent Delta Special Whiskey, and that's right alongside."

"Well," said the boater, "let's play a joke on her. I'll get some of the boys to keep the 'keep busy and you shift the bottles when he ain't watching. Then I'll drink with her, by Cripus!"

"Ha, ha!" laughed the tall woman. "That would be some joke."

"I'll bet that'll take the fancy out of her," said the boater.

David got slowly to his feet.

"Bossed me at swamping, hey? All right."

He and the boater with the pipe-hat went into the bar.

The bar was crammed with men, amazement on their faces, staring, a few even forgetting to drink. Tobacco smoke swayed back and forth to the wind of loud conversation. Lamps, in brackets on the walls, looked dim behind it. The strength of it was stifling.

At the bar the 'keep was hustling. His face was crimson, his brow sweaty; only the deftness of his big hands held him abreast of the demands for more liquor. Slab City was drinking itself under.

At the far end of the room, the fancy woman sat beside a table. Her face beamed and she scattered laughter on all and sundry. The essence of good-humour shone on her cheeks and forehead. She wore a bright yellow dress, cut square at the bosom and very low; and a black ribbon was plaited in her brilliant yellow hair. Her fingers blazed with rings; and about her neck were so many necklaces and lockets that they clinked to her movements.

A teamster was sitting opposite to her, drinking turn about, he with a bottle of whiskey, she with her own bottle slung in a little wicker basket at her waist. The rest looked on over their glasses; she had not declined a drink all evening; and here she was, the most sober in the room. Her attentions were impartial—but they all liked her; and, as the evening progressed, universal opinion pronounced her handsomer.

The teamster got up from the table, unsteadily, holding the back of his chair with fumbling hands. There was a look of disappointment in his face; but he managed a grin in answer to the fancy woman's good-natured laughter.

At the back of the room, the boater with the pipe-hat was holding a conference with Goudger and five or six others. After a minute or two, the group descended on the bar, noisily demanding mixed drinks, until the 'keep's hands flew like a sleight-of-hand artist's. Under cover of their roaring, David slunk behind the bar. He found three bottles of the "mixture" and replaced them with the Delta Special.

Laughing loudly, the others took their seats.

"Work it?" they asked David.

"Easy," he said, his eyes gleaming like a squirrel's.

The boater with the pipe-hat got up and went over to Mrs. Silverstone.

"I ain't seen you for a year. You've sure got things fixed up slick."

"Why, it's Mr. Greenshawl, ain't it? I'm real glad to see you. You come this way regular?"

"Pretty regular."

"Set down, set down," said the fancy woman. "What'll you have?"

"Delta Special."

"You was always a hard drinker," chuckled the fancy woman. "Joe!" she called the barkeep. "Bring a special for Mr. Greenshawl, and some of my mixture."

The barkeep brought them, taking the corks out deftly on the way.

"Here's how," said Greenshawl.

A silence had fallen on the room. Something in the boater's attitude, perhaps, had warned them that something was up. Perhaps it was the sudden stillness of the men who had just been roaring for the 'keep's attention.

"Here's how," echoed the fancy woman, her finger curled as she lifted her glass.

Greenshawl gulped his, and closed his eyes for an instant. When he opened them, he saw Mrs. Silverstone's glass as empty as his own.

"Strong likker," he said, shaking his head.

"Yes," said she, "I like it pretty well myself. But I generally stick to my own mixture."

He could not see a flicker on her face. She filled her glass and

held it to the light; and her hand was steady. He began to mistrust David.

"Drawing lumber?" asked the fancy woman.

"Eanh," said Greenshawl, putting his pipe-hat under his chair.

"A good haul!" she said, and drank again.

"Good trade for you!" said Greenshawl, and as he drank he rested his elbow on the table.

"He's feeling it a'ready," whispered the man on David's right. "And she's cold sober."

"She's so bung full of tea," said the man on his left, "she's got to get oiled first. Wait for the end of this glass."

They waited. From between them David stared at the fancy woman with a sudden horror.

"You ain't such a quick drinker as you used to be, Greenshawl," she was saying.

He mustered a laugh.

"Getting older," he said.

"That's right," she agreed. "I ain't the hand I used to be, myself. If it wasn't for the mixture I make, I'd have to give it up."

"She's like rock-ballast," said the man on David's right.

David was afraid. The tall woman was standing in the doorway.

"She's commencing to sweat," said the man on his left.

A dull brick red had flooded the fancy woman's cheeks. It grew darker swiftly. But her attitude of self-possession remained unshaken. . . .

Greenshawl groped for his hat and rose unsteadily with the last glass of his bottle held before him.

"Mrs. Silverstone," he said shakily, "you're solid! I'll drink to you, and proud to do it."

She got to her feet and grinned. But there was a stiffness in her lips that made it hard for her to speak. And the dark red of her cheeks had flushed her whole face and breast.

"I can take a joke," she said, "as well as the next."

She stood quite steady and raised her right hand to her mouth to blow a kiss, without noticing the empty bottle still clenched in it. As her hand came opposite her chin, her fingers relaxed and

let the bottle smash on the floor. She tottered suddenly and regained her balance with an effort.

Then she fell. For an instant in the dead stillness the tobacco smoke swung lower from the ceiling.

"What in hell?" cried the barkeep running over to her. The others crowded round. The barkeep bent over her. All at once he reached out his hand and laid it on her breast. Nobody said anything. It came upon them that she was dead.

She had fallen backwards with her arms flung up over her head, and her yellow dress caught the light about their feet. She had on red stockings and red-heeled shoes. The swagger was all gone out of her clothes. She looked as if some one had dropped an over-large bouquet of geraniums and marigolds to the floor, where they had been stepped on.

Old David whimpered as he looked at her.

The tall woman came in. She pushed the men aside and stared down at the fancy woman.

"I used to think," she said, "that woman wore a wig."

She squatted down.

"I'm going to find out."

"What the hell?" said the barkeep; but he did not stop her.

The tall woman laid her hand on Mrs. Silverstone's hair and pulled gently, and then tugged. Mrs. Silverstone's mouth fell open.

"If it wash a wig," said William Durkin, "it would come off."

The tall woman parted the hair with her fingers. It showed black at the roots.

"She dyed it," said the tall woman.

"How did it happen?" asked the barkeep.

"It was a joke, that's all," said Goudger.

"Who done it?"

"David," said two or three. "He shifted the bottles."

The barkeep snarled.

"You dirty little twirk, you've done us out of two soft jobs."

"She oughtn't to run a saloon," whined David, "if she can't drink her own likker."

"You shut up."

"I guess maybe we ought to pick her off the floor," said the barkeep. He and Greenshawl carried her up to her room.

"I'm going to get out of here to-night," exclaimed Goudger. "Anne!"

The tall woman came over to him. She stopped on the porch where David had sat down again. The old man cowered when she spoke.

"She's dead all right."

David moaned.

"You damned fool," said Goudger, "that was a hell of a joke to play on a woman. Why, she might've been your datter for all you know."

He went aboard his boat, lit a lantern, and started getting his team out on the tow-path. He hung the lantern in the bow.

"Lucky I finished loading this lumber Saturday," he growled. "Hurry up, Anne."

The tall woman followed, leaving David bent over his knees on the porch steps. He looked up in time to see the tall woman pass under the lantern light, her profile clearly etched against the planking.

"Take me along, Mr. Goudger."

"Hell, no," said Goudger.

"I could steer."

"I don't want you along."

The tall woman spoke out of the darkness of the stern.

"Poor old man."

The horses started, and little by little the lantern dwindled.

The men in the saloon trooped out on the stoop. One of them, who had overheard Goudger's remark, taunted David.

"That was some joke of yourn; why it might've been your daughter. She had black hair."

"No, no," cried David.

The barkeep came out.

"It's a funny thing," he remarked. "She come from this part of the state."

"Oh, Lord!" whimpered David.

"I just found a paper upstairs," said the 'keep. "Silverstone ain't any name of hers. She was Molly . . ." he held the paper to the light of the window, "Molly Johnson, and she came from hereabouts."

"That lets you out, Dave," said the teamster—with a forced laugh.

"She was a fancy woman," said Greenshawl, taking off his pipe-hat and wiping his forehead.

"She's dead," said another.

David had risen to his feet. His hands jumped and fluttered as he tried to fill his pipe. His face was quite white in the light from the windows.

" 'We come from the same part of the state' . . . 'We've got the same name,' " he repeated the tall woman's words.

"Molly," he said.

He began to sob with the braying noise of a small boy.

The barkeep stared at him with scornful pity.

"Say, you didn't kill your datter. She ain't your datter. What're you crying about?"

"No, no," cried David. "But I seen her."

He started off down the tow-path after Goudger's boat, stooped over, at his slow walk.

"Pore Dave," said the teamster; "he's twirly, but he don't mean harm."

Greenshawl put on his pipe-hat.

"It's a funny thing," he said dubiously.

HOME TO MOTHER'S[1]

By ELEANOR E. HARRIS

(From *Scribner's Magazine*)

DOWN the grassy, sunlit road, all the warm summer afternoon trudged two old women, each carrying a small bundle. They kept fast hold of hands like two children, and like children they were interested in everything along the way. Their old faces beamed.

Betty was tall and thin, with a rounded back. Her waist was snugly pinched, and over her blue gingham dress she wore an old-fashioned basque of black brocaded velvet, the raised flowers effaced in many places to the cotton back, giving a moth-eaten effect. It buttoned close around the neck and flared out below the waist-line jauntily. On her head she wore a black crape bonnet, with a veil draped at the back, of as old a period as the basque. An inch of the parting of her gray hair showed in front. Her feet were trim in narrow shoes and her hands in black lace mitts. Her bundle, wrapped in newspaper and tied with twine, she carried under her right arm, her left being tucked under Janey's right.

Janey was squarely and solidly fashioned. She had no observable waist-line, and her threadbare coat, gapping between every button, showed a tan-colored shirtwaist underneath, and never met at all over the stomach. Her dingy black skirt was well above the ankles that supported her body like two thick posts. She wore men's shoes, flat and shapeless, and on her head a man's cap pulled well down, but leaving a short fringe of scant white curls at the back of her neck and over her ears to her temples. Her bundle was tied in a square of green cloth, immigrant fashion, and carried in her left hand, while the big blunt fingers of her toil-worn right hand held Betty's slender ones

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in a firm grasp, and yet it was Betty who led the way they should go.

"Be you sure you kin find it, Betty?" Janey asked.

"Well, if I can't find my own house, somethin' must be the matter of me," was Betty's cheerful reply. "I can't get there any too soon neither. I don't know what my mother will think of me for stayin' away so long. I feel guilty, I do that. Ain't it a pleasant day, though, to be goin' home?"

"Yes, it's a awful pleasant day, and I do feel thankful to you, Betty, for lettin' me come along. Oh, look, Betty, there's a squirrel. Look at 'im go up that tree. The spry crittur!"

They stood still for a minute and watched the antics of the squirrel. He jumped from branch to branch and leered down saucily at them.

A team of heavy farm-horses drawing a load of hay overtook the pair and they retreated as far as they could to the side of the road.

"Good afternoon, sisters!" the driver called to them. "Climb up and I'll give ye a lift to town."

Their happy faces smiled up at him.

"He thinks he's bein' funny, don't he?" said Janey.

"I could-a done it once, nor waited to be asked!" cried Betty to him.

"I don't doubt but ye could, sister," the man called back. "A good day to ye and many of 'em."

"He seems well spoken and good-wishin'," Janey observed. "Did you say your mother's house was around the turn of the road?"

"Yes, I did, Janey. I've told you that something like six times a-ready. Just around the turn. It's a small house and it needs paintin', but it's home all the same."

"Well, I'll be glad to be gittin' there. I'm a little speck breathless."

"We can set down on this here pile of rails and rest us," Betty said.

They sat down, first putting their bundles side by side on the top.

"Did you tell me your grandmother was livin'?" Janey questioned.

"Yes, she's always lived along of mother," said Betty.

"How old is yer grandmother?"

There was a sly look in Janey's eyes, and Betty cast a suspicious glance at her. "Now you think you've got me," she said slowly.

"Come to think of it, mebby my grandmother ain't there; but if she's died, none of 'em's told me about it. I don't remember her dyin'."

She drew herself up a little and sat kicking her small heels against the rails, looking off at the hills and scattering houses that bordered the town beyond. Janey began to untie her bundle.

"I knowed we'd be hungry 'fore we got there," she chuckled, "so I put up a bit of lunch. I managed to lay hands on it, while the matron wasn't lookin'. She's a good woman, but awful close-like with her victuals. Now, my mother was never that way. She never turned nobody from her door hungry, my mother didn't."

"Nor my mother, neither," Betty said, reaching for the sandwich Janey had produced.

"I couldn't get no butter," laughed Janey, "but hunger's a good sauce. Let 'em hide their butter if they want to."

Betty laughed too. "Yes, let 'em! My mother told me she's havin' a chicken dinner to-day, with biscuits and I dunno what all."

"When'd she tell ye?" Janey stared in amazement.

"Why, just yisterday she told me."

Janey smiled indulgently. "I guess you must be dreamin'."

Betty shook her head, but a vague look had come into her eyes, though she still smiled. A robin was hopping along the top of the fence across the road. An automobile went by, leaving a cloud of dust behind. "I'm always skeered of them autymubbles," she said.

"So be I," said Janey.

They munched their dry bread, fairly revelling in the sunshine, giving joyous little chuckles and cackles now and again. They could see white chickens over in a field.

"My mother keeps white chickens and a cow," said Betty. "We'll have real cream in our tea, or would you rather have coffee, Janey?"

"Coffee, with two lumps of sugar in it," Janey decided.

"My mother makes her own butter, too. We'll have plenty of butter. She'll not hide it like the matron does. I'll bet a cooky the matron has butter every meal."

"Of course she does," Janey agreed.

"I'm hopin' the boys will be home," Betty observed thoughtfully.

"The boys?"

"Yes, my brothers—Hiram and John and Andrew and Joseph —he was always my playmate, only a year younger'n me. I could foller him any place and climb anywheres he clumb."

"Do you think they'll be there now?" Janey asked.

"That's what I'm hopin'."

Again Betty cast a suspicious glance at her companion, but the latter, smiling like the crescent moon with a caved-in upper lip, was following the antics of a squirrel, as it leaped from branch to branch in a tree across the road.

Other automobiles went by, and nearly everybody in them nodded and smiled at the funny old couple sitting close together on the pile of rails beside the road.

"Everybody seems good-natured to-day," Janey remarked.

"That's because the sun shines," Betty declared. "I remember to this day just how I felt once, when I was just a little mite of a girl, and the sun popped out real bright one mornin', after it had rained a whole week. It made me so happy I most cried."

"You must-a been a thinkin' child," said Janey, regarding Betty out of misty gray eyes, all set round with little fine wrinkles.

"I 'spose likely I was," smiled Betty.

"Now I wonder if I can break this here cooky in two in the middle. I saved mine las' night and tucked it inside my dress. There, I'll give you the biggest piece."

Presently a man came by carrying a scythe.

"Hello, aunties! Havin' a picnic?" he called.

"Yes, we be," Janey replied.

"We're goin' on a visit home to my grandmother's," Betty volunteered, with cheerful assurance.

Janey's eyes widened in some surprise.

"Indeed!" said the man. "It's a fine day for a trip. Is it far to your grandmother's?"

"No," replied Betty. "It ain't so very far. It's just down the road a piece, and around a turn and down a little hill—a little house that needs paintin', but warm and cosy—and it's *home.*"

She beamed at him. Janey beamed, too, but she gave the man a sly wink that he seemed to understand, and whispered, "Her *mother's.*"

"I guess home is where the heart is," he said, and his eyes were suspiciously bright. He began to cut the tall weeds along the roadside with the scythe, swinging it with a great deal of energy.

"We'd better be movin' on, or we'll not get to grandmother's by dinner-time, and we don't want to keep 'em waitin'," Betty said.

They climbed down, took their bundles, and, hand in hand as before, started off again on their journey.

"Good-by!" called the man after them. "I hope you find 'em all well at home."

"Thank you! Good-by!" they cackled merrily, as they jogged away, Betty with short, mincing steps and Janey ponderous, flat-footed.

The man stopped mowing for a full minute, gazing after them, his eyes still bright.

They trudged along sturdily, though quite unevenly, because they couldn't by any manner of means keep step together. Still, neither felt secure going it alone.

"What makes you step so often?" Janey almost complained.

"It's my way," Betty returned. "I was always a quick stepper; they used to say a high-stepper, too," and she stepped faster. "It's more tiresome to walk slow than fast, and if you'd step quicker, Janey—"

"I can't go no faster," Janey broke in, "and anyhow I step longer'n you do, so we even up, I guess; but it does seem a long ways to that turn in the road."

"It's a long road that has no turnin'," chuckled Betty, and on they plodded. The mid-afternoon sun poured its radiance over them and they seemed to enjoy it. Janey said it was good for her rheumatiz and Betty liked the warm feeling on her back.

It was tiresome, though, looking behind for the autos; so they wouldn't come up on you suddenly and then screech so that you almost jumped out of your shoes. They scrambled to one side as

fast as they could, the moment they saw one coming, and waited until it was once more safe to proceed.

"It's funny how heavy a little bundle with nothin' in it but a nightgown and a clean apron and a few trinkets can git," Janey commented, and Betty agreed that it was.

In one place they found the whole roadside grown up to sweet clover, and they both picked a bunch. Again they rested, this time sitting on a horse block. The house back of it had the look of being empty.

"It takes two great ships to move my two great hips," said Janey, still cheerfully, as she got to her feet again.

Betty laughed heartily at this witticism. They hadn't gone far when a cloud appeared, moving in the way ahead.

"Now, who's that comin'?" Janey exclaimed.

"Boys!" cried Betty. "No, it ain't; it's girls. Well, I never!"

"Don't that beat all you ever see?" cried Janey, stepping a little quicker in her excitement. "They've got pants on."

They came along, kicking up considerable dust, a bunch of girls out on a hike, heads bobbed and hatless, legs encased in knickers, socks, and sneaks! laughing, chattering, swinging along —a camp-cup at each belt and a box or bag of lunch hitched to each girl somewhere.

Amazed the two old travellers stood aside, gazing, to let them pass.

But the fresh young things stopped short in the road, amazed in their turn.

" 'Lo, gramas!" one greeted—she seemed to be the leader of the bunch—"you hiking, too?"

The old ones smiled broadly.

"I'm goin' on a visit to my gran'mother's," Betty explained, "and Janey here—" Janey hunched her. "My mother's, I mean," Betty corrected—"and Janey here is goin' with me. My mother lives just a little ways down here, around a turn and down a little hill. Mebby you come by it—a little house it is, with some white hens around in the yard and a rose-bush near the door."

"I think we did pass a little house, on that other road," said the girl leader, pointing back. "I don't remember the rose-bush, though it might be there—the hens too, I guess."

"A little house that needed paintin'?" Janey asked.

"Yes, I think it did. It had once been white."

"That's it!" laughed Betty.

"Your mother's house, did you say?" the girl questioned, smiling queerly.

"Yes, deary," said Betty, "and she'll be wonderin' why I don't git there. You see, we've been trampin' quite a while, but Janey she ain't very swift on her feet. It's been a nice day for walkin', though," she hastened to add, seeing Janey's look of protest. "I'll be satisfied if I git there by the time the children come home from school. I've got two little girls and a little boy. They'll be lookin' for me, too."

"Betty dreams a good deal," Janey whispered loudly to one of the girls.

Betty silenced her with a look. "Well, good-by," she said, "me and Janey must hurry along. I hope you'll have as good a dinner as we will. We're goin' to have chicken and biscuits."

"Good-by," laughed the girl leader. "You'll find the little house right around the turn and down a little hill."

The girls went their way, laughing back and waving their hands, and the two old women waved and smiled, though their smiles were rather weary by this time. They trudged on toward that turn in the road and at last they reached it, and could look down the little hill. They could see the roof of a house, a little house.

"I'm glad to cut clear of them autymubbles," Betty rejoiced, as they made the turn into the narrow road.

The hill was short but rather steep, and getting down it was no easy task, but there at the bottom stood the alluring little house, the house that Janey, in her inmost heart, had been afraid they wouldn't find, though Betty had seemed so sure. There it was, and the white hens were there, too, some of them straying out in the road. They quite forgot to look for the rose-bush, because they were so taken up at sight of a swing in front, with some children playing around it, the swing glided out over the road, but Betty said that didn't matter, because it was a private road. Janey looked at Betty with new-born respect and confidence in her eyes. It appeared that Betty knew what she was talking about after all.

Betty stepped a little quicker and Janey a little longer, and they came abreast of the huge elm-tree, to which the swing-rope was fastened. Under the tree, set against the trunk and raised on some support to the proper height, was an automobile seat. They managed to get to it and to sink down upon it.

"I couldn't a-walked another step," groaned Janey.

"I was just about to the end of my rope, too," Betty confessed, with a little nervous giggle.

Three children had already grouped themselves before the old couple—a boy of four years, with chubby hands clasped over his round stomach, and two girls of six and eight, one on each side of him, all staring with the greatest curiosity.

Betty and Janey smiled, and the children smiled back, recognizing kindred souls, as children will.

"Whose little boy be you?" Betty asked, her voice unsteady with weariness.

"Mama's," the boy replied.

"What's your name, dearie?"

"Name Buddie."

"I've got a little boy, too," Betty told him.

She reached out a delicate, crumply old hand and stroked the child's smooth blond head.

"My name's Ruth," volunteered the younger girl.

"Mine's Caroline," said the other.

"And mine's Betty and this is Janey. I invited her to come down with me. I hope your ma ain't had to keep the dinner waitin' very long. Have you got your breath yet, Janey? Because, if you have, we'd better be goin' in."

They struggled to their feet again, and, escorted by the children, started up the path to the house. The older girl ran ahead and in at the kitchen door, and directly Mrs. Mason, a plump, brown-haired, youngish woman with kind brown eyes and cheeks flushed from working about the kitchen fire, appeared, dusting floury fingers on her apron.

She was not a little surprised at sight of the square-rigged Janey in her cutaway coat and man's cap, white bob fluttering beneath, and the slender Betty, with her full, flaring velvet basque and black-lace mitts, her mourning veil draped lightly over her narrow, bent shoulders; both radiantly smiling, Janey her tooth-

less caved-in, moonlike smile, and Betty over her genteel upper and lower set. Both smiles were slightly vague, slightly apologetic, and plainly tired.

"We've got here at last," said Betty, tremulous, not quite sure of her ground. "Janey, she's most tuckered out, but I'm all right. I hope we ain't kep' your dinner waitin'."

Mrs. Mason gasped, caught her breath, and then smiled back, putting out her hand. "Come right in," she said. "You look tired out, both of you."

Together they managed the wide, low doorstep, and then Betty preceded Janey through the doorway into the kitchen, which was not as small as might have been supposed from the outside.

"You're just in time," said Mrs. Mason cheerfully. "Caroline, you show 'em where to take off their things and wash up a bit, and by the time they're ready your father will be here and we'll have supper. Ruth, dear, set two more places and pull up two more chairs."

The reason Janey wore a man's cap—a soft one—was apparent when she took it off. The top of her squarish head was as smooth and shiny as one of those pale-yellow squashes that grow over, bowl-shaped, and fluted around the lower edge. Her fringe of white curls fluffed out distractingly and reminded one who knew squashes of those neat fluted edges.

Betty's gray locks were quite abundant and had a natural wave in them. Parted and drawn down cunningly over the tops of her ears, they gave a demure, Priscilla look to her face, in spite of the snug little wad at the back. They both looked very neat and clean.

"It is chicken and biscuits," Betty whispered. "Ain't you glad now you come?"

Janey nodded happily, convinced beyond a doubt that Betty was a person of family connections.

"Git out your clean apron," she reminded.

The children stood helpfully near, watching with delighted curiosity and commenting politely.

"Did an Indian scalp you?" Caroline ventured. Janey shook her head and her smile curved upward toward her eyes, which,

oddly enough, seemed to curve down a little at the outer corners.

Mr. Mason came in and washed at the kitchen sink and brushed his hair at the kitchen glass, in the corner of the door. He was informed that there was company, and peeped in curiously.

"What kind of birds are they?" he asked his wife. "The great auk and the—"

She put her hand over his mouth. "Hush!" she whispered. "Can't you guess where they came from? *The Poor Farm.* It's three miles at least, and from what I can find out the poor things have been walking all day. The old dears! They're so funny and so—so pathetic. They're going to have their supper. Oh, Bill, do you s'pose you and I will ever get to be like that?"

"Of course *not,*" Bill assured her, and he kissed the back of her neck, as she stooped to take a tin of biscuit out of the oven.

"Oh, you kid!" she exclaimed. "You almost made me drop them."

Bill smiled. "But, Dear Heart, if we should, we'll find a chimney corner with one of our children."

"It's well we can't see too far into the future," replied Dear Heart, with a gentle sigh. "Anyhow, I'm glad we're having chicken and biscuits for supper to-night. It's going to be a wonderful treat for them, and if sometime, oh, in years and years—"

Betty was tying her white apron about her trim waist, her bundle lying open on a chair, and Janey was similarly occupied before another chair, when Bill entered. Taking the cue from his wife, he greeted them like old friends. The simple ceremony being over, they turned back to their chairs.

"This is brother Joe's picture," Betty said, taking a small package from among a few other little things. "I didn't like to leave it, where there's so many to pick and nose about."

"It would have been very unwise," Bill agreed.

Carefully she unwound the faded ribbon that wrapped it and brought to light a small daguerreotype picture, in a case, of a boy of twenty, in the blue uniform of the Civil War, standing with his rifle in his hand, the butt resting on the ground and the fixed bayonet extending above his head. Round-cheeked and pretty he was, with a softness about the eyes that indicated blue.

"He was killed," said Betty quietly. "He didn't never come home."

Her eyes followed the picture, as it went from hand to hand, until she got it back.

"Now show 'em your cross, Janey," she said, and as Janey began to fumble among her things—"It's made out of a piece of the *Monitor* or the *Merrimac,* Janey can't remember which. Her brother made it, when he was in a hospital down South, and he made that pin, too, that she's got on her neck, with her name on it. He made it out of a bone, and the name's cut into the bone, and the place is filled with red sealin' wax. Pretty, ain't it?"

"The biscuits are done," announced Mrs. Mason. "I'm going to pour the gravy over them in the tureen right now, and we'll look at the rest of your beautiful keepsakes after supper."

And so, very presently, Betty and Janey found themselves occupying chairs at the table, with Bill at the head and the three children opposite, Buddy in his high-chair at the end nearest his mother.

"Sometimes we begin at the bottom, but this time we're going to begin at the top," Bill said. "Now, which of you two young ladies is the oldest?"

Betty looked at Janey.

"I be; I'm eighty-seven," said Janey promptly, and it seemed almost proudly.

"I was forty-two my last birthday," said Betty, sitting serene and Priscilla-like in the high-backed chair. Janey smiled her engaging, caved-in smile, and cast a knowing look around the table.

"Janey gets in first on this, it's very evident," laughed Bill, "but Betty is a sure second, because I'm only forty and Dear Heart is somewhere between thirty-eight and eighteen. I never can remember exactly where."

They all laughed at this, and Buddy said "Haw! haw! haw!" in a funny way, and then, scared at his own temerity, laid his round cheek on his mother's arm and grinned across the table at Janey.

"He thinks he's funny when he does that," his mother explained.

They had mashed potato and red jelly and very tender green peas fixed with cream and served in saucers, and red-raspberry pie and coffee, and pink-and-white peppermints, and it was all on the table, so you could know just what was coming.

"What part of the chicken do you prefer, Janey?" Bill wanted to know, as he began to serve.

"Oh, any part that's agreeable to you." Janey stammered a little over the big word and the honor of being served first.

"I see—some dark and some light meat—all right?"

"Yes," smiled Janey.

"And you, Betty?"

"The same as Janey, please, only—if you see a bit of the liver—don't bother, but if it's right where you can find it."

"Sure, it's right here—Dear Heart, this chicken had a liver, didn't it?"

"It certainly did, a big one."

Dear Heart's big brown eyes scanned the heaped-up platter.

"I see it!" cried Caroline excitedly, pointing—"over there by the edge."

Bill pounced on the liver and transferred it to Betty's plate.

"I don't know when I've had a taste of chicken liver," she said, gently apologetic.

"Whose turn is it to get the wishbone?" Bill questioned hastily.

Ruth claimed it and Caroline got the heart. Dear Heart dished up the peas and passed the jelly and pickles, and the dinner proceeded with delightful spirit.

"Do you take cream and sugar in your coffee?" she asked her guests, and when they said they did—"Two lumps or three?"

"Only to think of it!"

Janey looked *that* into Betty's eyes without speaking.

"Didn't I tell you *real cream?*" Betty whispered in Janey's ear —"and butter in plenty?"

They soon lost track of how many times the butter was passed to them, or they were urged to have another helping of something, or their coffee-cups filled again. How sad that, no matter how one tries, one can never eat but one meal ahead!

"This is the best cooked chicken I ever tasted," Betty averred, "and the biscuits, too."

Janey nodded, her mouth full. Having no teeth, she found it advisable to attend pretty strictly to the business in hand, in order to keep her plate down even with the rest. She did exceedingly well, considering her limitations.

Even Betty, with plenty of teeth, had some difficulty when her plate was constantly being heaped with good things.

"I don't think I eat more'n other folks, but I eat slower," she said.

"We've got all the time in the world," Bill assured them. "I ain't half through."

"Nor I," said his wife. "It's better to eat slow and long. I try to teach the children not to swallow their food whole."

"Mother is always very particular about that, too," said Betty, a far-off look coming into her eyes. She had a listening look, too.

The little boxed-in stairway opened down into the small dining-room, and from where she sat she could see up its carpeted length, by turning her head a little. She did this several times, and finally she leaned toward it and called: "Mother! Mother!" in an eager, enticing voice.

A sudden hush fell on the little group around the table. Bill took a drink of water and choked, and his wife's eyes filled with tears, so that she dared not wink. To them it was unutterably sad to see this aged creature calling up the stairway for her mother.

But little Caroline, whose soul was still a flower-bed of imaginings, understood better. "She's making believe her mother is up there," she whispered. "I guess she thinks this is her mother's house and she's glad about it."

Janey did not permit herself to be diverted from the business of eating. She kept right on.

In a moment or two Betty turned back with the remark: "I guess she'll come down pretty soon. She knows it's supper-time."

She glanced at Janey, hesitated a moment, and added: "When mother comes down Janey can move along and we can fix a place for her right next to me."

"Certainly. Of course we can," Bill assented, and Betty's old face beamed.

"The boys ought to be here," she went on, "but they have such a long ways to drive. I haven't seen 'em in a good while—Hiram and John and Andrew and Joseph. I hope they'll come."

"We'll feed 'em if they drive in," declared Bill heartily and took another drink of water.

Again Betty seemed satisfied. "Is your white hens layin' good now?" she asked.

"Oh, yes; I brought in six eggs to-day," Dear Heart told her.

"Betty likes white hens," Janey informed them.

"They look pretty walking around on green grass, and ginerally they're good layers," Betty explained her liking for white hens.

While Ruth was crumbing the table and her mother was cutting the pie, Betty got up saying: "Will you excuse me just a minute. I want to go up-stairs and see if my little children are up there. They ought to come down to supper."

She trotted to the stairway, and went nimbly up, Bill calling after her that she'd better finish her own supper first, hadn't she?

"I won't be gone a minute," she called back.

"Oh, does she really think her children are up there," Dear Heart murmured, "and her mother? Does she think this is her house?"

Janey smiled. "She'll come back after she's called 'em. Betty dreams sometimes. I don't guess they're up there now, do you?"

Dear Heart got up hastily and followed to the stairway. There were three bedrooms above, opening on the hall, and Betty went to each door and looked in and called: "Betty—little Betty—Mamie—Charlie—" Three times, just the same. She called softly and listened after each call—a breathless, intent listening.

"I wish they'd come, so we could play with 'em," Ruth whispered in Caroline's ear.

"They can't really come. They're only 'maginations," Caroline explained, whispering in return.

"I wish 'maginations came true," Ruth replied.

Janey was busy tying red-and-white candies in the corner of her handkerchief, and Dear Heart ran out to the kitchen and hid her face in the roller towel for as many as ten seconds.

"The dear old thing doesn't see us hardly at all," she thought. "She just sees her mother and her children. I wonder—oh, I wonder where those children are. Where are the children of all the old grandmothers and grandfathers that live at the Poor Farm?"

"Dear Heart, will you bring in some more biscuits?" Bill called.

Betty came back down-stairs. "They're hidin' from me," she explained with a little embarrassed laugh. "They won't answer,

but they'll soon get tired if I leave 'em alone, and they'll come down to their supper."

"Tum to suppa!" shouted Buddy, pounding on the table with his spoon, and they all laughed again, just as one does at a picture show, when the scene changes suddenly from tragic to comic.

By the time they were all through eating, it was beginning to grow dark.

"My husband usually drives over to take me home, when I've been anywheres," Betty said, with an anxious glance out at the dimming road. "Mebby we'd better start along, Janey, and he can pick us up part way."

"Don't be in a hurry; stay and visit a while," Dear Heart urged, and they were persuaded.

With the guileless pleasure of children they showed the rest of their little keepsakes.

"All they've got left, but memories," Dear Heart whispered to Bill.

Betty had a tea-caddy that was doubtless very old, as her great-grandfather, who was a sea-captain, had brought it from China, and Janey had a small picture of herself, treasured from her girlhood. Her smile was there, curving mischievously, but it didn't cave in on the upper lip, and the top of her head gave no evidence of baldness.

"You was some flapper," Bill complimented. "If I'd been around in them days, and Dear Heart hadn't—"

Janey blushed and smiled at Buddy, who found her fascinating, and was leaning against her knees, looking up at her in a solemn enjoyment that amounted almost to rapture. "Did God forget your teeth?" he questioned, and Janey giggled, showing her toothless gums the plainer.

Presently Bill went out and brought his Lizzie round to the front, while Dear Heart buttoned the slender Betty into her brocaded velvet basque and the square Janey into her cutaway coat, and gave each a package of cookies and some lumps of sugar to tie up with her bundle.

"The carriage is at the door," Bill announced, and in a minute they were off, Dear Heart watching the departure with a tear in her eyes and a smile on her lip, and the children shouting cheerful good-bys.

"I never rode in a easier carriage," Betty said as the Lizzie bumped cheerfully along over the fairly smooth road. "My husband always would keep good horses."

"They do go nice," Janey agreed, "and the seat's easy, too."

They drew up to the door of the Poor Farm at about nine o'clock, and Bill gallantly helped them out and up the steps. Holding hands again they sidled in, like two children who were not quite sure whether an escapade would be condoned or punished. But the matron smiled—"Well, you've made a day of it"—and their old faces brightened.

"Yes," said Betty with a happy sigh. "We've been home to mother's and seen all the folks and had a awful good visit. She keeps white hens."

"And we had chicken and biscuits," Janey added, smiling her caved-in, moon-like smile over her shoulder, as the two trudged down the hall.

"We'll have a good time to-morrow, tellin' the rest about it, won't we, Janey?" Betty chuckled softly, when they had closed the door on themselves, in the little room they occupied together.

Janey pulled off her cap and nodded her bald head sleepily.

LADY WIPERS—OF YPRES[1]

By LLEWELLYN HUGHES

(From *The Century Magazine*)

THAT'S what 'e used to call me, sir; so that's what the papers called me. Of course, you wouldn't know about it, seeing you only been back in London a week after doing your paintings all the summer on the contenink. Italy *is* on the contenink, I suppose? Lor!—but you 'ave got your studio in a mess, 'aven't you, sir? I'd better dust your books a bit.

Yes, that's what 'e used to call me. Such a one for jokes, 'e was. You know, sir, when 'e'd come 'ome on his leave, I used to stop me work and go to Victoria station to meet him. And I wasn't so well off, you might say, in them days. It was door-steps then, sir—and polishing door-knockers; and every penny counted. Oh, I'm much better off now, sir—what with cleaning gentlemen's rooms and all that and not 'aving to work out-of-doors in the cold and rain, like. So it was losing one and thruppence every time I went to meet him; because I had to wait in the station all day, not knowing which train 'e would come on.

And that's what 'e used to say to me—first off, like. "'Ullo, Lady Wipers! 'ere I am—back 'ome once more; safe and sound. So come on—and let's 'ave a glass of beer together."

That was the first thing 'e thought of, sir. Oh, 'e was a great one for his beer. No messing around, taking me in his arms and all that. "Come on," 'e'd say, "let's 'ave a glass of beer." And I was that proud of him, sir—carrying his gas-mask and kit-bag and souvineers and all, and trotting behind him on the way to the pub.

"A pint of the best," 'e used to say. "And one for me old dutch 'ere—Lady Wipers.

No, 'e never kissed me, sir—but once. That was when 'e went

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back to Wipers for the last time. In 1918, that was. 'E kissed me then, just before 'e got on the train. I don't know what come over him to do it—but 'e kissed me. Oh, 'e was fond of me in his 'eart, you might say; deep down in his 'eart, sir. Only 'e never showed it. 'E was too much of a man for that.

"Well," 'e says, "so long, Lady Wipers. Keep the old 'ome fire burning," 'e says. "And don't forget—if anything 'appens to me—you own a bit of property up round Wipers; a bit I've paid for with me blood," 'e says. "That's what the King said in that speech 'e made the other day. So if I cop it," 'e says, "you go up and tell 'em. Tell 'em you own Wipers as much as anybody in the land—and that Private Bill Blodgett, your 'usband, jolly well said so."

And it was then 'e kissed me, sir. Oh, 'e could talk like Winston Churchill, sir—when 'e'd had a drop or two. 'E was always fond of his beer. That's how I met him, sir, first of all. 'E'd had too much, as the saying is. Beg parding, sir—these books *are* dusty, ain't they?

Yes, I used to keep meself pretty tidy in them days, and had a little back room all to meself and everything. I'm talking now, sir, of long ago; before the war started. I used to go out every morning and wash door-steps and polish knockers. And sometimes I got a bit of extra work that kept me late. And likely the last door-step would be out Kensington way, sir, and I'd fancy a bit of a walk 'ome—through the park, like.

It kept me pretty late, you might say. But I didn't mind it. There was always flowers in the park and couples going arm-in-arm. And it was through being late as I met him, sir. 'E'd had too much as usual, and there 'e was, sir; lying in the gutter. And *such* a state. I was frightened at first, sir. I didn't know what to do with him. 'E'd been in a fight, and some ruffian or other had knocked him down—and his 'ead had struck the sewer. And there 'e lay, sir—half-dead like.

So I 'elped him up as best I could—till 'e come to his senses a bit. 'E didn't know where 'e was nor nothing, and couldn't remember where 'e lived. So I took him with me, sir—the poor feller—and then I sent for the doctor. And the doctor come and put several stitches in his 'ead and left him lying on my

bed. I didn't like it at all, sir—me being a decent young woman. But what was I to do? So I sat up all night, nursing him. And glad of a bit of company I was; although it was only a man groaning, you might say.

You know, sir, I always blame that doctor for the poor job 'e done. The stitches must 'ave been very clumsy ones; because Bill had the marks of 'em ever after. Sort of ridges, they was; hard as nails, sir, when you felt 'em. 'E always had 'eadaches after that, and I used to rub his poor 'ead for him; and me fingers would go over and over them ridges of his—like over a griddle, you might say.

Yes, that's how I met him, sir. And 'e was grateful to me, in a way of speaking. 'E knew I had looked after him, like; saved him from being sent to a 'ospital. 'E hated 'ospitals, sir.

So then 'e got to taking me out to a pub—of an evening; and now and then borrowing a shilling of me; and glad I was to let him 'ave it. You see, sir, I was only twenty-six at the time; and I'd never had a feller, as you might say. I often used to wish I had some one to go out with—seeing 'em arm-in-arm in the park. So when Bill took me out for a bit, I was proud, like; and got meself up to look tidy for him and all that. And when 'e wanted a shilling or two, I gave it to him and gladly—because 'e never worked, sir; except when 'e had to.

Oh, 'e was a regular toff with his money. And, as I tell you, deep down in his 'eart 'e was kind to me, sir. So—begging your parding, sir—when I was forced, like, to tell him I was going to 'ave a baby, 'e done the right thing by me and married me. And we lived in me back room cozy as could be. But the baby died almost before 'e was born—and what with one thing and another we had a hard time. You see, sir, I was too weak to go out working for him, and 'e took to drinking 'eavy, after the baby died.

Oh, 'e was terrible fond of children, sir—you could tell that. And I done the best I could for him, to make him 'appy like. As soon as I could stand on me feet, you might say, I went to washing door-steps again and started earning me bit of money regular. Only 'e used to beat me at times—when 'e'd been drinking. I know 'e didn't mean it, sir. 'E was sorry afterwards—I know 'e was. But what with his 'eadaches and his worrying over the baby

and all—'e was cross-patch, you might say, and raised his hand to me, sometimes.

Of course, I didn't do so well with people when I had a black eye on me. They didn't like the looks of me, and said their door-steps would do until next week—which was only right, after all; wasn't it, sir? But we got along somehow, and managed to eat and all. Only we never enjoyed ourselves like other couples, nor went anywhere nor anything.

Would you believe me, sir? I never been to the cinema in all my born days. The only place 'e ever took me to was the pub; and I didn't like to go inside some of 'em; they was that bad, sir. So I used to stand waiting for him outside, on the corner—except when it come to rain hard.

But I was 'appy with him, sir—quite 'appy. The 'appiest days I ever had. And I like to look back on them, and talk about 'em—when I ain't disturbing anybody, sir.

And then the war come and 'e joined the army. The minute 'e knew his country wanted him, 'e never 'esitated, sir. Oh, 'e was a wonderful man in every way. Stepped right up, 'e did, and took the shilling; and when I come 'ome about ten o'clock that night, there 'e was, sir, lying on the bed in his brand-new uniform. Such a picture, sir; real 'andsome, 'e was.

I cried when 'e went away, sir. I couldn't 'elp it. You see, 'e was all I had in the world, you might say—and it made me 'appy to look after him and work to the bone for him. Oh, I didn't mind him knocking me about a bit, sir. All men like to do that, don't they, sir? To show off, like. And after all, 'e was me lawful wedded 'usband and had a right to give me a blow now and then—if 'e had a mind to. I dare say I was a bit of a bother to him sometimes, when I couldn't look after him proper—being tired and worn-out from walking 'ome. Ninepence a week, I used to save, sir—by walking 'ome of an evening. And 'e used to get it—every penny of it; and gladly. Only 'e didn't realize—that was the trouble. Oh, 'e could spend his money like water, sir—if you know what I mean.

His regiment was one of the first to go, sir. You see, 'e joined up so early. And in 1915, 'e was in France, sir. I felt terrible lonely at first; and I used to lie awake at night—fearing 'e'd get killed.

'E wrote to me quite regular—I'll say that for him. Sometimes it was a post-card; sometimes it was one of them green envelopes —unopened by censor, as they say. No nonsense in 'em, sir; nothing silly, like. 'E was too much of a man for that. Sometimes 'e'd scold me because his socks was too small; other times it would be the cakes I'd sent him had got hard, like. Things like that, sir. I've got his letters, every one of them—in a little box in me room.

Three years and more, sir,—coming and going—and post-cards and letters. It was a bit 'ard on me—when I 'eard. Six times 'e had come on leave, sir; six times I'd waited all day in Victoria station for his train to come in. I used to choke, sir, every time I saw him; choke with 'appiness, you might say, trying to keep me tears back. 'Cause 'e didn't like to see me sniffing—as 'e called it.

Yes, it was hard, sir; terrible hard, in a way of speaking. I ought to 'ave left that back room of mine, and gone somewhere else. Only I didn't like to leave it, sir, where so many things had 'appened—the baby and all. So I just kept to meself and went on with me door-steps. But I never walked 'ome through the park any more. I'd get low-spirited, if you know what I mean, sir? When I'd see the couples arm-in-arm, like. Of course, 'e wouldn't 'ave walked *arm-in-arm* with me—not for anything. I had to walk behind him a bit, as you might say. To make it seem as if 'e was alone, like. Oh, 'e was dignified, sir; and *such* a one for ettequet when 'e wanted to be.

No, I didn't walk 'ome through the park any more, sir. I took the bus. You see, I was better off then, you might say. I had me own work and only meself to keep. And besides that, I had a bit of money coming in regular. His pension, you know, sir. It was the first money I ever got from him; and I expect you'll laugh at me—when I tell you. Of course, the money comes from the government. I know that. But I always say to meself, "This is from Bill. This bit of money is from your dear, departed 'usband."

So what with the pension and me own earnings, I managed to save up quite a bit, you might say. And that's how it all 'appened, sir. Me 'aving a bit of money to spare. You see, I'm not one

for reading the papers much—and I didn't know nothing about it until a friend of mine told me. It was while you was on the contenink, sir—painting your pictures. Some time during the summer, it was; so Mrs. Gubbins told me.

"Mrs. Blodgett," she says, "why didn't you go to Wipers with 'em to see the unveiling of that memorial the other day? It was all in the papers," she says.

"What memorial?" I says.

"The memorial to the soldiers who was killed at Wipers," she says. "The ones they reported missing. The ones they couldn't find to give a decent burial to," she says. "I thought that's what 'appened to *your* 'usband?"

"They never found him," I says. "That's quite true, Mrs. Gubbins. They knew 'e was killed," I says, "but they couldn't find him."

"Well, it was all in the papers last week," she says. "There was a quarter of a million of 'em killed at Wipers who got a proper burial. But there was another 58,000 of 'em that didn't," she says. "Their bodies was pounded into the soil by the German guns," she says. "And maybe that's what 'appened to your 'usband."

It took me so sudden, sir. "I never knew a thing about it," I says.

"Yes," says Mrs. Gubbins, "a memorial. They had Lord Plumer to unveil it and everything. And the government ordered a special train for the widows to go over and see it. Paid their way for 'em and all. Just to see where their 'usbands was killed," she says.

I can tell you, sir—there was a lump in me throat, like; to think I hadn't 'eard about it.

"They never asked *me*," I says. "Nobody ever said a word to *me*—and I got a 'usband over there, who's been there all these years—since 1918," I says.

"Well, they got his name on the memorial, Mrs. Blodgett," she says. "Because I read in the papers they got 58,000 names on it. So your 'usband's name is sure to be amongst 'em. Still," she says, "I think it's a pity you wasn't asked to go. It would 'ave been a little outing for you. Thousands and thousands of widows went there."

It upset me, sir; if you know what I mean. And when she had gone, I just lay on me bed and had a good cry all to meself. I thought it was wrong of the government not to let me know. I'd 'ave given up me work—willingly. And as you know, sir, work isn't so easy to get these days. But I'd 'ave given up everything—just to 'ave gone and been near him a bit, once more.

That's all right, sir!—don't you move. I can dust round your feet without disturbing you.

Yes, that's how it all 'appened, sir. If I hadn't saved up a bit of money—I couldn't 'ave gone there. It makes me smile, when I think how excited I was. You see, I *had* made up me mind to get a winter coat for meself—and a tippet. But I thought, "What is a coat and a tippet compared with being near Bill for a little while?" So I made up me mind, like, and took me money and —and went, sir. They was very kind to me at the railway station —and give me full perticulars how to get there and everything; wrote it down on a piece of paper for me. Oh, they respected me, sir—when I told 'em. So I just give up me work—and went.

It was a daring thing to do—I know that. And me 'eart was fluttering all the way. Frightened, like; if you know what I mean, sir. Going to a forring country and all that—just by meself. But I kept saying, "Bill took this trip half a dozen times—when there was bombs and U-boats and everything. And you are going over the same ground that 'e did."

You know, sir, until then—just about three months ago, it is—until then I had never been outside London. But I'm glad, now. It gave me an opportunity to see the world, like—and I don't regret spending me money; I don't regret it one bit, sir. I'd do it all over again to-morrow—and gladly.

The boat was the worst. I was sick, a bit. And there was a stylish young woman come up to me and asked if she could do anything for me. But I said no—as I thought I could manage. And she kept watching me all the time—and talking about me to another young woman. And now and then they would laugh at me. I looked a sight, I suppose.

"Are you going to the contenink?" she asks me.

"No—I'm not going there, mum," I says. "I'm going to Wipers," I says, "to see me 'usband's name on a memorial."

That stopped her laughing, you might say. And she turned away and I didn't see her again until we got to Calais. Then she come up to me once more.

"Can I 'elp you in any way?" she says.

"No, thank you, mum," I says. "I've got all perticulars how to do everything," I says.

She was fiddling with her purse. "If you need any—" she says.

But I looked at her. "I got me own money, thank you, mum," I says.

A young girl, she was; pretty, but painted, like. I'm afraid I spoke a bit sharp to her and hurt her feelings. She just smiled at me, like; but didn't say any more.

You know, sir—I was lost, you might say. Everybody was talking that forring language—and I had to depend on meself for everything. I kept looking for the name of the station all the time—not being able to ask questions, seeing there was nobody could understand me even if I did. I know you'll laugh, sir—but I would never 'ave got out at Wipers at all, if the guard hadn't pushed me off the train.

It was spelled funny, sir; with y's and p's in it; and they kept shouting "eepees, eepees, eepees."

"It's Wipers I want to go to," I says to the guard.

"That's right," 'e says. "This is Wipers." He spoke with a forring accent, like. "This is Wipers," 'e says, "so you're all right, madam."

So I started to walk down the street, asking nothing of nobody, but just keeping to meself, you know, sir. And people was staring at me now and then, and saying things; only I didn't take any notice of 'em.

Bill, me dear 'usband, used to tell me that Wipers was all smashed up to nothing. But I only saw one building in ruins, sir; and that's a fact. Like it had fallen down; only they was keeping it tidy, as you might say, round the edges. Why, sir! Wipers wasn't a patch on London—not for ruins, it wasn't. What with 'em pulling down Regent Street and making alterations round Piccadilly Circus and always pulling up the roads and digging drains and all—you'd think the war had been over 'ere, not over there.

A small place it was, sir. But I must 'ave walked miles—trying to find the memorial Mrs. Gubbins told me about. I got a blister on me heel, sir; from walking up and down and up and down. And then—after I had passed it twice or three times—I 'appened to notice the place. It was a big marble archway, all in white, sir—with the road going in between, as you might say. Like Marble Arch, sir—only newer. And there was wreaths lying all about it. And when I looked I could see the names—just as Mrs. Gubbins had said. Thousands and thousands of names, sir. And I stood there looking at 'em—with me 'eart fluttering.

But it was like looking for a needle in a haystack to find me dear 'usband's name. I was looking for hours, sir; hours and hours. I got very tired, you might say. Most of 'em was too high for me to read. And walking round and round, you know, sir; till I was fair giddy and my eyes aching like they would pop out of me 'ead.

But God was kind to me, sir. I was 'aving me last look, just before going back to the railway station—when, all of a sudding, I saw it. Down quite low, it was—almost at the bottom. Plain as day, it was. Me 'eart was beating—just like it used to do when 'e come on leave and I saw him walking down the Victoria platform. Just as if 'e was living, sir. That's how his name seemed to take me. Private W. Blodgett—it said—Third Battalion, King's Rifles. That was his regiment, you know, sir. Yes, there was his name; under thousands and thousands of others.

I got all funny, you might say—sort of seeing him after all those years. There was a pain in me throat, sir. And I climbed up on a ledge and touched his name with me fingers. And it took me back to the nights in our little room—when 'e'd had a drop too much and I used to try and ease his pain by rubbing me fingers over his forehead and them ridges 'e had. It put me in mind of it—rubbing his name with me fingers. Then a policeman came and ordered me down—and I walked away. I could 'ardly see where I was going, sir; I was that overcome, like. I ought to 'ave took it much calmer, I know. But it was as if I'd seen him again—after all that long time. I can't explain it, sir. But it took me awful bad—it did.

And I kept on walking till I come to some fields. The country was beautiful, and the corn was growing everywhere, with poppies

and daisies and other flowers in it. It wasn't a bit like what Bill had told me and written about in his letters. Not a bit, sir. I could 'ardly believe it—to tell you the truth. It didn't seem true there had been a war there—and that Bill was somewhere—somewhere—in the soil; like Mrs. Gubbins had said.

But I was glad, in a way, sir; glad to know 'e was lying there amongst the corn and flowers and poppies. It all seemed so peaceful, like; and 'appy. Everything seemed at rest, you might say; and 'appy. And the thought came to me I'd like to stay there—where 'e was—just to look at the corn-fields and be somewhere near him, like. I didn't want to go back to London—to me door-steps and brass knockers. Only I couldn't speak their language, of course; so I couldn't very well ask anybody for a bit of work—to keep going, you know, sir. And I got to crying. I was tired and worn-out, like; and me foot was hurting me when I walked. So I just sat down by the roadside, near that corn-field—to rest me feet a bit. And that's how I come to fall asleep, sir—and dream.

Oh, it will make you laugh, sir—to know the dream I had. What with him calling me Lady Wipers and all, when 'e come on leave—it was that I dreamed of. Me and me 'usband, sir. There 'e was all dressed up in a frock-coat and silk 'at, ordering beer for all and everybody. And rich. Plenty of money we had. 'E was Sir William Wipers—and I was Lady Wipers. And I had that winter coat I was going to buy—and that tippet—and everything. Feathers in me 'at. Oh, it would make you split your sides, sir—if I was to tell you all of it. Going to see the King, we was—the two of us. And everybody bowing to us. And me and Bill—'e looked 'andsome, sir; in his silk 'at!—driving in a coach and pair to see the King. And when we got to Buckingham Palace they had the guard out for us and all. And we walked up between 'em, sir; *arm-in-arm,* if you please. Oh, 'e was lovely to me—in the dream—you might say. Yes, *arm-in-arm,* sir. And him and the King having a glass of beer together; and me chatting with the Queen. Oh, it was a lovely dream, sir—and I was sorry they woke me up and stopped it.

The policeman it was, who woke me. It was getting dark; twilight, like. And me purse was gone—with all me money in

it, and me return ticket and everything. I was frightened, sir—terrible frightened—not being able to make 'em understand. It was a cruel awakening, as you might say—after me dream. They kept asking me questions and shouting at me and pushing me about. And I was trying to tell 'em that me purse was stole—and that somebody had took it while I was asleep.

But it was no good, sir. And the policeman took me off to the station, and it was just as bad there. I thought sure they was going to lock me up, sir—and I can't tell you how miserable I was. But at last they got somebody what could speak English.

"I consider I've been insulted," I says to him. "I came all the way from London to see me 'usband's name on the Memorial," I says. "And I got tired and went to sleep near where 'e fell—and somebody has stole me purse. It's all I got left in the world," I says.

Oh, I was real cross with 'em, sir: on my dignity, as you might say; being an English woman in a forring country. I knew they'd respect me when they found I was English. But I was worried. I didn't know how I was ever to get back 'ome—what with me return ticket in me purse and all.

"How much money did you 'ave in your purse?" he says to me.

"A lot," I says. "About fourteen shillings and fivepence," I says. "And just you find it for me—or I'll speak to the Prime Minister of England about it—and then you'll cop it. Me 'usband was killed fighting for you," I says; "and 'e always told me I owned Wipers as much as anybody—because he paid for it with his precious blood," I says. "So I didn't come 'ere to be kept in a police-station," I says. "I come to see where me dear 'usband died."

Oh, I gave 'em a piece of me mind, sir: I can tell you.

And then another man came—and 'e was very nice to me. I think 'e was the mayor or something. Anyway, 'e was most important, like; and everybody was touching their caps to him and all that. So I told him me story—about me purse and everything. And 'e got a return ticket for me and gave me five pounds, sir. Oh, 'e was a splendid man for a forringer—and 'e introduced me to his wife and all. And they came to the railway station to see me off. I could 'ave cried—'e was that kind to me.

And when I got to Calais there was a reporter come to me. "Are you Lady Wipers?" he says.

"That's none of your business," I says.

"I beg your pardon," he says. "Perhaps I should 'ave called you Mrs. Blodgett?"

"That's my name," I says. "What can I do for you?"

A young man, 'e was; and a bit cheeky, like. It seems 'e wanted me to tell him why I thought I owned a bit of Wipers. So I chatted with him until the boat left, and told him about Bill and what 'e meant when 'e used to call me Lady Wipers. He seemed most interested, like.

There, sir; I've finished your room—and I think it *does* look a bit better. I 'ope as how I 'aven't disturbed you with your painting? When I get started, sir—I never stop. That's the worst of me. Oh, I'm an awful one for talking. Only it was about me getting me name in the papers that started me off, sir. You was away at the time.

They was there to meet me at Folkestone. The reporters, I mean. I didn't know what to make of it, sir. I was sick from crossing the channel—and very upset, you might say, leaving Bill so far behind, after seeing him again—touching his forehead with me fingers, like.

But they kept at me all the time. And the same in London, the minute I arrived at Victoria station. Taking me picture and asking such a lot of foolish questions. I was dazed, you might say; fair bewildered, I was. All sorts of 'em come to meet me; and several in silk 'ats, sir. And they took me to a big hall, and made speeches and everything. It was like a dream, you might say; only I couldn't understand what they was doing or what it was all about. You see, sir, I wanted to get back to me room—and be alone, with memories of Bill and the baby. But they kept taking me 'ere and taking me there, and asking me questions and making me stand to 'ave me picture took. Me 'ead was in a whirl, sir; and suddenly I got quite giddy and fainted in the midst of 'em.

Oh, they kept bothering me for days, sir. And Mrs. Gubbins come round to see me and showed me the papers—half a dozen of 'em. And there was me picture, as large as life, sir! "Lady

Wipers," I was called, everywhere. "Lady Wipers" says this; "Lady Wipers" says that.

To me, sir, it was all very silly, and I got sick and tired of it. And letters and telegrams—from all over the country. Would you believe me, sir—I got hundreds of telegrams, asking me to do this and that. And then some men come and see me—wanting me to go on the stage. Oh, it was comical, sir; fair comical. Over fifty pound a week, they offered me. But I wouldn't listen to 'em. I thought it was silly—me never having been inside a theater, much less performed in one. So I closed me door on 'em, and told 'em to go away and mind their own business and that I would mind mine.

Yes, the newspapers. I got some of 'em put by, sir—and I'll bring 'em round to show you if you are interested. Me picture, and all. Lady Wipers, they called me.

Of course, that's long ago, now; over three months ago. You was away on the contenink, sir. They've stopped printing things about me now. You know how it is, sir. They like to print a lot about you one minute—and the next minute they go on to something else. That's only right, isn't it, sir? People get tired of reading about you all the time.

As I was saying to my friend, Mrs. Gubbins: "Fame!" I says, "is fleeting, like. First it comes to this one, then it goes to that one."

You know, sir, they made a lot of fuss about this young American gentleman what flew over the ocean all by hisself. Well, you don't 'ear much about him now—do you, sir? "Fame!" I says to Mrs. Gubbins; "it don't last. It's much better to act natural, like—and go your own way, quiet and simple."

But I'm better off now, sir. I don't 'ave to do door-steps any more—for a living. I got gentlemen's flats to clean now—and I'm satisfied. You know, sir, I 'aven't got a trouble in the world—except thinking now and then of my poor dear 'usband and me baby. But there. 'E's up in Wipers amongst all them flowers and poppies—it's a lovely place for him to be sleeping, sir—where'e fought and died. So 'e's 'appy, like; in a way of speaking. And I got plenty for me needs—what with his pension and all.

Oh, I'm better off than thousands of 'em. That's what I al-

ways say to meself. I always try to be thankful for what I've got. And if I can't get a winter coat this year—well, I'll get it the next—

Begging your parding, sir—there's just one thing I'd like to ask you before I go. I was going to speak of it yesterday—only I didn't like to—in case you was going to use it for breakfast. It's a bit of bacon, sir—that bit you 'ave in your larder. It's going a bit bad, you might say. And I was wondering—if you don't mean to make use of it, sir—if I could take it 'ome with me.

GIVE THIS LITTLE GIRL A HAND[1]

By FANNIE HURST

(From *Cosmopolitan*)

AMONG the legends that hovered over Rodeo West was one as gaudy as her personality.

When Rodeo was fifteen years slimmer and brighter if less fiercely blue of eye, there was supposed to have been a shooting over her in the famous furtive Crystal Café of a Sacramento casino.

A Texas ranchman, crazed with Rodeo and drink, had fired at her and an Oklahoma prospector, whose back yard, even as he slid an ingratiating hand along Rodeo's insinuatingly white arm, was gushing crude oil at the rate of fifty barrels an hour.

The first bullet, aimed for one or both, had crashed into a crystal chandelier, plunging the room into a semi-darkness which was immediately followed by blackness, as a catlike manager, suspecting raid, had clicked off three electric-light switches.

The second bullet, sent through the darkness with a madman's miracle of precision, had whizzed straight for the mitral valve of Rodeo's heart, but due to a shoulder thrust up against hers that sent her staggering out of range, it had only ignominiously nicked a bit of pink flesh off her ear-lobe. A flash, a smear of blood, not her own, across the arm that had been so perilously stroked, and up went the lights.

Anyway, take it or leave it, that was the legend.

It behooved Rodeo to take it. To let it hang over her as glitteringly as the chandelier that had been shot into.

There were those who said that without the investment about her of such lore as this, whether trumped up or otherwise, there would have been no Rodeo West.

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On the other hand, were those who said that there could have been no stopping the sixty-mile-an-hour destiny of this lightning-flash of a song-and-dance darling of every oil boom town between Tulsa and Pensacola.

Rodeo took no chances.

From the hour that the Oklahoma prospector staked her to a one-room café of her own in Fresno, until Rodeo West's night club in New York had become shrine of the sweet-butter and golden-egg men of a continent, that legend, embroidered and nursed by Rodeo and her publicity staff, had grown in glitter.

And so had Rodeo.

Prohibition, to say nothing of a personality which caused men in one-horse boom-and-gulch towns to skulk around nights for the possibility of seeing her shadow moving across her drawn window-shade, had conspired to make of Rodeo a sort of Statue-of-Liberty-outraged, standing blond, defiant, gorgeous of vitality and raiment, at the head of the national Main Street called Broadway. Rodeo West's night club cabaret slaked your thirst with one hand and was commonly reported to grease the hand of the law with the other.

Nobody knew precisely how she did it, nor cared, except that Duluth, Great Falls, Mobile, Joliet, Topeka, Evansville, Wheeling and St. Paul went down into conservative, backbone-of-the-nation wallets and paid five dollars for under-cover charges, seven dollars and seventy-five cents for Ham and Eggs Rodeo, three dollars a pint for mineral water and four dollars for the additional two fingers of the golden glow of the Scotch; theirs not to reason why.

Hands that had come East to buy china cups and saucers, stylish stouts, wool cheviots, tin tags, veiling, shirting, leather hides, artificial flowers, infants' wear, ladies' dresses, children's coats, misses' suits, boys' caps, maids' aprons, table-linen, scissors, human hair and wardrobe trunks on a penny-biting margin, paid their two-hundred-and-forty-six-dollar checks for five hours of Rodeo's midnight-to-dawn revelry and went back to their hotels with enough devil-may-care elixir tucked behind their headaches to last them until the next annual buying trip East.

Rodeo, if your values were those sorts of values, gave you your money's worth.

Good food, safe drink, a close-up gape at celebrated patrons, and eighteen of the youngest, tenderest Love-'em-and-Leave-'em's that Rodeo's brains and money could procure.

It took both. Scouts scoured the back streets of back towns where Ziegfeld and Hollywood had not trekked, for the chance find of a bit of tender beauty that could fling a little ankle, roll a baby eye and not recoil, at least so you could notice it, from the exigency of the slightly plump or slightly damp hand of caress.

It was said, what with the Broadway vogue of her night club of twelve feet of dancing floor, very low lights, no ventilation, jungle of gilt paper palms, small square tables, background of gilt, full moon rising out of a gilt paper river that did a convincing shimmer, that Rodeo, who had come out of the West with only the legend, a "family" composed of relatives, friends and a hanger-on or two, had made close to a million dollars on the strength and weakness of the Eighteenth Amendment.

That was scarcely true. It is nearer the truth to estimate Rodeo's nest-egg, which she kept distributed in the savings-banks of a dozen cities at a low rate of interest, at one million and three-quarters.

Well, you might not approve of her, but for the life of you there was no way to escape the gale of this personality known as Rodeo West.

At thirty-six, in an age when the Venus of Melos was considered a bit hippy, hefty and too womanly of chest, Rodeo was almost measure for measure of those Hellenic proportions. The same flexuosity of torso, the swinging hips, the high shoulders and the chest thrust slightly ahead of the body were hers.

Rodeo had white skin which she whitened, yellow hair which she gilded and the enviable endowment of thick black lashes around blue eyes, which lashes she thickened and blackened with mascaro.

People who liked phrases were fond of saying that it was enervating to be in the same room with Rodeo because she sapped their vitality.

A pretentious way of putting something that meant nothing. What they might have explained was that the avalanche of

Rodeo's vitality, pouring down over the glitter of her personality, caused those around her to seem to recede as if some unseen force were spiriting them out of the room backward.

Old Sam Waller, the Oklahoma prospector who had staked Rodeo to her first café in Fresno, said of her just before he died of a very fatty degeneration of the heart: "Hereafter cain't hold no scare for Rodeo. She's got more fire in her little finger than all the hell there is."

Broody Beeth, who might be classed as one of the hangers-on, who had a rugged, tormented-looking face and could say bitter disillusioned things between closed teeth and still be endured because he had a useless right arm which he carried close to his body as if it were in a sling, once said of her that she was either an angel with horns or a devil with wings.

Rodeo's mother was more colloquially to the point. "She's the blam'dest darlin' breathin', bless her blamed little soul . . ."

The Hudlers, Ma and Pa, Mamie Sue (Rodeo West) and a second daughter 'Sippie, married and divorced and married again to one and the same Sime Carson; Ma's narrow unwed sister, Vingie, and most of the time, Brood, slept by day in a large nine-room housekeeping apartment in a family hotel on Broadway near Seventy-second Street and gathered by night around a table very specially private to them, in the rear of Rodeo West's night club cabaret.

Sam had contended that all this family exposure was bad business. What the public did not know did not hurt them. How could Rodeo expect to keep any illusions about herself with the not unraucous voice of Ma Hudler and her great beet-red arms and shoulders overflowing her evening gown of bright green sequins?

Or Pa Hudler with his stiff evening-shirt dickey sliding all too often to reveal flash of red flannel beneath, or 'Sippie and Sime wrangling right there in the midst of New-York-and-points-West's smart fast set?

To which Rodeo poked a long strong pink tongue against her cheek.

Law me, as if Sam himself hadn't kept every one of his illusions about her, toadied to her like a queen, and as if he hadn't

known her back in the days when the Hudlers lived in a rear shanty on Fresno Street eking out their three-a-days between Ma's wash-line and Pa's brick hod.

"If I can stand for the old man and the old girl," Rodeo was wont to say with a sweep of her white beautiful arm, "I don't see why the public should be let off."

No, it could not be said of Rodeo that she threw off family ties. Her Aunt Vingie, who sniffed constantly in threes and then always as if the world were her vinegar barrel, was not one to endear the home-fires, and life among Sime and 'Sippie was not all beer and skittles.

But while Rodeo may not have had much time to give them during the course of the all-night sessions of the club cabaret, there they were just the same, big as night life, cutting into sirloin and onions, broiled baby lobster, hashed browns, corn-on-cob-any-season; Haut Sauterne or Pol Roger by the time the toy balloons and confetti began to fly, and along about sunrise time, Welsh rabbit, ale, and for the old man a raw Hamburger-steak sandwich which he liked with a wash-down of gin and ginger beer.

In fact, the old man, who could have posed for a caricature of a caricature of Uncle Sam, was all innocently responsible for the raw-meat-sandwich, gin-and-ginger-beer craze which struck night club New York shortly after a Club Rodeo celebrity-patron had ordered "one of those sandwiches like the old Uncle Sam over there is putting under his red flannel."

These sandwiches, which came to be known as Red Flannels, were of the restaurant-wagon brand of raw meat on rye, a lettuce leaf containing onion on the side. They cost the reveler at Rodeo's one dollar and seventy-five cents per hamburger-steak sandwich.

From exactly fifteen minutes after the last kick, whoop-la and tag-line had been flung across the footlights of eighty-eight New York theaters, up to the first slit of dawn that climbed and climbed to reach the city's roof tops, Rodeo had been on the balls of those two slim white aching feet.

And that was the least of it. Rodeo's was a one-man show, appurtenances, caparisons, cabaret, wine, women, song-and-dance to the contrary notwithstanding. And that one man was Rodeo.

During the eight-hour, sixty-miles-an-hour session of that night

club of hers, Rodeo was Statue-of-Liberty-outraged, standing magnificent at the crossroads of the world.

Give me Liberty, quarts and quarts of it!

The socially and professionally celebrated and uncelebrated seekers after surcease, all the way from Bangor to San Diego, from Richmond to Beverly Hills, looked to Rodeo for the particular kind of escape from reality it was her peculiar gift to bestow.

With her eighteen matched and matchless Love-'em-and-Leave-'em's dancing and prancing, two jazz orchestras in gilded derby hats keeping the cacophony continuous, forbidden ambers foaming and sizzling in teacups, and ear-splitting din compressed into the perfumed jungle that you entered through a Moorish red tunnel hung in Sicilian sunsets, Rodeo herself, scintillant in the sequin gowns she loved, untiring, all-seeing, with one eye out for plain-clothes men and the other out for all men, personally received her guests.

Personally in a sense of the word that is rigid, because no reindeer-meat dealer from Nome, a roll of fat on the back of his neck and a roll of bills in his pocket, was too obscure or remote to have escaped her memory, provided he had been there once before. Poet, banker, grub-staker who had struck, man-about-any-town, butter-and-egg-man or magnate, Elk, turfman, dilettante, social personage, *grande dame* or dame, girl friend, girlie or just "the wife," never arrived at Rodeo's a second time unrecognized by name and hand-shake.

She knew them by name, by fame and by infamy; by place and by Dun, Bradstreet, Social Register or Who's Who. She could tell you the size of the last check they had paid, the date of the last divorce, the size of young blood's inheritance, the vintage of a "lady friend," or the high-ball limit of the Colonel from Memphis, Tennessee.

There were sternly observed limits to the joy of living at the Club Rodeo. No patron ever staggered in or out of that red tunnel of an entrance if Rodeo could help it, and help it she could! Tipsy, yes. But as a gentleman becomes tipsy. As a poet should become tipsy. As a banker; as an artist. But take it from Rodeo, it was not always the poet who wore his cups with the grace due to the lady whose ruby portals he darkened.

Rodeo could count off on two hands, at random, ordinary cloaks-and-suiters, men with no bid to social or professional class, who could carry a quart of Haut Sauterne in a manner to shame sniveling poet or scion of Long Island.

Rodeo could wax philosophical upon her observations and deductions upon man's ability to carry his cups.

Show me the way a man says "Sister Sue" after two high-balls, and I'll tell you if his mother reared him or just raised him. Show me whether a man can keep his eyes in the center of his eyeballs after he has a gentleman's portion of gin in him, and I'll tell you whether I'd trust my sister out with him or not.

To which Brood would smile off the northeast corner of his mouth, which was the cynical corner.

A word about Brood. Legend had it—again legend which to Rodeo was as heady as wine—that he had been child-prodigy violinist until paralysis of his right arm had left it a limp wing which he carried huddled to him.

It is true that Rodeo knew little more of the authenticity of this legend than of the rest. One somehow did not approach this subject with Brood any more than one would walk up and tickle the soles of a Buddha in a Chinese temple. Legend also had it that of all Rodeo's hangers-on (there was an overweight jockey named Joe who twelve years before had recovered from pneumonia at Rodeo's expense and gone on recovering ever since) Broody was most of all the one who played Rodeo for a "good thing."

Ever since the family had traveled across country from Fresno he had been part of the outfit, in various capacities of steward, right-hand man, general manager, host, cashier. A hireling who wore custom-made shoes, impresario top-coats with fur collars and a monocle with a thin gold rim that fitted under the deep eaves of his eye and shone there like the entrance to an artesian well.

It was known that the family objected to his boorish ways and that Rodeo herself could flare back at his easy irascibilities and yet be the first to make the overture of reconciliation. It was said she was in love with him. Was married to him. That she had been married to him and wanted to gather him back unto

herself as she had made it possible for her sister 'Sippie to recapture Sime after a four-thousand-dollar divorce.

It was said also that Brood was Ma Hudler's son by another marriage. It was even said he was Rodeo's stepson by an ancient marriage back in the wildcat days.

His bitterness of manner and the melancholy of his temperament had wrung from Rodeo one of the most inexorable of her nicknames. Broody Beeth. Broody, because in a dark stern way he was so sensitive about the huddled arm. Beeth, because Rodeo declared he had the same lowering stormy brow as Beethoven, in the engraving of him that had always hung about their house, even in the shanty days.

High and ugly words could pass between them, and one rumor had it that the limp arm was a result of defending her in a duel that had taken place back in the Fresno days.

Fact was, although Rodeo loved to let these legends grow and gather the spangled kind of moss that threw out glamour, Broody was just what he seemed to be. A nervous, frequently trying retainer in her entourage whom she had permitted to become outrageously familiar with all the conditions surrounding her life, and to whom she turned for advice, judgment and not infrequent censure.

Many of the innovations that made Rodeo so outstandingly and daringly herself were admittedly traceable to Broody's showmanship.

Imagine daring to snap her fingers at threat of padlock never-to-fall, and then in the same breath to draw stern line in her night club where tipsiness leaves off and inebriation begins.

Broody's innovation, that, and the patrons stood for it. Broody's innovation, the fact that all eighteen of Rodeo's Love-'em-and-Leave-'em's attended day school, which was their way of going to night school, from eleven to two, for the acquisition of such social amenities as the unsplit infinitive, the square root of 1225, and the difference between the Limas—Peru and bean.

A master stroke, that, which set the beauties of Broadway all agog over erudition and flashed Rodeo's eighteen into rotogravure the country over, with the caption:

Rodeo West's Pretty Eighteen Bend Their Pretty Brows
Over the Three R's

They were just that. Rodeo's pretty eighteen. And she was fierce and maternal and proprietary over them, boosting some of them to musical-comedy and music-hall fame on the contagious and high-handed demands she made for their talents.

"Give this little girl a hand."

Rodeo, who claimed that she had a bit of George Cohan, of William Jennings Bryan, of P. T. Barnum and of Billy Sunday in her make-up, shot forth these tender young entertainers from the cannon of her own enthusiasm.

"Here's a little girl—boys. Wancha to make her acquaintance. She was born in a town called Plympton Green, and say, now, she looks it, boys. Don't she? Jest as fresh and as sweet as the new-mown hay. Give her a hand, boys. That little girl can dance."

It did not matter much whether she could or could not. The "boys" gave her a hand and expected one, at least, of hers in return. Rodeo's girls were taught to "mix." But over their morals she exerted the same terrific sort of maternalism that she did over their three R's.

The tales, the dilemmas, the plights and the puzzlements that had been sobbed into Rodeo's magnificent, powdered, perfumed bosom must have kept it warm and beating with all of the quick sympathies for which she was notorious.

Rodeo fought for the so-called morals of her girls like a tigress. Sometimes she failed but always insisted that more often she succeeded.

Broody bore her out in that.

Ma Hudler declared it was a shame the way Rodeo wore herself out over those blamed brats.

Pa sucked a smelling pipe and kept a silent head on him.

'Sippie and Sime agreed with Ma.

Sundays, the only day out of the seven the family enjoyed at home, these colloquies usually took place.

Rodeo loved the relaxation of this day and sat around the pretentiously gilt-and-brocade hotel apartment in a pink plush wrapper trimmed in ermine tails and played solitaire most of the afternoon over camomile tea and rings of smoke.

The old man frankly relaxed to his stockinged feet, his waist-

coat slipped on over his red flannel, and Rodeo, when 'Sippie demurred, said, "God love him, let him live."

To Broody, who wore his monocle in the morning, the waistcoat over the red was equally distasteful, and at this point he usually threw down his newspaper and walked out of the room.

Long, colloquial, blessed Sunday. Rodeo was like nothing so much as a big sleepy cat. Vingie prepared dish after dish on the electric ring, and cloyed up the somnolent air with everything from frizzed bacon to sizzled bologna.

The old man exuded "Ah's" that revealed his tonsils, as the flock of ginger-beer jugs on the table beside him thickened. 'Sippie and Sime, over the colored supplements, alternately quarreled and embraced.

Occasionally Rodeo let out a yell of nervousness at their wranglings and then coiled into herself again with the luxurious winding coziness of a great cat.

Sunday!

Even Broody reverted to something. Nobody quite knew what, but most of the day he sat at the white and gold baby-grand piano —gift of Big Buster Bill, cattle king—picking out with his left hand one-note melodies that had their source far from Tin Pan Alley; back somewhere in Salzburg and Baireuth.

Sometimes Rodeo would glance up from her solitaire. "What's that, Brood? It's pretty."

Broody never replied. It was not wise to press him on any subject, music or anything pertaining to his malformation least of all.

Often he struck four arresting notes and then stopped as if commanding attention.

Beethoven struck those same four arresting notes at the beginning of his Fifth Symphony and commanded the attention of the universe!

Neither Rodeo nor any of the Hudlers, all of them familiar with Broody's habit of striking those notes, knew that.

It was all just part of the routine of a Sunday. Ma Hudler in hair frizzes and the diamond lavaliere Rodeo had given her on her fortieth anniversary, dozing and puffing her dry lips on the sofa. Vingie pottering at the electric stove. Pa Hudler asleep

with a newspaper over his face. 'Sippie and Sime finally oozing out for a drive in Rodeo's imported limousine.

That usually left Rodeo and Broody alone for the clearing up of all the loose ends of the week.

He knew her like a book.

From his place at the piano, without turning his head, he could hear the slapping down of the cards. Then the long luxurious yawn, with Rodeo's arms, blazing with gems, winding and waving, bare and beautiful, out of the pink plush angel sleeves with their ermine tails dangling. Her account-books would be on the lower ledge of the table upon which she had been at cards. There would be the cup of tea and bottle of white *crème de menthe* and a tiny glass at her elbow. Rodeo saved her parsimonious appetite for drink for her patrons. But on Sundays she craved the warmth of liquors. "They build a fire in my soul, and I've got to keep the soul fires burning!"

Broody knew better. He knew her love-affairs or rather her affairs. They were not infrequently included in the Sunday reckonings. They would have surprised the New York that knew her as its gaudy jest. Rodeo was less amorous than her eyes.

To be sure, men desired Rodeo. Perhaps no longer the slim waistless cowboys of the days when young prospectors could have placed diadems made of the raw gold nuggets upon her brow.

Men with paunches under their waistcoats and under their eyes were more usually desirous of Rodeo these days. Which is not to omit the fact that a world-famous juvenile sheik out of Hollywood sent her fourteen dozen roses a week, and was author of her diamond anklet.

But, on the other hand, the number of men who looked to her for advice, just impersonal advice about family, money and business affairs, was what would have surprised the New York, the Duluth, the Spokane and the Fort Worth that came to gape at the Rodeo of the too-low sequin gowns, the too-flashy gems, the too-raucous voice and the too-ready laugh.

A broker in Cincinnati, with an unfaithful and designing wife, kept certain deeds and documents for his son in her safe keeping.

One of the Fresno boys, who had since made a fortune in Brazilian coffee, nursed a superstition that no investment could carry luck without the stamp of her approval. Her choker of

thirty-two enormous, matched and perfect pearls attested to that.

The twelve-inch bow-knot brooch of square diamonds that Rodeo wore on her gown of black sequins was the gift of a Minneapolis turfman who had named the winning pride of his stables Rodeo.

Young fellows about town, many of whom were to outgrow and consciously to forget her in the conservatism of maturity and position, unburdened their heartaches, their love-affairs and dreams across sixty dollars' worth of ham and eggs, Scotch and extra dry.

Rodeo would fight these men like a tiger for the virtue of her Love-'em-and-Leave-'em's. Three of them she had succeeded in marrying off to these youths of social prominence and wealth. On the other hand, she had been known to eject bodily by the well-known scruff of the neck the richest young man on Long Island, who had overstepped.

Her girls were there to entertain. But up to a point, and that point was three A.M. on her dance floor.

After that she kept them in an apartment in her own family hotel, presided over by Vingie.

Tucking them in (they adored her), smoking a final cigarette with them, sitting on the edge of their taffeta and lace beds, was Rodeo's last waking act each night.

She expected value received out of her girls. A bald head might be unlovely to the lovely touch of a Love-'em-and-Leave-'em, but you didn't pay seven dollars and fifty cents for ham and eggs and three dollars for mineral water in-the-white, so to speak, just for the ham and eggs and the *aqua pura.*

Business is business.

On the other hand, once she had traveled the eight hundred miles to Indianapolis with a young weak sister; one who had been loved and left, to deposit her personally and with insistence that she be tenderly received, back into the bosom of her family.

Yes, Rodeo would fight for these girls. Men sensed that. All things considered, men as a class had been pretty square shooters with Rodeo. Respectable Middle-West Rotarians had gone through the fire of local notoriety sooner than relinquish their claims to her Platonic friendship.

A clergyman had once wanted to renounce pulpit, of passion for her.

"As God is my judge, Brood, if I was to tell you where he is tending flock now and who he married, you'd say, 'Rodeo, you're lying!'"

No, Brood would not have.

He shared with Rodeo the knowledge that though many men desired her, none had achieved her.

"If my public knew I was just an old virgin, a real virginious one, and that my peck of jewels had cost me palaver, lots of it, and that's all, I'd lose my prestige. I'd kill all the geese that lay around to eat my golden ham and eggs. If my public knew about me what I know about myself, I'd be back slinging hamburger sandwiches, hand-made, at the price God intended they should be et."

Broody knew there was truth in what she said, but for the life of him he was never able to restrain what was almost a sardonic snarl along his lips as she recited.

It rasped so, to hear her.

And yet Rodeo could babble on and on against the sounding-board of Broody. The richest man in Ogden had made overtures to her. Pest! A pious kind of Peter, too. This business gives a fellow a look-in on life that beats anything a deacon could hope to behold through a peep-hole. Revenue fellows better know when to stop, or she'd let them padlock the place sooner than be ridden for a good thing.

We better put in a few more lights back off the dance floor, Brood. Those corners can look powerful dark! Broody better check up on the gin. Young Stephie Welch mustn't bring that bad girl from the Paris music-halls around any more. She gets the boys wild and ugly. The Love-'em-and-Leave-em's need a new act, Brood. That September Morn ballet still goes pretty strong, but it's got barnacles. Two fellows from Idaho complained they'd seen it the last time they were in town.

Beat this one? Billy Vandover runs up a eighteen-hundred dollar check last night, and then tries to short-change the cigarette girl. But not while Aunt Rodeo was playing her searchlights over the picture. Like me in my new ermine coat, Brood? Summer

ermine, it is called. Oughtn't to sit around home in it of a Sunday, but just cuddling up in its softiness is like riding to glory-halleluiah in a mother-of-pearl limousine. Eddie Kline set himself back six thousand for it, which was a cheap way, I'll say, of meeting a business obligation, considering the number of boys I've sent his way when they were buying furs for—er—for girl-friend. Am I the whole hen-roost, Brood?

Yes, Rodeo was the whole hen-roost.

"Brood, speaking of roosts, if words were hens' teeth, you'd have them all pulled out, wouldn't you?"

"Your humor," said Brood, "is like the milk Vingie served with this coffee—it's curdled."

"It's a wonder to me I've got any left to curdle. Shall I send that little Valerie girl back home, Brood, or give her another try? That kid's slipping and nothing I can say either to her or the Patent Leather Kid is enough to make them use the brakes. He's within his rights. How do I know he's not courting her?—only I could swear he's not. She was a nice kid when she came to us, Brood. I'm going to send her back home that way if I've got to spank her all the way from here to Chattanooga. If she's got to go wrong, she's got to do it down somebody else's toboggan-slide."

"I'll ride her back home. I've always told you never fool around with an albino blonde. They've pink in their eyes. Pale blood."

" 'Sippie and Sime's begging for a Mercury roadster, Brood. Guess it is right humiliating, if you've got any spirit of your own, to only have the use of my car on the edge of the time I'm not using it."

"Yes, indeed. Poor 'Sippie and Sime have a bad time of it only having the use of your lemon-colored limousine all day and every day except the couple of hours you use it."

"Well, you don't need to rub it in. They're kin."

"There are certain things that can't be rubbed into you, Rodeo. You haven't got a saturation point."

"A what? Say, now, that's what I need to make my life complete. Hey, give this Broody-boy a hand. He pulled one! I haven't got saturation!"

"Oh, go to the devil," said Brood, and walked over to the piano and began picking out, with his left forefinger, the four sonorous raps which open the Fifth Symphony.

"Those four raps," blurted out Rodeo suddenly—"dam' those raps!"

As usual while at the piano he was impervious to human voice.

"Dam' those raps was what I said!" repeated Rodeo, and suddenly, wrapping her ermine and her pink plush about her, got up and kicked over a gilt-and-tapestry footstool.

"Why?" said Brood and sat with his forefinger on the last G that had been rapped out.

"How do I know why! It's because—because you're forever saying, 'Listen, World,' with those raps of yours, and then there's not a blamed thing to listen to," said Rodeo and flounced out, leaving a light fog of powder, a haze of scent and the bang of a slammed door to die on the air.

The Sunday afternoon thickened, darkened, passed out, and still Brood sat on in the room alone, his forefinger on the G that had been struck, and his nervous, bitter face sunk toward the right arm that he carried close to his body like a wounded wing.

Those of her well-wishers who saw it coming were loud in their praise that if any one deserved it, Rodeo did.

The skeptics and the men and women who line Broadway and have a bit of the look of wolf in their faces, shrugged shoulders of innuendo and incredulity. It was incredible to the degree of being fantastic.

And do not think that Rodeo's point of view was not just that.

Fantastic.

She told Oldfield that to his face, and he slapped her beautiful bare shoulder until the powder flew, and said, by Jove, that might be, but that didn't change the number of Mother Carey's chickens.

It happened within a fortnight, the way things like this usually must happen if they are going to happen at all.

There were precious few magnates, social, industrial or professional, who came to town without falling into Rodeo's golden net.

It was her boast.

You just hadn't been to New York if you had not night-clubbed at Rodeo's and carried away a gilt-razzle-dazzle, a head, and a freshly entered stub in your check-book.

Somehow Florence Oldfield had passed Rodeo by, so to speak, chiefly because in the last five years he had not been farther east than Saratoga, except on two fleeting occasions. Once for a day to see a race at Belmont Park, and on another time for a half-day, when he raced in from a brief sojourn at Saratoga to see the international motor-boat races.

The picturesque turfman, ranch magnate and cattle breeder preferred his castle that stood on a man-made crag outside of Galveston and dominated the plains. It had a moat and a portcullis and was approached by a two-mile up-grade speedway as modern as macadam and as medieval in aspect as the lair of a Saxon despot.

The night he drifted into Rodeo's with a party of fifteen, including a famous yacht owner with whom he was spending just the one day in the metropolis, a racing celebrity or two, an ex-mayor of Galveston, and some pert girls they had gathered like blond moss along the way, it was not five minutes before word of his presence was abroad.

That was the way Rodeo's system worked. It was her business to know the among-those-present. The celebrated figures who ventured into her play-world were part of the sly psychology that made it a privilege to be either the observed or the observer at Rodeo's.

The observers, with elks' teeth on their watch-guards and sleeve garters under their coats, gaped as great names and the personalities themselves swam into their ken. The observed ones, after the first shock of spotlight and fanfare, took it all in good part, secretly full of the satisfaction that comes with being recognized by the head waiter.

The night that Florence Oldfield swam into the ken of the Club Rodeo, it is doubtful if Rodeo was in any better form than usual. You cannot raise to the superlative that which is already superlative. And Rodeo at her positive and comparative was superlative. She exuded, plunged, cataracted, foamed and sprayed as naturally as a tawny waterfall.

"Friends," she cried, the evening of the invasion of none other than Florence Oldfield and the fifteen in party, "give this poor boy from Galveston-and-points-South-and-West a hand! He's got a girl's name, but I'm here to tell you, folks, that he's got a man-

size handshake from the feel of it, and from what I hear of it, he's got a lion's heart. Give him a hand, folks! Ah, there! Come, there! Another and another and another. Place it there, bo. I'm glad to see you, and I hope everybody's well out in Galveston and that the wall by the sea is behaving the way a wall by the sea should behave, seeing it's a wall by the sea. Give him another hand, folks. Welcome him to Rodie's by the Rodeo, and maybe he'll give us all little souvenirs for our birthdays. Give him a hand, folks. Up! Let them see you, Oldy! Let them see how the big man from the big castle from the West looks at a close-up."

Of course Oldfield registered the usual sheepish discomfort as he rose to his six feet, and the observers of the observed felt repaid for the three-dollar mineral water and the four-seventy-five chicken sandwich, having seen the great Oldfield, knee-to-knee, so to speak. And the two jazz bands struck up "Dixie," and quick as you could bat your eye, Rodeo, glittering with enough square-cut gems to light up the Styx, and a group of the tenderest and the fairest of the Love-'em-and-Leave-'em's with the mama-baby voices and the oh-boy eyes, gathered around the Oldfield table for golden massacre.

And golden massacre it was!

When Florence Oldfield, erect and unswaying, the whole six feet of him, paid his check at five o'clock of the dawn that was climbing like a sailor up a rope over the New York house tops, Broody handed the waiter exactly three hundred and one dollars —which was to be his keep-the-change—out of the two crisp one-thousand-dollar notes that Oldfield had spread on the plate as his check was presented to him.

Such largess was not without its precedent at Rodeo's. The night that the son of a Peruvian gold-mine owner had entertained the son of a maharaja, Broody had been called upon to break only slightly into four one-thousand-dollar notes. But what made Oldfield's case unique was that for fourteen consecutive nights, his erstwhile plans for an immediate return to Galveston notwithstanding, his well-proportioned two hundred pounds, immaculately clad and with three registered and well-known pearls for studs, occupied the same table at practically the same nightly expenditure. Eighteen and twenty who were his guests crowded

with him into the raucous, scented, jazz-splintered paradise that was Rodeo's, while Love-'em-and-Leave-'em's slid on and off of broadcloth knees, patted bald heads and tilted back their young throats for the gulp of champagne trickling and tickling.

But for Oldfield, who sought privacy in a crowd, there was one and one only.

Rodeo.

From the very start, when he first had clapped eyes on her as she dawned upon him like one of those terrific Alabama sunsets he had grown up with, Oldfield had eyes for Rodeo and Rodeo only.

It may have amused her, it may have bored her, but first and last of all, it behooved her to be receptive to his unbridled admiration. Big, pink and eupeptic, Southern of drawl and Western of manner, humoring him was not the obnoxious business it sometimes could be.

He had bright brown snapping eyes, and shoulders that looked as if they would tolerate no burden of fat. Slim hips. Heavy dark red lips that closed firmly under a brown mustache. If there was anything about Oldfield to belie his fifty-three years, it was the bright brown tint of that mustache. He should have let it go gray . . .

Well, anyway, when Rodeo sat down and placed her long beautiful arm across his shoulders and smiled with her big square white teeth and let out that foggy siren's voice of hers, it was not so bad, by a long way, as what she was used to many a night after many a night.

Oldfield might just as easily have been as old as such frequenters as Senator Bradfield, who had a face the shape of a Turkish slipper, or as damp-looking as a certain judge whose daughter had recently married into a family of British nobility that stood breath-takingly near to the throne.

As it was, Oldfield had a certain big, pink-fleshed, hail-fellow-well-met, cold-shower, wide-open-spaces well-being about him.

And he liked Rodeo. And as a confirmed bachelor who was already counting on bequeathing his castle on its artificial crag to the city of Galveston for a museum, he was not slow about saying so.

"Say, Honey, I'm jest crazy about you. I jest never dreamed

there was anything like you layin' around this here old earth for an old fellow like me to run into."

"Honest, now, Honey, now diden you? Wal, I do declare. There's jest as good fish in the ocean as ever come out of it. Come on, Honey, let me hear you say 'cain't.' When you say cain't, you sound jest like my cat smelling Vingie open a can of fish."

Repartee, as Rodeo put it, also "behooved her." Sometimes not so good. No, sir, not quite so good, but repartee pure and simple, just the same. Not always, again according to Rodeo, quite so pure as simple, but the boys, God love 'em, liked it thataway. She was an equal for Oldfield, all right.

Night after night she sat at his table in the rin-tin-tin and the din-din-din, egging him to expenditure, swapping lingo and phraseology with him.

Up to the night of Oldfield's arrival, Rodeo's right arm, firm, chiseled and of proportions that would have enabled it to fit right on to the antedated Venus of Melos, had boasted twenty-six diamond-and-emerald bracelets. A glittering armor that encased her halfway from wrist to elbow.

After Oldfield had prolonged his visit to New York from one day to fourteen, six additional diamond, emerald and oriental pearl bracelets shone there.

"Rodeo, Honey, bless my soul if you don't look like one of those fronts to a Broadway theater on the openin' night of a new super movie. Honey chile, quit glitterin' thataway and give your Uncle Remus a kiss."

"Go long, Brer Rabbit, you. Honey chile won't allow for no mo' your nonsense. Here, everybody, give Oldy a hand to-night. A big one, folks. You all read in the papers that his yacht won the race yesterday. Give him a hand. Come, give this little boy a hand, and while you're at it, give a hand to this cute little yaller gal who is going to sing you a song about the way they love 'em and leave 'em in the Oriental way. She's a nice girl, boys. Give her a hand.

"The cute little bow you see in the back of her kimono is her mama's apron-string. Come on, boys, give this little yaller gal a hand. She's half Chinese, and I'm for the yellow-half. I'm for

all races except the albinos. They've got pale blood. Oop-la, come on, now, Captain Oldfield, give this little girl a hand!"

As if Oldfield had eyes or ears or hands for anything or any one but Rodeo.

True enough, Rodeo was a one-man show. Her eighteen girls, her two jazz orchestras in their gilt derbies, her corps of waiters were as inchoate background where Rodeo was concerned. She dominated every minute of her eight-hour working night. When her eighteen were dancing and flinging their bare little legs, Rodeo, usually mounted on a chair, guided, indeed created the enthusiasm of her patrons, her own voice, ever raucous, rising above their frail soprano babel. She was everywhere, everybody's, she was almost all things to all men.

Sometimes Brood, watching her lead-on, lead-up, would smile with the one side of his mouth as he sat back in his dim corner, watching, checking, counting.

Shambles. White meat . . .

And so the overheated, glittering, lucrative nights that were Rodeo's marched on, and on one of them Oldfield, even as the many who had gone before him, overstepped.

He cornered her in a small unlighted hallway, painted Moorish red, that led from the café floor to a row of small rooms where the Love-'em-and-Leave-'em's dressed. And he was not drunk.

"Rodie," he said, "there's no mo' gettin' away from me, chile. This cain't go on."

So, then—the old story. She fastened him with her bored and insolent eye, she snapped her fingers, she did a shindig with her shoulders. She laughed with all her big white teeth.

"Go 'long, you, don' you come no nonsense with Mamie Sue."

For once he was deaf to her banter and tried to take her, big and shimmering there in the dark, into his arms.

"If you want to give me what they call in the Persian language, *mal de mer,* just you start that, Flossie. I'm an old woman, Honey. Old enough to—to—"

"Be my sweetie."

"Who's my sweetie? Who's my sweetie—tra-la-la!"

"I's your sweetie, Rodie."

By now, because she was backing from him in banter, they

were in one of the small dressing-rooms, the pink ballet skirts of a Love-'em-and-Leave-'em seeming to kick a caper as it hung from the wall.

It was not the first time Rodeo had been backed into a chair or against a wall. Old Floss, going tiresome like this! Well, it behooved Rodeo—and when it behooved, Rodeo could endure up to the point where she was forced, as she put it, to give her number.

Here was Flossie, good for a long run of it if he only would behave; nice, clean, eupeptic Flossie, screamingly rich, easy at spending it, spoiling everything by forcing!

"Honey," she said and sat down on the only chair the room boasted, "you've got me wrong. I'm jest a middle-aged old girl making her bread and butter with a little of pigeon-blood ruby and canary-diamond apple butter on top, if you insist. But, Flossie, you're barking up the wrong tree, Honey. I'm tired. I'm willing to love 'em, but my hour for leavin' 'em is around sunup, which is closing time for Rodie's little night club cabaret."

"Why, Honey chile," said this six-foot blusterer who lived in a castle that overlooked the plains of Texas, "you're tellin' me something I knowed about you five minutes after I done clapped eyes on you. You're runnin' this show from the teeth out, Honey. Pep's in it, but your heart ain't."

"Now, Flossie—"

"Shore's my mammy raised me on bacon cracklin's, Honey! Ain't I been atellin' you all these nights past I cain't believe my eyes you're true?"

"I'm not."

"Shore, I been cuttin' up these yeah shenanigans because I know they was sort of expected of me, but ever since the fust night I claps eyes on you, Honey, your name's been Miss Dennis. I'm goin' to carry you off to mah castle, Honey. 'Tain't in Spain, neither. It's in the finest little city in these heah United States. Honey, I'm crazy 'bout you."

"Mama spank," she said and pushed him from her with a twist of her glittering white and whitened shoulders, but there was in her eyes the look that came there when her world was too closely and too sourly with her. Too foul . . .

"Rodie, don' you love me?"

"Sure. In your place."

"What's my place, Honey?"

"I know mine without you tellin' me. It's here selling entertainment, off the floor. 'Tain't the place to find any other kind."

"But, Honey, I want you to come with me."

"Sure you do."

"But I'm on the level, Honey."

"So's my old man."

"Rodie, my proposition will bowl you over."

"The fellow that can bowl me over don't reckon with this little tenpin."

"I want to marry you, Rodeo . . ."

"Yah—when? When you get your divorce or your inheritance or your papers for Bloomingdale?"

"Now, Honey, you quit not takin' me serious. I want to marry you, Rodeo, and take you down home and set you up in my castle and wrap you in all the sables there is and dike you in all the diamonds there is and make you the fust lady of quality in this heah land."

"Yah—and when's all this to take place?"

"And I don' want to marry you 'some day,' neither. I want to marry you to-morrow jest as soon as two old fools like us can get ourselves a license."

She did sit back on her chair again, then. Plomp! As if somebody had pushed her.

"That's a dangerous way to kid, Floss."

"Can't you see, Rodie?" he said quickly, as if putting his toe into the wedge of a door that had been closing on him. "I'm crazy about you thataway. I want to marry you right away, quick. To-night, Honey, if there's a way. And you're not amarryin' any boob, either. You're marryin' the richest man in three states, and even then, neither you nor the states know the half of it."

"If you're guying me," she said, "quit playing while the game is good-natured."

For answer he took her in his great wide spread of arms and kissed her straight and long and slow, down against her lips.

"Get me a guy, Honey, with his collar on backwards, and we'll do it now. They do it in airships. Why not heah!"

"You're crazy, Floss," she said, freeing herself and eying him slowly.

"Mebbe."

"You know what I am, don't you?"

"Mebbe. I know that you're as pure as hell's fire."

"Mebbe. But try to sell that idea to the trade."

"I know wimmin like I know horses. What I don't know about you don't hurt me, because I know everything."

"You want to take me—now get wise—me—Rodeo West—everybody's darling?"

"And no man's darling. That's why I want you, Rodeo. That's me! I've always wanted what's hard to get. You're the finest woman that ever I clapped eyes on. You, tryin' to pawn all them little underdone, milk-fed squabs off on me, when the only real woman I've seen in these parts, one with a chest to her and a look to her, sits by. I got twenty million, Honey, and I swear, 'tain't enough by another twenty to offer you."

"My God!" said Rodeo, a feeling out over her which she was not sure was faintness or just silliness.

"And to show you my heart is hanging in its belfry, like I was a church tower, I'm goin' to your folks fust thing, the way they still do it down Alabam'-way where I was raised, and say to them, if it busts me and I choke, 'Ma and Pa, I come suin' for the hand of your gal.' Just like that, heaven swat me down if I don't—"

That was too much. Ma and Pa sitting there, Ma in the green sequins and Pa with the sliding shirt dickey, listening to Florence, who had a mustache like one of the Brothers in the Cough-drop advertisement, suing for the hand of their daughter.

It was too much.

Suddenly Rodeo began to laugh in the untamable hilarity of hysteria.

In the end, though, that was precisely what happened. She was able to circumvent him that night.

But next morning, which was Sunday, in fact, just after Ma had padded out of her bath and was reclining, rather breathlessly, on the living-room couch in cold-cream, curl papers and a pink wadded wrapper, Mr. Florence Oldfield announced himself, presented his compliments to Mr. and Mrs. Hudler—who received

him respectively in the pink wadded wrapper and the waistcoat that Pa Hudler had slid on over his red shirt—and sued.

Yes, sir, sued for none other than the hand of their daughter, Mamie Sue Hudler, alias Rodeo West.

It was not a particularly coherent interview. But it had the saving quality of brevity. It was to the point and it left a pair of bewildered old people overwhelmed with the magnificence, the manner-born, the elegance and the desirability of Mr. Florence Oldfield, spluttering as if they had been two slightly damp Roman candles trying to go off.

And emboldened by the new-found dignity of having been sued for the hand of their daughter, the Hudlers took it upon themselves to exercise the unheard-of prerogative of routing out their daughter so that, druggy with sleep, and with an irascibility that was extremely blameworthy in one whose parents had only just been sued for her hand, Rodeo appeared in trailing blue plush. This time with blue lace cascades, her head a spectacular mane of the shorn yellow curls, feet shushing in soft Russian boots of blue velvet topped with sable, and a necklace of square canary diamonds lending yellow eye to her irascibilities.

"Whose back-shed's burning down?" she said, and took her camomile tea from Vingie so suddenly that it plopped along her arm and trickled under bracelets.

The discussion of that "back-shed" occupied the Hudler family from eleven that gray Sunday until at four o'clock 'Sippie and Sime staggered out for air in their new Mercury and Ma and Pa Hudler retired for private ecstasy.

Over and over it all again. Oldfield himself showing up in striped trousers and cutaway in time for luncheon and finally agreeing to depart until evening, but only after Rodeo had covered her head with the flowing sleeves of the velvet negligée and screamed into it to be left alone to think. To think. To think.

To think what? It was one of those stories with two sides to it, only the two sides were on the same side: this volunteered by Sime, who looked like a young and eager auk and who was kissed soundly on the lips by 'Sippie for the sagacity of his wit.

To think what? Ma and Pa Hudler felt like the good Lord

had seen fit to visit upon them His wisdom and His miracle.

Rodie wifing it, if not to the best of them all, then certainly to one of the best. Who was Rodeo to think twice, or to think at all over such? Ma Hudler could spank her.

Mamie Sue Hudler in thirty rooms and twenty million of her own!

"Brood, for the love of heaven, quit strumming those G's or I'll go plumb off my head."

"Rodie's got nerves, Brood. Haven't you got *no* sense?"

"Sorry, 'Sippie."

"Get out, all of you! Get out and give me time to think. You hear! All of you! If only he wasn't in such a blamed hurry! I can't pack myself down there to Galveston just to suit his piping. I've got to arrange my affairs. I don't care what any of you say—I've got to have time to think. Get out!"

"Come, Pa, Rodie's right upset. Naturally. Girl has got to have time to take in all that's happened to her. God's miracle working. I'm set on a church wedding."

"Get out!"

"Come, Pa!"

"Come, Ma."

"Not you! Stay where you are, Brood, if it makes you feel any better. It's just those dam' G's get on my nerves. If you can stand that piano-stool all day, I guess I ought to be able to stand having you there. Did you hear what I said? I don't want to hear those G's."

"Lay off that tantrum business, Rodeo. Those G's won't bite."

"They've already bit my nerves in two."

"Sorry."

Silence.

"Well?"

Silence.

"Well?"

"Well, what?"

"Now that we're alone, what's your honest-to-goodness on it all, Brood? Like a fairy-tale, isn't it? Like one of the spoofing ones you would expect a man to write who believes in the wrong kind of fairies."

"What do I know about your business?"

"Nothing except pretty nearly everything there is to know."

"I mean your private business."

"Haven't any."

"This. This. This, damn it, is!"

"Change your manner, Brood. It gets my goat."

"Sorry."

"Quit saying that—or I'll scream."

He swung around on the stool, nursing his knee with his left arm, his face tilted, fore-shortened, and his eyes squinted.

"My opinions don't make a lot of difference around here, and I don't recall that it's been asked for up to this minute."

"You knew it would be—sooner or later."

"Well, what if I haven't got any?"

"Would be the first time you didn't have."

"Come, now, let's play nice, Rodie."

"Play nice with you? Can't be done when you get the devil in you."

"Then don't try."

"Wouldn't if I had an ounce of sense."

"You have, though. You've got two ounces."

"Compliment, I take it?"

"Yes, if you take it."

"I've got as much right, Brood, as the next to be a married woman with the things in life that make life worth living to a woman if she's a normal one. Nothing to hold me back. Not even a past."

"Right enough."

"That the way you feel about it?"

"You'd be a fool to let the opportunity slip."

"I'm wise to myself, Brood. He is too, for that matter. I'm not getting any younger. I wear all right under calcimine, but ten years from now what am I but a floozy old hen that's had enough sense to save herself a nest-egg?"

"No use lying to yourself on that, Rodie—right again."

"I'm wise to myself, Brood. I've got the name. I'm supposed to have the game."

"You are."

"I've had a run-in on the accident of this prohibition business such as falls to few girls in my business. And I've had the sense

to go while the going is good. But outside of the nest-egg where's it got me? Broadway's hostess."

"Broadway's hostess."

"Being hostess to Broadway is like being a chameleon trying to change color on a Scotchman's plaid kiltie. Five years from now, Broadway's young ones will be asking whether Rodeo West was a sideshow or a gin fizz."

"Right."

"Pa and Ma and 'Sippie aren't all wrong. It's a miracle, Brood. A certified boy friend with his castle in Spain, a real one in Galveston, wants to marry me in any little old church around any little corner that suits me. Me, hostess to Broadway after eleven P.M."

"Your worst enemy would have to admit you would be crazy not to."

"There's only one thing, Brood, in the way."

"Well, whatever it is, forget it."

"Can't."

"Do it anyhow."

"Can't."

"Can't is a dumb-bell's word. Whatever you are, you are not that."

"I don't love him—Brood."

"Well, learn to."

"Can't."

"You can, and it's up to you to do it!"

With a yell then that sprang somewhere from the primordial depths of her, Rodeo did something of which she had no momentary knowledge and over which she had no momentary control. She snatched up a book-end of a bronze warrior off the table, and for an incredible moment stood with it aimed straight for the hunched figure on the piano-stool.

"Dam' you," she cried, "dam' you, dam' you, dam' you!" And then with the handful of unwieldy book-end crushed to her shuddering lips, half sank to the floor and against her chair. "What are you made of? What is that piece of something in you supposed to be a heart? Don't it beat? Don't it ache? Don't it torture you as mine has me since the day I clapped eyes on you? Don't it do nothing? What's it made of? Who hung it inside

of you? God or devil? It's made out of stone, that heart of yours is, and it's crushing me . . ."

The figure of Brood seated on the piano-stool seemed to curl inward, the fingers and feet drawing upward, and the lips receding.

"You're not human, Brood. You're a stone-crusher. You're iron and you roll over human beings like they were so much gravel. That's me. I'm the gravel. Don't you love no one, Brood? Don't you need no one? Don't you care about no one on this earth? Who are you? What are you? What—what—what—"

It was unbelievable. Here was a woman in the naked throes of a terrible kind of loss of self-control, and as she talked, as she choked, as she sobbed, it was as if the figure on the piano-stool, drawing closer and closer into itself, was shaping into some sort of tornado, gathering velocity to descend. When it did, his right arm shot out, quick and short and curved like a talon.

"What am I made of? Want to know! Want to know? I'm made out of love for you, that's what I'm made of, and it's turned my heart to gall. The secretness of it—the years—the years of hell of seeing you—my property—everybody's property. That's what I'm made of. The bitterness of that! Love for you. What am I here! A glorified head waiter. A taker of your orders. A hanger-on. A parasite. And why? Why, I ask you? Do I look like a man content with that? Why? Why have I held out? So I could be near you. Your door-mat. Your footstool. And now you—you dare to ask me what I am made of—"

"Broody," she said in a whisper and sat back on her heels and crushed her hands over her mouth and regarded him with enormous eyes.

"Where did I come from? Bah, you never even took the trouble to care—or ask—"

"I—didn't dare—"

"You didn't care, you mean. Just took me for one more hanger-on."

"I—never—did—"

"Well? Well? If you know, tell me! Where did I come from? Where did I come from?"

"Broody, I don't know—I never dared ask—you—"

"Of course you don't know. I'll tell you where I came from.

I came to you in Fresno from months of skulking around the edge of the places where you used to sing in gulch towns, you never clapping eyes on me, but me crazy for you on sight. You never even troubled to ask—"

"Oh, oh!"

"You've been too busy wiping up the world with your ermine tails!"

"No—no—no—"

"But I've got you," he cried and clapped himself against the shirt front with the fierce short laugh. "I've got you, only you don't know it. I've got you closer to me than any tony turfman is ever going to have you in his castle. You hear me. Ask me why? Ask me why?" he cried and showed his teeth that were suddenly a dancing streak across his face.

"Why?" she gasped, because he hovered over her like the impending tornado and his hands which were like talons, stirred the edges of her hair. "Why—Brood?"

"I'll tell you why! I'll tell you why!"

"Brood, don't shout out that way!"

"Because I've got you in here! In my shoulder. Didn't know that, did you? Something that was intended for you, fifteen years ago in a dance-hall in Sacramento. A bullet from a crazy Texas rancher's thirty-six. I got it, pushing myself up against you in the dark when I felt it aiming straight for you. I got it, and a nip of your left ear. A piece of you! Here, in my shoulder. You can't take that away from me, can you!"

"Broody—Broody—Broody—"

"What the devil do I care that it ruined my violin arm? I've got *you* in it. You can't get out. The bullet that was meant for your flesh lodged in mine. You hear me? You're in the prison of me and you can't get out. And then you ask me what am I made of. I'm made of you! You! As if you know anything about this thing inside called the human heart. That's how I've loved. That's how I'll go on loving. You get yourself into that tony castle, but get yourself out of this left wing of mine if you can. NO—no—Rodeo, for God's sake—no—"

"Broody—why, Broody—why, hello, life—I'm just this minute born—"

The beating of their bodies seemed to dash them apart no

sooner than they had found the sudden, the terrible ecstasy of clinging. His face, the rugged, tormented face that her hands could not seem to let go, was against her throat, and yet it seemed to her that down the stream of her tears it was floating away from her.

"Let me go, Rodeo!"

"I can't let you go. I'll never let you go. I'm famished for this. I'm starved. For years the only prayer I've known—has been for this. Brood, take me. Kill me. Torment me. Only keep me. I've never been happy before. So help me, never one single hour. Never let me go, Brood. I want to kiss your eyelids awake. I want to kiss them asleep. Give this little girl a hand, Brood?"

"No, no, Rodeo—"

"Too busy wiping up the world with ermine tails? Me? Oh, my hurt, beautiful boy with the hurt, beautiful face. Too busy! Why, all these years I've been yelling my heart out every night, to cover up the heartache. I've been whistling in the dark. That's been my success!"

"The wasted years . . ."

"Not wasted, Brood. I'll make them up to you."

"The wasted bitterness."

"I'll sweeten your heart for you."

"Closer, Rodie. You don't mind the broken wing? I'll be such a lover to you, Rodeo. We'll touch perfection."

"Yes, yes, yes. Bless the broken wing. Bless it. Bless it."

"Rodeo, Rodeo, I'm mad. We mustn't—"

"Brood, you can't ever now turn me off."

"I'm a nothing. You've a decent man to care for you."

"Don't remind me of it. How low I was! How wretched! I never could have gone through with it—that was what must have driven me crazy, Brood—I never could have had the courage, if your silence—your terrible silence—hadn't driven me crazy."

"All the while you were telling me about it, Rodeo—the thought came to me like a knife—I'll kill her. I'll kill her with the words on her lips—that's what was happening to me. But I wouldn't have, Rodie—I always knew, come what might, that I had you—here—inside—"

"You're light. You're life itself. What I have been on the

brink of doing shows you how I need you. Give this little girl a hand, Brood."

"Rodeo. Rodeo."

"I can't let you go. Ever."

"Rodeo, I can't believe it. That you too have been so terribly alone—all these years. You glittered so."

"Don't make me try to say it in words, Brood—how terribly alone I have been—the words hurt my lips. If only you had shown some sign!"

"You'll never be sorry, Rodie—"

"Yes, for one thing. For the years we have missed."

"Rodeo, can you feel my heart with your heart?"

"Yes, Brood. It's the silliest wish—but I want to crawl in to where the bullet is—it would somehow seem closer, Brood—Brood—"

His eyes, new bold burning eyes, seemed to scour and scour her.

"Aren't you afraid, Rodeo, Sweet Beautiful, aren't you afraid of being loved the terrible way I shall love you?"

"Yes, I am afraid, I am afraid. Only I am more afraid of not being loved always—terribly—by you."

BATTERED ARMOR[1]

By EDWARD L. McKENNA

(From *McClure's Magazine*)

SOME say that it was Senator Matt McGlynn who gave Supreme Court Justice Ahearn his start, and some will tell you that it was Ahearn's cousin, Michael Cronin, the saloon-keeper. Each of them had a hand in it.

Daniel Ahearn finished the sixth grade at Saint Mary's School in Pitt Street, and then went to work for Claflin and Company. That much appears to be certain. Some time thereafter, probably when he was about sixteen, he became a bartender. He continued his education at night, somewhat spasmodically as his duties permitted; studied law at Peter Cooper's University; was admitted to the bar at the age of twenty-six and hung up his white apron forever.

There is a story that Cronin went to Senator McGlynn, who at this time was holding the city and the party in his fat white hand, and laid these facts before him, and that McGlynn sent Ahearn a few small cases, which he handled well enough. Then he sent him something more important and more dubious, and Ahearn kicked his new clients out of his cheap little office. So the Senator sent for him and inquired the cause of this discourtesy, and Counselor Ahearn told him in his unvarnished Third Avenue dialect that he didn't do that kind of business, see? And the Senator intimated that he couldn't find uses for lawyers who were overparticular, and Ahearn picked up his derby and delivered himself of a hot valedictory upon Senator McGlynn, his friends and the nature of their law cases, and stamped his way out of the office without pausing for reply.

Now, it is well known that Senator McGlynn had that love of buffoonery which characterizes licentious rulers. Virtue amused

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him always, moral indignation amused him, and he had the voluptuary's passion for naïveté. Ahearn spent his first eight months at the bar as most young lawyers spend them who have no family coffers upon which to draw, and one morning was aghast and astounded to find in his scanty mail an invitation to call upon the District Attorney with a view to an appointment. He was courteously received, and by twelve o'clock he was Assistant District Attorney for the county.

It is known that he went breathlessly to Cronin, running down Columbia Street, Brooklyn, to Cronin's place and bursting in upon him panting and stammering his gratitude. Cronin listened to him in amazement and told him he had nothing to do with the matter—nothing. But Cronin also threw his arms around him and banged him on the back, uttering those profane ejaculations employed by the less urbane to indicate joy or grief.

It was well for Ahearn that he had his moment of exultation, for the opposition newspapers evidently had not heard any such explanation of the reasons for his sudden distinction. They imputed, as usual, the most sinister motives to the District Attorney and to Senator McGlynn. There is a faded yellow editorial in the *Herald* files dealing with the appointment, and another in those of the *Tribune.*

Daniel Ahearn read the editorials dealing with his appointment time and time again, but it was a long time before they were anything but a blur to him, a red blur, with the word *bartender* legible at intervals. The *Advertiser* called him a bartender three times in half a column.

Now, there never was a Celt who took himself more seriously than did Daniel Ahearn, never one with a fiercer, hotter pride in himself and his lineage, never one with a more sensitive skin. Most of them hide it with a laugh or a jibe, and some with a stupid, unseeing look. Daniel Ahearn hid his with a grim, tight, dour mouth, hoping all the while that nobody noticed him and his rage and his shame. A joke, he was, was he—a big joke? He that laughed at few jokes and made none. Bartender, bartender, bartender. He'd show them what sort of a man a bartender had to be.

Of the two excellent ways to bring out the essential virtues within him, the city had chosen one—ridicule. It laughed at him.

He had a fine audience for his first few cases—young attorneys with degrees from Columbia and Harvard, special writers from the newspapers, curiosity seekers. The District Attorney, whether acting under instructions or from a sense of fair play, which some district attorneys have—at least when they're young—gave him every consideration. He didn't have much to do, and he did it well enough. His hearers laughed when they could, as a vaudeville audience does, and there were things to laugh at, if you'd never seen a bartender before or heard a man who had the patois of the East Side thick in his throat. But he showed no glaring ignorance—and his voice was composed, if a little too loud for cultured ears, and his mouth was set, and he saw no discourtesy in any one or anything. He had made up his mind to that.

In due course he had a case against some silk thieves: People vs. Camagno, Hartzenstein and Hickey. He had them convicted before he summed up, and he knew it; and in his triumph he let himself go a little:

"Now, gentlemen of the jury. These watchmen. They're old fellahs, old broken-down fellahs. You see them comin' into—uh—comin' into a saloon, in the early mornin' for a drink, all cold."

(Here a giggle from a ci-devant Phi Delt with nothing to do at the present except listen to another man's case.)

"They're usually the remains of good men. They're honest men, men that have worked with their hands all their lives, that ain't got the brains or the crookedness to do anything else. Well. Here they are, all night, walkin' up an' down a stringpiece, tryin' to keep warm, tryin' to do their job. Fifty cents a night they get.

"Along comes a lot of rats, lookin' for somethin' they can swi-steal. What do these old fellahs do? There ain't one out of fifty of them won't put up his hands and jump at them.

"Now listen to me. These watchmen is cops. Cops, see? You won't put enough cops on the water-front. You say we ain't got enough cops. All right! All right! You got to stand behind your cops. You got to. You got to make this water-front safe. It ain't safe. I—I tell you, you got to clean up this water-front, or you're going to have trouble, trouble for every one of you.

"What you gonna do, huh? What you gonna do? Here's

grandpop with his back against the spiles, battlin' against four rats. What you gonna do? *Huh!*"

"I object," said Mr. Goldfusz. "Nobody has said my clients attacked any watchmen."

"Objection overruled."

"Exception," said Mr. Goldfusz plaintively.

Well, as it happened, about a week after that the first of the ripper murders occurred in the very district he was denouncing, and the terror-stricken city began to clamor for police action. Ahearn got plenty of work, and he rejoiced in it. Few were laughing at him now, certainly not the prisoners at the bar. He was a bully, a torturer of witnesses, a thunderer; he would hurl himself upon juries, raging, panting, impatient of subtleties, beating against them. If it had been histrionic it would have been contemptible, and many a jeer was flung at him by opposing counsel, many a judicial reprimand, and not a few of his convictions were ultimately set aside. But he got convictions and heavy sentences.

At the height of his career as public prosecutor McGlynn sent for him. No strangers were present at that interview, which probably took place in McGlynn's house in Chelsea, and no one else knows exactly what happened. Never thereafter was it prudent to criticize McGlynn to Daniel Ahearn.

McGlynn was breaking up then pretty fast; he was drinking heavily, was almost never sober after four o'clock in the afternoon. Ahearn had the abstemiousness of his former business; he had the body of a roustabout; he lived virtuously. McGlynn was fifty-eight, a cynic and a vandal, as every one knows, worn out by his pleasures. What did they find to say to each other—the Senator, weaving in his chair a little, slow-spoken from the drink, gravely courteous, peering up with his satyr's eyes at the sweating barbarian opposite him? Perhaps he decided that this Behemoth of his creation was too awkward, too powerful for direction. Perhaps he felt that charity which great sinners have for the forthright virtuous. Perhaps he was storing up in his befuddled brain recollections to amuse him to frenzied laughter for all his time on earth to come.

At all events, Daniel Ahearn walked out of that house in Chelsea a Supreme Court judge just as surely as if McGlynn had

thrown the mantle about his shoulders. And he walked out his own man, too, without a pledge to bind him, without a promise, without a restriction. Events proved that.

What a judge he was! "Don't fool with Ahearn," cagey old attorneys whispered to the fledglings. "Particularly don't fool with him in a fraud case of a criminal case. He'll make you feel like thirty cents. That old snoozer knows more ways of getting you in Dutch than you could count. Don't dig him up any new law. He doesn't like it. There's only one thing to do with Ahearn. You've got to prove to him that your man is a persecuted innocent. It doesn't make any difference how you do it. The next best thing is to make him believe that you think so yourself. Ever get him convinced, he'll plead your case for you himself. Fact. He won't let the jury do a thing to you. If he gets the other idea, good night. And he usually has it. He doesn't believe innocent men ever get tried for anything, Ahearn doesn't. You could have the best case in the world, absolutely air-tight, and it wouldn't do you any good. Gosh, I've been in there fighting two men, him and the D. A., more than once. Law? That old buzzard doesn't care about law. He makes up his mind; that's all—"

And down in the underworld, the underworld that Ahearn saw moving from the water-front to Allen Street, to Fourteenth Street, to the Thirties, to the Fifties and that's still on the way up-town, they'd tell you about him. "Dat skate. Ooh! He don't know nothing but 'five years,' 'ten years,' 'twenty years.' The Hot Seat. Dat's him. Gees, when Whitey Warren was waitin' to go troo de Little Green Door, for croakin' a bull, his mother went to see Ahearn. Do you think he wouldn't see her? Huh! He saw her all right. 'Gees, Judge, the kid's only nineteen,' she says to him. 'God help you,' he says to her. 'No, you, you, you help me,' she says, and falls on her knees to him. 'Judge, gees give him twenty years, give him life. Don't—don't—he's all I got,' she says to him. He give Whitey the chair all right. It's a wonder somebody don't bump him off. They say, when he was only a young guy, Kid Banger—you know, Kid Banger that got bumped off over in Hoboken in the chicken-pullers' strike, yeah—well, the Kid said he'd fix his clock for him. And this Ahearn, he goes around to the Kid's hang-out, the Tivoli—it was a dump like the Hay-

market—lookin' for him. The Kid goes up to him and says, 'Howdy, Counselor,' and Ahearn don't say nothin', just looks at him, and by and by he turns his back on him and walks out. Oh, he ain't yella. He ain't got a heart the size of a louse, but he ain't yella."

And the jurymen, the conscientious, upright jurymen, too small or too virtuous to avoid their duty! The looks Judge Ahearn would give them if they came in five minutes late from lunch, or if they pleaded sickness or said they had objections to circumstantial evidence or to maximum penalties! They feared the Judge, much, much more than they feared the friends of the man in the dock.

What about the Judge's friends? Well, to tell the truth, he had almost no friends. Michael Cronin had asked him for a favor years before, a suspended sentence for some unfortunate, and Ahearn wouldn't grant it. Couldn't grant it, he said. "I've given him my word," said Cronin. "You're asking me for something I can't give you," said Ahearn. "I can't do it—that's all." "Suit yourself, then," said Cronin, and turned on his heel. "Mike, Mike!" said Ahearn, starting after him; but Cronin never turned.

There were any number of people to invite the Judge to dinner, and he loathed dinners. He had the respect of the community and its impersonal friendship. It had become a commonplace to reelect him when his term ran out. Bipartite judiciary agreements were never needed for him. "Ahearn," said the Anawanda Club. "Ahearn," said the Union League. "Ahearn," said the Citizens' Union. Hearst was for him. The *World* was for him. The *Sun,* the *Tribune.* Once in a while you'd see his name in the *Outlook,* or the *Nation* or the *New Republic* "patting his red brawn," as the old piece in the reader says. "More judges like Ahearn. Get the law enforced. Get it enforced."

He wasn't precisely the Ahearn of twenty-odd years ago. It had galled him not to know the law or to be tripped up in it, so he had taken pains to learn it. It had hurt him to be regarded as an ignorant man, and he had spent hours and hours trying to improve himself. They say he read children's text-books on English grammar and all sorts of writers' handbooks. History he loved, and he could read essays. Novels he couldn't stand. But most of all he read the law.

And yet he was no lawyer. Some of his decisions are classically blunt and terse, but most of them contain no new idea. He hadn't the mind for a lawyer. He hadn't the admiration for subtlety. Subtlety and chicane were synonymous to him. Contradictions in logic baffled him, left him raging. Authority—that was his watchword. *"Stare decisis"* ought to be written over his grave. There never was a more devout Roman Catholic than Judge Ahearn.

So at length he had a white head and a big old house in Yorkville that defied the approaching apartments and a wild, red-headed daughter to run it for him. He'd never had a son, and his wife died when his daughter was five years old. Catherine, the girl's name was, but he never called her that. He called her "Babe." And she called him "Judge," as her mother had called him. "Not Pappa—Judge," she had said, and stamped her tiny foot. He'd laughed and humored her, and he'd never stopped humoring her; so she grew up to an obbligato of neighborly comments: "If she was my daughter—" "What else could you expect, an only child, and the Judge so busy and all?" "A wild young one! Tch, tch— If she was my daughter—"

But she was the Judge's daughter, and he loved her with the sullen, hot love of a humorless man, an uncompanionable, austere man, a man who had no ability to express his love except with things. He hardly ever caressed her, and his words of endearment were fewer than her birthdays. But she was as hot-tempered and headstrong as he was, and after a fashion they understood each other and worried each other as lovers do.

He hated her young men and tried to be polite to them. They'd see him eyeing them as if he were estimating contemptuously their physical prowess; and it didn't make them comfortable. Finally, one of them carried her off. His first name was Knox. Imagine how the Judge must have liked that, and the civil ceremony and all the rest of it.

Knox was a polo player and a yachtsman and too old for matrimony, to the Judge's way of thinking. That is to say, he was thirty-three. His people were well-to-do, and he had a sort of job with an insurance company, which didn't interfere a great deal with his spare time.

Two years went by, and there was still no grandson for Judge Ahearn. He would have liked a grandson, one that he could tell

stories to, stories about Fin Ma Coul and Owen Roe O'Neill and Niall of the Nine Hostages and One-eyed Terence O'Ruarc. Stories about his own father—Lord have mercy on him—driving his white horse through Broome Street, hollering "Char-coal! Char-coal!" Stories that he could whisper, when Knox Senior wasn't round, about "So when I was a young fellah, John Y. McKane himself walked in while I was tendin' bar on Surf Avenue, and he says, 'Young fellah, what's your politics?' And I says to him, 'What's that to you?' Because at that time I had no use for him—d'ye see?" Stories that shouldn't be allowed to die nor be told to any one but sons or grandsons.

Stories, indeed! He began to hear some stories himself, stories about his son-in-law. Knox wasn't one of those who think that life stops with marriage. There was a flat in the sixties, and there was Myrtle Delraine from "Oh, Oh, Delphine." The Judge hoped the stories weren't true, and he hoped that Babe wouldn't hear them, anyway.

One day, while he was in Chambers reading a brief he never forgot in the case of Solomon versus Corcoran and Allen, an action for ejectment, Babe burst in upon him. She was as white as death. "Judge—Judge—" she said.

"Babe— What's the matter, Babe? What's the matter?"

"It's Knox."

"Knox?"

"Did you hear anything—yet?"

"Why, uh—"

"You know it, then, you know it."

"Know what? Know what?"

"Oh, Judge, he's taken sixty thousand dollars from the insurance company. And—and—while he was over there he was down in the vault, and—and—he had an argument with a watchman—and—"

"Did he—"

"No, no, the man's in the hospital; he's not going to die. He—And the money's all right, Judge. He's been taking it—for some time. His people'll cover it; that's all right. But the watchman—Judge, they've got Knox, and the District Attorney's got hold of it, and—and—"

"Well, all right. Pull yourself together."

"Judge, Judge, don't let them. This fellow won't *die,* Judge—You can fix it. You'll do it, won't you?"

"I will—*not.*"

"You've got to. Ah, listen. When I found out about that woman—that was three months ago—I—I thought, 'Now I can't sink any lower.' But I never said a word, not a word. But that—but that finished—that part of it. But this. I can't stand this. Jail. In jail. Don't you let them. Don't you let them—drag my pride in the dirt. Don't you let them."

"Do you love this—this—God da—"

"Stop. No. No. I don't love him. No. How can I love him after what he did to me? Oh, what's the use, Judge? Yes, I love him, and I'll always love him. No matter what he did."

"I—yes, I see."

"Judge, in a jail. A jail."

"What do you care? Huh? A jail. Ah, if I could get my hands on him once he'd never see a jail. Babe, listen. What do you care? Hold up your head and be damned to them. Say, I'm Babe Ahearn. Babe Ahearn. Catherine Ahearn. The greatest name in Ireland, Catherine."

"Don't talk foolishness to me. Will you do it? Will you? Will you?"

"No, Babe, I can't."

"Do you want me on my knees to you? To you? Always I knew, no matter what I'd done, I could come to you, and you'd take care of me. Now I'm asking you, and I haven't done anything—anything—"

"Ah, Babe—I—easy now—Jimmie! Miss Moran! Miss Moran! Ah—my daughter—she's fainted. Jimmie, hurry up, get me the Anawanda Club, get me the Club on the 'phone. Get me the Chief of the Hall, on the other 'phone. Miss Moran, you run out, like a good girl, get me a taxi. I'll take care of my daughter—"

Now, two weeks after this, Supreme Court Judge Ahearn resigned. A lot of reporters were sent around, and they were met by a beautiful woman with sad eyes, his daughter, Mrs. Knox Drake.

The Judge's health wasn't good, she said, and he was going to take a rest. No. He couldn't see them.

One of them thought there might be a story in it, so he tried to get Mr. Knox Drake at the Salamander Insurance Company, but they said Knox had gone to Paris on business. No, they weren't sure when he'd be back. Six months, possibly longer.

He's never been back. Won the Gentlemen's Steeplechase at Auteuil not so long ago.

But the young reporter finally did see Justice Ahearn. One nice, sunny morning he thought he saw the Judge over on Whitehall Street. He followed discreetly. Sure enough, it was he, and walking at a brisk pace, too, for a man in poor health. Where was he bound for, the reporter wondered.

Over to Coenties Slip Park, apparently, where the old man sat down and pulled out a cigar and looked toward the river. So the reporter went up to him boldly and called him by name.

"Yes," said the Judge, as he used to say, "Clear the Courtroom."

"Mind if I sit down, Judge?"

"Suit yourself."

"How you been, Judge?"

"Better."

"That's good. Glad to see you out."

"Agh."

"Are you thinking of practising law in the city, Judge?"

"What's that?"

"Uh—who are you going to practise with?"

"Practise what?"

"L-law, Judge. Aren't you going to practise?"

"No. I'll never practise law again. It's—my heart. I haven't the heart for it. You need a—a strong—heart to practise law. A strong heart. Mine went back on me."

"That's tough, Judge. Judge—I—you remember Whitey Warren, that you sentenced?"

"What's that?"

"Whitey Warren."

"Yes. I—remember Whitey Warren. Yes, I remember him."

"I knew that cop, Judge. You never did a better thing in your life than sending that thug up."

"Yes. Whitey Warren— Here, young fellah, have a cigar— You see that water-front out there? Cleanest water-front in the

world it is. I like to sit here and look at it. It reminds me of something."

"What's that, Judge? Good cigar—"

"Well—well, it's this. Did you ever hear tell of a fellah named James Lynch?"

"No, Judge."

"Well, James Lynch was the Mayor of Galway. A water-front town, d'ye see? Of Galway, yes. Well, his son committed a murder. And they couldn't get anybody to hang him. So James Lynch—he hung him with his own hands. And then—and then, he lifted up his hand, like this, to the people, and he kissed his dead son, and he walked into his house, and he never came out again. No, never. He lived for years, but he never came out of his house again. Hagh! There was a judge.

"But he shouldn't have had any sons— Well, it's very nice here. This park, now. If you could tell the things that have happened, right here, where this park is— Well, I must be going along. Good-bye, young fellah. What did you say your name was? Oh, yes. A good name, too."

"Good-bye, and good luck, Judge. Take care of yourself."

As the Judge walked away the young man looked after him.

"I guess he's going to pieces, after all," he thought to himself. "Gee, he was a tough old boy. Imagine he thinks this James Lynch was something like him, only not so tough. That's a funny one. He starts to brag about the water-front, and then he gets fussed and tells me a fairy story about one James Lynch. Well, I wouldn't blame him for bragging. They say he did clean up this water-front, him and Goff and Parkhurst and a couple more. Gee! I should have kept him going on the water-front! I bet I'd have got a story."

A TELEPHONE CALL[1]

By DOROTHY PARKER

(From *The Bookman,* New York)

PLEASE, God, let him telephone me now. Dear God, let him call me now. I won't ask anything else of You, truly I won't. It isn't very much to ask. It would be so little to You, God, such a little, little thing. Only let him telephone now. Please, God. Please, please, please.

If I didn't think about it, maybe the telephone might ring. Sometimes it does that. If I could think of something else. If I could think of something else. Maybe if I counted five hundred by fives, it might ring by that time. I'll count slowly. I won't cheat. And if it rings when I get to three hundred, I won't stop; I won't answer it until I get to five hundred. Five, ten, fifteen, twenty, twenty-five, thirty, thirty-five, forty, forty-five, fifty. . . . Oh, please ring. *Please.*

This is the last time I'll look at the clock. I will not look at it again. It's ten minutes past seven. He said he would telephone at five o'clock. "I'll call you at five, darling." I think that's where he said "darling." I'm almost sure he said it there. I know he called me "darling" twice, and the other time was when he said good-bye. "Good-bye, darling." He was busy, and he can't say much in the office, but he called me "darling" twice. He couldn't have minded my calling him up. I know you shouldn't keep telephoning them—I know they don't like that. When you do that, they know you are thinking about them and wanting them, and that makes them hate you. But I hadn't talked to him in three days—not in three days. And all I did was ask him how he was; it was just the way anybody might have called him up. He couldn't have minded that. He couldn't have thought I was bothering him. "No, of course you're not,"

[1] Copyright, 1928, by The Bookman Publishing Co., Inc.
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he said. And he said he'd telephone me. He didn't have to say that. I didn't ask him to, truly I didn't. I'm sure I didn't. I don't think he would say he'd telephone me, and then just never do it. Please don't let him do that, God. Please don't.

"I'll call you at five, darling." "Good-bye, darling." He was busy, and he was in a hurry, and there were people around him, but he called me "darling" twice. That's mine, that's mine. I have that, even if I never see him again. Oh, but that's so little. That isn't enough. Nothing's enough, if I never see him again. Please let me see him again, God. Please, I want him so much. I want him so much. I'll be good, God. I will try to be better, I will, if You will let me see him again. If You will let him telephone me. Oh, let him telephone me now.

Ah, don't let my prayer seem too little to You, God. You sit up there, so white and old, with all the angels about You and the stars slipping by. And I come to You with a prayer about a telephone call. Ah, don't laugh, God. You see, You don't know how it feels. You're so safe, there on Your throne, with the blue swirling under You. Nothing can touch You; no one can twist Your heart in his hands. This is suffering, God, this is bad, bad suffering. Won't You help me? For Your Son's sake, help me. You said You would do whatever was asked of You in His name. Oh, God, in the name of Thine only beloved Son, Jesus Christ, our Lord, let him telephone me now.

I must stop this. I mustn't be this way. Look. Suppose a young man says he'll call a girl up, and then something happens, and he doesn't. That isn't so terrible, is it? Why, it's going on all over the world, right this minute. Oh, what do I care what's going on all over the world? Why can't that telephone ring? Why can't it, why can't it? Couldn't you ring? Ah, please, couldn't you? You damned, ugly, shiny thing. It would hurt you to ring, wouldn't it? Oh, that would hurt you. Damn you, I'll pull your filthy roots out of the wall, I'll smash your smug black face in little bits. Damn you to hell.

No, no, no. I must stop. I must think about something else. This is what I'll do. I'll put the clock in the other room. Then I can't look at it. If I do have to look at it, then I'll have to walk into the bedroom, and that will be something to do. Maybe, before I look at it again, he will call me. I'll be so sweet to him,

if he calls me. If he says he can't see me to-night, I'll say, "Why, that's all right, dear. Why, of course it's all right." I'll be the way I was when I first met him. Then maybe he'll like me again. I was always sweet, at first. Oh, it's so easy to be sweet to people before you love them.

I think he must still like me a little. He couldn't have called me "darling" twice to-day, if he didn't still like me a little. It isn't all gone, if he still likes me a little; even if it's only a little, little bit. You see, God, if You would just let him telephone me, I wouldn't have to ask You anything more. I would be sweet to him, I would be gay, I would be just the way I used to be, and then he would love me again. And then I would never have to ask You for anything more. Don't You see, God? So won't You please let him telephone me? Won't You please, please, please?

Are You punishing me, God, because I've been bad? Are You angry with me because I did that? Oh, but, God, there are so many bad people—You could not be hard only to me. And it wasn't very bad; it couldn't have been bad. We didn't hurt anybody, God. Things are only bad when they hurt people. We didn't hurt one single soul; You know that. You know it wasn't bad, don't You, God? So won't You let him telephone me now?

If he doesn't telephone me, I'll know God is angry with me. I'll count five hundred by fives, and if he hasn't called me then, I will know God isn't going to help me, ever again. That will be the sign. Five, ten, fifteen, twenty, twenty-five, thirty, thirty-five, forty, forty-five, fifty, fifty-five. . . . It was bad. I knew it was bad. All right, God, send me to hell. You think You're frightening me with Your hell, don't You? You think Your hell is worse than mine.

I mustn't. I mustn't do this. Suppose he's a little late calling me up—that's nothing to get hysterical about. Maybe he isn't going to call—maybe he's coming straight up here without telephoning. He'll be cross if he sees I have been crying. They don't like you to cry. He doesn't cry. I wish to God I could make him cry. I wish I could make him cry and tread the floor and feel his heart heavy and big and festering in him. I wish I could hurt him like hell.

He doesn't wish that about me. I don't think he even knows how he makes me feel. I wish he could know, without my telling

him. They don't like you to tell them they've made you cry. They don't like you to tell them you're unhappy because of them. If you do, they think you're possessive and exacting. And then they hate you. They hate you whenever you say anything you really think. You always have to keep playing little games. Oh, I thought we didn't have to; I thought this was so big I could say whatever I meant. I guess you can't, ever. I guess there isn't ever anything big enough for that. Oh, if he would just telephone, I wouldn't tell him I had been sad about him. They hate sad people. I would be so sweet and so gay, he couldn't help but like me. If he would only telephone. If he would only telephone.

Maybe that's what he is doing. Maybe he is coming up here without calling me up. Maybe he's on his way now. Something might have happened to him. No, nothing could ever happen to him. I can't picture anything happening to him. I never picture him run over. I never see him lying still and long and dead. I wish he were dead. That's a terrible wish. That's a lovely wish. If he were dead, he would be mine. If he were dead, I would never think of now and the last few weeks. I would remember only the lovely times. It would be all beautiful. I wish he were dead. I wish he were dead, dead, dead.

This is silly. It's silly to go wishing people were dead just because they don't call you up the very minute they said they would. Maybe the clock's fast; I don't know whether it's right. Maybe he's hardly late at all. Anything could have made him a little late. Maybe he had to stay at his office. Maybe he went home, to call me up from there, and somebody came in. He doesn't like to telephone me in front of people. Maybe he's worried, just a little, little bit, about keeping me waiting. He might even hope that I would call him up. I could do that. I could telephone him.

I mustn't. I mustn't, I mustn't. Oh, God, please don't let me telephone him. Please keep me from doing that. I know, God, just as well as You do, that if he were worried about me, he'd telephone no matter where he was or how many people there were around him. Please make me know that, God. I don't ask You to make it easy for me—You can't do that, for all that You could make a world. Only let me know it, God. Don't let me go on

hoping. Don't let me say comforting things to myself. Please don't let me hope, dear God. Please don't.

I won't telephone him. I'll never telephone him again as long as I live. He'll rot in hell, before I'll call him up. You don't have to give me strength, God; I have it myself. If he wanted me, he could get me. He knows where I am. He knows I'm waiting here. He's so sure of me, so sure. I wonder why they hate you, as soon as they are sure of you. I should think it would be so sweet to be sure.

It would be so easy to telephone him. Then I'd know. Maybe it wouldn't be a foolish thing to do. Maybe he wouldn't mind. Maybe he'd like it. Maybe he has been trying to get me. Sometimes people try and try to get you on the telephone, and they say the number doesn't answer. I'm not just saying that to help myself; that really happens. You know that really happens, God. Oh, God, keep me away from that telephone. Keep me away. Let me still have just a little bit of pride. I think I'm going to need it, God. I think it will be all I'll have.

Oh, what does pride matter, when I can't stand it if I don't talk to him? Pride like that is such a silly, shabby little thing. The real pride, the big pride, is in having no pride. I'm not saying that just because I want to call him. I am not. That's true, I know that's true. I will be big. I will be beyond little prides.

Please, God, keep me from telephoning him. Please, God.

I don't see what pride has to do with it. This is such a little thing, for me to be bringing in pride, for me to be making such a fuss about. I may have misunderstood him. Maybe he said for me to call him up, at five. "Call me at five, darling." He could have said that, perfectly well. It's so possible that I didn't hear him right. "Call me at five, darling." I'm almost sure that's what he said. God, don't let me talk this way to myself. Make me know, please make me know.

I'll think about something else. I'll just sit quietly. If I could sit still. If I could sit still. Maybe I could read. Oh, all the books are about people who love each other, truly and sweetly. What do they want to write about that for? Don't they know it isn't true? Don't they know it's a lie, it's a God damned lie? What do they have to tell about that for, when they know how it hurts? Damn them, damn them, damn them.

I won't. I'll be quiet. This is nothing to get excited about. Look. Suppose he were some one I didn't know very well. Suppose he were another girl. Then I'd just telephone and say, "Well, for goodness' sake, what happened to you?" That's what I'd do, and I'd never even think about it. Why can't I be casual and natural, just because I love him? I can be. Honestly, I can be. I'll call him up, and be so easy and pleasant. You see if I won't God. Oh, don't let me call him. Don't, don't, don't.

God, aren't You really going to let him call me? Are You sure, God? Couldn't You please relent? Couldn't You? I don't even ask You to let him telephone me now, God; only let him do it in a little while. I'll count five hundred by fives. I'll do it so slowly and so fairly. If he hasn't telephoned then, I'll call him. I will. Oh, please, dear God, dear kind God, my blessed Father in Heaven, let him call before then. Please, God. Please.

Five, ten, fifteen, twenty, twenty-five, thirty, thirty-five. . . .

FENCES[1]

By "L. PAUL"

(From *Adventure*)

WE sat by our jungle fire, a thing of broken sticks and odds and ends of refuse that burned the parched bare ground still harder.

A fence divided us from the road where a policeman walked, a battered, blistered fence of ancient rails. Another fence across the white dusty road, a thing of wire with easily swinging gates, enclosed that other, orderly jungle where gas arabs parked their cars beneath tall elms.

They were new creatures in these days and highly popular. That policeman eyed them indulgently, but us he watched. This Maine city gave them freely a park across the road and to us yielded grudgingly this corner of wasteland where, hemmed in by heaps of ash and rubbish, we might linger our brief permitted day, penned up under the eye of the law.

We were the Elder Nomads and fully as honest as these others. Yet there were fences between. We were the Elder Nomads and the clasp knife I fingered was token of my standing in the Lodge of the Itching Foot.

I had left my New Brunswick farm home a year ago, that clasp knife and ten dollars in my pocket, high aspirations in my heart and at my side tall Yonderbound, my father. I had seen his world as he would have me see it, and here we were at the end of our circuit, with New Brunswick just over the border.

The ten dollars had gone long since. The keeper of a New Orleans dosshouse had pouched the last dime. My aspirations had become vague, uncertain. But the clasp knife I still had with me. That nick in the blade! I'd put farm training to good use out there in Oregon—pouring leather on to two rawboned horses,

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yanking a slip on a new grade. And a harness rivet had nicked the big blade as I made a hasty repair.

The point of that same blade had gone farther south. As I felt its rough edge I remembered an officious man who clapped wanderers into an adobe lockup, who sat nodding through the early night outside the door while we cut our way out and slipped noiselessly away. The horn handle had cracked as I slid over the sill of a crawling box to find Florida beneath my feet and warmth about me in winter.

So it went, and as I fondled that battered old knife memories came.

I should have seen tall mountains rising about dense forest, valleys leading into silent hills of mystery, trails beckoning. I saw instead the open door of a ranger's cabin in the foothills and a girl's face remembered now because it was a girl's. I should have seen great sweaty men, sock footed, in that Northern Ontario lumber camp; should have winced again from the heavy blows of a heavier man. For there I had won my first stand-up fight. But what I did see now was trail's end the next morning and a village druggist's little dispensary, where a young girl held a basin of water as they washed and bandaged my bruises.

I should have seen the Blue Grass, where men were polite even to dusty folk like our pedestrian selves, where such horses as I had never seen showed in every line, in every graceful movement, their aristocracy. But I remembered now only that girl who had smiled down at us from atop a load of hay. That, and my father's puzzled frown as he caught me looking back.

Looking back? That, too, was part of this open road life. That and the fences. For fences we had found everywhere. Nor were they always fences that a man could climb.

So it went, memory upon memory—and myself in a brown study gazing at the old clasp knife. Till Tantramar Joe looked up from his cooking and whistled in wonder. Till my father, who had been watching me, turned and saw too, and said—

"It's him—Smoothface."

Smoothface it was, walking down the road, seedy and small, yet strangely not unkempt. There was dust, thick white dust, on the lower half of each boot, but above, worn leather and shiny serge of trouser were clean. Smoothface it was, nodding to the

law there, swinging open that oiled gate, walking as by right across that bit of parkland where now the gas arabs were eating in strange tabernacles of canvas; Smoothface who paused by the long wash stand under blue sky and unrolled a paper parcel.

We watched him, as the law watched him; saw him borrow a cake of soap from a nearby tourist; saw him brush his teeth carefully, slick down the last stray lock of hair across his forehead; saw him wrap again in paper brush and towel and, by the same token, that tourist's soap; and finally greeted him as, walking out of that park, he strutted impudently by the policeman, scrambled over our rickety fence and squatted by our fire. But, watching, I thought:

"Crossing this way's easy. It's getting back that counts, if ever you want to get back."

Then I became aware that Smoothface was talking.

"That bull—he don't like me none—me that ain't no worse than others. A holy guy, likely, he is—white collars meanin' righteousness."

"That there tourist's lookin' at ye," Tantramar cautioned. "The one lent ye the soap."

"Redhill mud on his spare tire," Smoothface winked. "As I told him, Tantramar, as I told him when I borrered the soap, 'Redhill mud, and Redhills in Canada.' And he's got a Jersey license plate—and if he ain't glommed that tire off some farmer up North he sure acts like it. An honest guy, that one—parkin' acrost the fence. That's the kind Holy Joe hits hardest."

And at that I remembered the Evangelist, tall and bearded and thin, Smoothface's partner, laid by the heels in Farley, doomed to the rockpile. Remembered, too, how we had parted from lonely Smoothface in Montreal almost a year ago, how we had not seen him since. One moment he stood on Notre Dame Street, looking small and deceptively ineffectual and alone. The next, the crowd had swallowed him.

Almost a year since we had seen him. No regrets at parting, no surprise at reunion. Trails crossed and forked in our wandering world and reason had no place in it.

Almost a year, yet now I remembered clearly our first meeting in a box car. Smoothface and Holy Joe the Evangelist, Red

Alick, who had tried to knife me for my ten dollars, Bookie, that strange scholar—these my first acquaintances on the open road. And of them all, after a year, Smoothface alone had come back to us.

But now his voice came through my thoughts and Tantramar was lifting his mess of food off the fire. The policeman by the fence was eying us as we began to eat, as if he grudged us our very food. And from the corner of a mouth that worked like a rabbit's as he gulped his share, Smoothface told us why he was here.

"Holy Joe—can you beat it, Yonderbound? On the rockpile? Like hell. Got to exhortin'—sorta reformed them stone crackers. They say even Red Alick nigh got religion. Beats hell how a man that believes hard can sorta spread things. Why, I heard tell one of the guards took to prayin'. Anyways, some reeligious wimmen hears of this and pries Holy Joe loose, sets him up in a shack that used to be a school. Now he's branched out with a tent and a regular ballyhoo revival outfit. And, by the same token, there's a long skinny guy playin' a cornet I ought to be tootin'. And so—"

He spread his hands out, gesturing, as if that explained all.

"So you aim to go do likewise." Tantramar eyed the policeman at the fence uncertainly. "You'll get as far as the rockpile. I just been up to the New Brunswick border. Your number's up, Smoothface. They'll like for to see you."

"He was my pardner," Smoothface said simply. "Holy Joe, that's gettin' fat an' lazy, he was my pardner. I reckon I got to go pry him loose. I got to take my chance of the bulls, Tantramar. Once pardners, always pardners. When you take on a game like that you'll come to the place where you asks yourself questions. I'm askin' myself some right now in this here jungle. And the answer—the answer—"

So I realized with a start that in his warped way Smoothface was being conscientious. Whatever the risk, he must make the attempt, must try to save Holy Joe from respectability.

But across the road a girl leaned on the gate, a young girl who watched us. And, catching her eye, I smiled, then flushed, for she looked away. And a woman's voice shrilled, so that the

girl turned and ran across grass and was gone. Only the fence was there now, to remind me that even in our wandering world there were boundaries.

And my father, stirring, said softly:

"Questions, aye, questions. There's them can't—can't answer for themselves—there's them can't be trusted to answer for themselves—but—"

"If Till Death Erkimer was here," said Tantramar, "he'd answer free. Till Death, Kid—" and he turned to me—"called so for reasons, Kid. Ask him where he's goin', where you're like to meet him? 'Till death I can't tell,' says he. 'Till they holds me down with sod I don't rightly know nawthin' 'bout where or when!' "

"But a grand hand for questions when they ain't personal," said Smoothface. "For these here, now, moral gadgets Till Death's your man and will yarn for a week."

"There's another better," my tall father put in. "There's Yarb Doctor, old Yarb Doctor that lives on Baldhead crost the border."

"Ay, him, Yarb Doctor," Tantramar agreed. "Some men gets chained by wimmen, some by houses. Him, he got chained by plants. Well, if ye ever hit north of Moncton there's fine duck in them marshes. Give my love to them Tantramar marshes, Smoothface."

"Shot them duck? You was raised near there, wasn't you?" Smoothface asked.

"I left young, but I heard tell them duck was good," Tantramar answered, and sighed.

Smoothface chuckled.

"Damn you, that's my home," growled Tantramar, and turned away to stare into the dying fire, seeing God knows what distorted dream pictures. So that to me he seemed again a little boy, so simple was this man beneath the hard veneer of the Road.

But my father stretched and yawned and said:

"We're goin' North too, come dawn, Smoothface. Best hit the grit together."

"Forever why?" I asked, for we had had other plans.

"For to ask a question I dursn't answer," my father explained. "Yarb Doctor lives on Baldhead, and him we'll ask."

Nor would he say more just then. But his face was somber and I caught him looking at me strangely.

Then a farmer's rig creaked along the road and stopped, and the farmer himself, leaning down from his high seat, talked with the policeman of crops and meadows and stock. I could follow this old familiar jargon—and, over there, across the fences, a girl's voice was lifted in song—and from the celluloid window of a pretentious tent came yellow light, like a beacon.

And because I was very young I wondered if I could have walked through that gate, opposite, as Smoothface had walked, if I could have stayed as old Smoothface dare not stay?

And, wondering, slept.

We hit the grit at dawn, Smoothface, Yonderbound my father, and myself. We walked in single file past a new policeman who smiled to see us go. Over in the campers' park they still slept beneath the law's benignant eye.

We hit the grit steadily, silent till the sun was up, for dawn walking is no romance after a year of it. After ten or twenty years? I wondered what it must be to Smoothface. Shadows on the ground and the air chill, and joints stiff, muscles cold; ahead a road winding mile after mile. I wondered what it would be like if nothing lay at the end of that road after all.

But the sun rose and Smoothface grew cheerful after a few miles and began to talk.

"Thirty mile to Holy Joe, His Sanctity," said Smoothface, and lengthened his stride. "Them's words I got from Bookie."

"That died mad in Frisco two months gone," my father answered, and this was as new to me as to Smoothface, so that I wondered at my father's two months' silence.

"Them clever guys, they mostly does just that," Smoothface commented. "I'd wondered where Bookie'd hit for."

"You ain't heard?" my father went on. " 'Tis not a tale for Holy Joe to hear. 'Twas him started Bookie off, yarnin' away in that box car, pluggin' religion at him on the rockpile, prayin' when a guard cracked him on the jaw, prayin' for the damn' guard. 'Twas that done for Bookie. He seen there must be somethin' in religion, and so made one up for his own self. Worked out a creation and all but couldn't make the pieces fit. Made a religion for hisself at the last and died mad in the makin' o't."

He walked on silently.

Till Smoothface said, softly:

"I got to get Holy Joe clear o't it all. You see what that guy does to folks."

But I was puzzled. Why had my father never told me this? I could remember a hundred of his anecdotes concerning chance acquaintances. All gay or funny, all glorifying the open road. And now we were going north to ask some questions of Yarb Doctor. And my father chose this moment to daub black on his own fair picture.

To daub and daub, for now he was telling another tale of another acquaintance crippled with rheumatism, drowning himself at the last as old age crept upon him.

"With a smile on the face of him as he sank," said my father, "a brave sort o' smile, doubtless, but meanin' nothin'—nothin' save he kep' his heart to the end. 'Tis cruel for to think of it, but there's things crueller yet."

"Such as?" Smoothface asked. "Such as?"

"Not havin' the courage for to end it," my father explained. "Goin' on and on. 'Twas mebbe *that* Bookie couldn't fit into his new religion. 'Twas mebbe that drove him mad. He'd know more'n us, fear more'n us, 'cause of his readin'."

On we walked. And as they talked, these two, the morning brightness went from the fields and though clouds swung up from the horizon it was a more intangible overcasting of the heavens that I blamed for the chill in the air and the shadows on the land.

We came through rain at dusk to an old tumbledown barn and there slept.

The border lay a mile ahead.

The Stars and Stripes flew over the little post office, but across the small river a bright red signboard said, "Clegg's Plug 15 Cents." So I knew I was back home in Canada. Knew as I stepped from plank bridge to reddish earthen road that this was native soil.

And if the trees bent more graciously over the muddy road, if the very frogs in the ditches seemed to croak melodiously, it was not strange. For this very soil had nourished me. This land I knew. I had bent over my hoe in fields such as these, had drunk

from earthen jug beneath such elms at nooning time the same clear cold water.

My step lengthened till I scuffed Smoothface's heel. Till he cursed me good naturedly and said:

"You and me don't feel the same about Canada, Kid. But, ten mile and we'll see Holy Joe. An' then—"

"Fifteen and we'll see Yarb Doctor," my father added. "Best walk quick."

He glanced back apprehensively, though it was not of himself he thought, nor of me. It was Smoothface whose number was up, here across the invisible boundary, the boundary of peace for fenced-in folk, of war for poor Smoothface. Another fence, so it seemed, across which men of the Open Road must stray sooner or later only to find danger at trail's end.

But Smoothface minded this least of all. At noon we came to a little village tucked away between hills and here we lunched grandly in a neat hotel.

"Got to come respectable to Holy Joe," Smoothface explained, and paid the reckoning gayly. "Though I will say paid grub chokes a guy."

He whistled as we took the road again.

For he was near his goal. Rigs came past us and mud from many hoofs splashed us. Democrats and buggies, almost a procession of them going our way, kept us scuttling for the ditch.

"Single-minded folk, goin' for their kind o' jag," sneered Smoothface.

Then he had the grace to smile placatingly at me, since, but for thirty miles, these were my people who now crowded this country road, making for a great white tent somewhere far ahead.

"All folks breaks out somewheres," my father put in. "If it ain't drink, it's gamblin'; if it ain't gamblin', it's mebbe religion."

And, as if to prove his statement, came a hard-faced man in a wagon driven by a small boy, who reined in obediently as they came opposite us and the man bawled—

"Stop!"

A hard-faced man, red-skinned, rusty-haired, with blue eyes that had the toper's look, though probably he had never taken a drink, a man "breaking out," as my father had said, shaking free

of civilized restraint, crashing down artificial barriers in some species of debauch. So much I guessed who had read a hundred faces this past year. So much I sensed dimly. Then stopped all speculation as fear gripped me. For the man leaned over and said:

"Well, well. It's you. Now ain't that lucky? Though tough on me."

It was at Smoothface that he glared. But I had some knowledge of the law by now, and to him we were three birds of a feather.

"Well, well!" The man flipped aside the lapel of his coat and something glittered. He patted a pocket that clanked and said: "Never travel without 'em. Now, question is, what's to be done? Slide over, Sonny. Big Feller, you climb in the back seat with me. Smoothface, you get up front with t'other one. And set tight. Anything you hoboes says will be used agin you. An'—"

"We was doin' nothin'," whined Smoothface. "We was just makin' for that revival."

The man laughed skeptically.

"That ain't your sort o' play," said he. "Amos Casset cut his teeth years back. Amos Casset ain't never lost his man. You three get up. Revival? Revival's for decent folks, not for your sort. Revival—" and his face saddened strangely, like the face of a child denied some treat. "Me, I was goin', me an' Sonny here—but now—" and was silent as the wheels creaked and the horses swung into a trot; was silent, but, turning to look at my father, sitting there beside Amos Casset, I saw that expression of doubt and longing on the officer's hard face.

Smoothface nudged me. From the corner of his mouth he whispered:

"Can you beat it? Ever see a guy that's swore off smellin' red-eye? That bird's red-eye is religion—served hot. Wouldn't wonder—"

"After all," said Amos Casset, "it's on our way. It'd be beyant his powers, th' Evangelist's, though even hoboes has been moved to grace. No tricks—no tricks. I ain't never lost a prisoner—"

The boy who drove, grinned, brightened up, cracked his whip over the horses.

"That's right, Sonny. We want for to be there in good time. Want real prominent seats up front in the public eye," said Amos Casset.

Turning, I glanced at him again. His tongue tip was brushing his lips, as if he already tasted something long desired.

So came brief respite. So it was we saw, at last, the green meadow with its gracious trees and the great ugly tent, behind fences where tethered horses trampled grass to mire. Jail Express, making a brief stop at Revival Siding. But after that—

The people streaming into the tent were, in one way, like Amos Casset.

Civilization breaking up, veneer of restraint already cracking, emotions rising to the surface. Fodder for Holy Joe. That was his great voice surging out to us as the boy drew rein, as we climbed soberly to the ground, as we paused at the entry where people brushed past us, scarce noticing us, their eyes staring straight ahead, feet stumbling over rough ground.

Whispered words to an usher who stared at me as if half recognizing me. Words of Amos's that changed the curious stare into one almost of hatred. Amos had told him. We were lawless folk, of the world Holy Joe fought, creatures of the Thing Holy Joe cast out.

But that usher led us to a prominent seat, just behind the penitent benches, a seat where all might look on us, whence we could not easily escape. And I found myself between a fat man who moaned and Smoothface who sniffled, aping sorrow for his manifold sins. And on the other end of our bench sat Amos Casset, patting the pocket that jingled, touching the badge on his lapel.

The boy had not come with us. Too young for salvation, he played pitch-penny with his fellows outside.

Holy Joe was there on the platform. His voice had died with our coming. Now he sat crouching, on a low bench. The tall thin man was blaring away on his silver cornet, moving it rhythmically, swaying from the hips, as I had seen negroes sway down South, melody mad. He was bringing harmony from a volunteer choir behind him.

Holy Joe sat there, his body tense, eyes glowing. The white

collar and beard together almost hid his throat, yet I could see it work convulsively as some strange force, pent within him, tore him.

Holy Joe's eyes were gazing out over the crowd, upwards, as if held by something glimpsed afar off. As yet he had not seen us.

He was a little stouter than when we had parted. His clothes were good and on any other man would have looked it. On his gaunt frame they merely hung, for all the added weight about the belt and the slight softening of shoulder angles.

The music soared, the vast crowd that packed the tent joining in. Then it died, suddenly, on a high shrill note.

Holy Joe got up, arms stretched out. He came to the edge of the platform and began to preach. The stout man beside me settled himself more steadily on the bench, planted his feet firmly on the trampled sod, one pudgy hand gripping the edge of the board.

Amos Casset looked us over, then faced the platform. And Smoothface, all admiration, whispered swiftly to me:

"Better'n ever. Listen to him, the old exhortin' fool. What I ain't taught him o' sins he's found out for hisself."

No reverence here. Smoothface was listening as a professional, approving as an expert, a connoisseur. And what he heard, what I heard, the words that went out over that vast throng, moving them, swaying them, scourging them, had indeed a strange power.

Yes, Holy Joe knew his stuff. He wasted no time. His great voice bellowed. He hit them hard, right and left. Small sins, such as country folk affect, these he lashed and magnified, setting up peccadillos as crimes, knocking them down as spawn of the devil.

And he got them. Oh, yes, he got them. They swayed on those hard benches like trees in a gale. And now the stout man beside me was wheezing, "Glory! Glory!" as Holy Joe threw in a word of hope. He got them, almost got me, for I remembered an orchard I had robbed in Oregon and those apples seemed to have come across a continent to damn me.

But Smoothface, watching, broke the spell. Dry lipped, he whispered—

"If he didn't believe it so damn hard, what actin' that'd be, what actin'!"

Now, Holy Joe was reaching his climax. How he struck at them, these simple folk, and how they submitted themselves to his lash. A woman fainted, with a half-scream of dismay, back there near the door, and her husband staring, staring at the Evangelist, did not know it, though two ushers carried her out. The fat man, fingers clenched, was rising, rising slowly, till he stood on broad feet.

"God help me, God help me!" he bellowed, and his breath told me what *his* secret sin was.

The Evangelist was striding up and down, up and down now, fixing those burning eyes on this one, on that one, till at last they swung over our bench.

Then a sudden pause, a stricken pause as he saw us, saw who was with us.

"He knows, God bless him, he knows!" Smoothface bawled, and I took it for pious ejaculation, as did our neighbors, nodding their approval, until Smoothface winked at me.

"He knows," Smoothface whispered from the corner of his mouth. "But ain't he a darb? Most folks'd wreck the show, but not him, not Holy Joe. That's the windup. Them that don't get convicted of sin now—"

The Evangelist lowered his voice. It became soft, pliant, devoid of all harsh force, pleading. A few brief words as he pointed the Way to Hope. Then music, soft music, and the cornet shining in silver glory beside him as the thin man played. Then the choir in hushed voices, taking up that weeping strain, working it into melody, louder and louder, till it became a crashing, swinging song of triumph and hope. Till the cornetist teetering on the very edge of the platform, almost falling into the audience, blared away like mad.

And Smoothface, leaning closer, was saying:

"I always tripletongued that bit. Sorta adds class, I figger." He scowled jealously at his successor.

But the Evangelist gave me no time to consider this nice point. He had fixed his eyes on a man halfway down the aisle, was stalking down toward him, beckoning. The man, sunburnt face flushed even darker, unaccustomed collar cutting chafed neck,

gnarled hands dangling, rose, came to meet him, walking slowly, then more swiftly, then running, to slump on the penitent bench.

Holy Joe lifted his hands, cried, "Hallelujah!" and the women started to come, in twos and threes, then in a mob, till the penitent benches became dotted with them, sitting there, heads bowed, moaning, crying, praying.

Hallelujahs rose like echoes all over. The fat man was crowding past me now and as I followed him with my eyes I could see Amos Casset.

Amos was gripping the bench with both hands. His face was strangely pale. That toper's look, that starved look of desire had gone. In its place was something else, something half satisfaction, half fear.

I saw him, and saw Holy Joe again, whirling suddenly; eyes glowing, fixed on Amos Casset. Saw the man rise, as if against his will, feet stumbling, uncertain as he groped his way out into the aisle, as he turned toward the penitent bench, like a sleepwalker.

Then he vanished in a sea of bent bodies, bowed heads, became another bent body, head bowed. Then I lost him and Holy Joe's eyes flickered over us for an instant, and Smoothface whispered:

"Now slope. It's our chance. Easy! Slow!"

But we had to fight our way clear, fight through people who crowded the aisle, seeing us not, feeling us not, as we thrust with knee and elbow, Smoothface, my father and myself. Behind us Holy Joe the Evangelist had mounted to the platform again, was praying. Behind us the cornet was singing softly. Past us these people came, almost over us, crowding forward.

And as we gained the door, Smoothface, forehead damp with sweat, looked back for one fleeting moment.

"It ain't right," said Smoothface. "It ain't right." He stared at the emotional disorder. "I made money by it in the old days, but never no more, never no more. He nigh got *me* for a minute."

Then plunged out into daylight.

The woman who had fainted was there, fighting with the two men who would have held her, escaping to dart back into the tent, staggering weakly till the crowd in the aisle engulfed her. Up forward the benches were crowded. And over the bent heads came the great booming voice of Holy Joe, praying for the saved.

"Which is us," said Smoothface, voicing our common thought. "Which is us."

"Look sharp." My father stalked toward the road. "Miles between us and here is good miles."

He was strangely pale, as if Holy Joe had got to him too, as if he broke chains reluctantly in this escape. Yet as we neared the road he broke into a run and leaped the fence.

Then, turning, paused. For Smoothface was no longer with us. But beside the great tent bushes moved and, for a moment, we glimpsed his short figure as he struck deeper into the woods. And we knew we would call for him in vain. Poor Smoothface. Whatever the outcome he would not leave here alone. Partners? That still meant as much to him as ever.

The boys around the horses raised a shout. My father and I ran up the road, till a rig came bouncing out of the meadow where the tent stood and turned our way. But by then the woods were solid on either hand and, climbing a fence, we hid.

In those woods we remained till it was dark, lying quiet, listening as, one by one, the democrats and buggies rattled by, listening for pursuers who came not. Hid, as somewhere back yonder Smoothface was hiding, Smoothface, who, seeing the wheels go round, must remain to remove the mainspring. For that, I guessed, was still his purpose. And I wished him luck in it.

Darkness came at last. We took the road. Ahead lay Baldhead, where Yarb Doctor lived, chained down by plants. Ahead lay the answer to a question I now could guess. For though my tall father had been silent through the twilight hours of waiting, I had sensed without words what, perhaps, mere words could not have told me.

Through the darkness, then, we went, silent still, till the road curved and a trail climbed away through trees. Up and up this trail, till lights gleamed from scattered farms below, and the stars seemed nearer.

Up and up, till at last our feet tramped growth that crowded the path and sweet odors came up from the ground in waves. Till ahead a square of radiance showed beneath the two trees that bent grandly to form a lofty arch, black against the blacker starry sky. And, "Here's Yarb Doctor's," said my father, paus-

ing as if to gain his breath, looking back over the dark wide sweep of country.

"Here's answers, all we'll need," said my father, "unless Yarb Doctor's changed and won't talk. And, oh, Jamie lad—"

He gripped my shoulder, swung me about till I faced him, though he scarce could see my face, though I scarce could know that his lips were working.

Small need, I say, of words between us now. I had guessed, now guessed again, the question he had brought this weary way. Back went memory to my farm home, to my father facing my landbound uncle who would have had me stay, saying:

"You ha' showed him your world. Now, I'll show him a bit o' mine."

And he had shown me, all this year. We had ranged far. And, at the last, with wonders behind me seen, still other promised wonders ahead, I had faltered, had failed him. I had envied other orderly folk who lived behind fences, on whom the law smiled.

And he—he had seen—or guessed. "Fair is fair," a saying of his, was yet more than a saying. It was a creed.

Up here Yarb Doctor lived. Yarb Doctor had the gift of tongues. Yarb Doctor knew the road, yet had left it. My father would ask his question and Yarb Doctor would answer; and when this was done, perhaps I might judge between them. Two roads ahead—and I to choose.

Fair is fair—and since we left the jungle by the motor camp my father had been more than fair, had made no mention of Chi or California, had painted no glowing picture of lands we were to have seen. Fair is fair—and he had been more than fair, brushing in, one after the other, the drab colors of the open road.

Not blindly would I choose. On that point he was determined.

I could imagine, now, the question.

"Here's my kid," my father would say. "Here's my kid, Yarb Doctor. He ain't easy in his mind. He looks queer at folks chained down. He sorta hones for over the fence.

"Here's my kid. He liked New Orleans. We had grand days in Kansas. In that loggin' camp he showed he was a man. Men enjoys the open road, Yarb Doctor.

"Here's my kid, and here's you, Yarb Doctor. You that's settled down after knowin' the road. What's he to do? It's thus

and so, thus and so. The roads fork here and may never fork again for him, Yarb Doctor, an' you been down both roads, you have."

And Yarb Doctor would answer. Well, what would he answer, that old man who knew all things?

Time would tell. The cottage loomed up ahead, black, with brightness in the window.

The path circled around it to the door. But at the window my father paused and looked in. Then stiffened, reached gropingly for me, drew me up beside him, till I too could see.

Yarb Doctor lay on his bunk. Old, grey of beard, face ruddy, as in health, eyes closed. Yet on his face the look of one who sees at last as he has never seen before. Yarb Doctor lay in state with a lamp on either side and a clean fresh slip on his soiled pillow.

Ghosts hanging from the rafters, or they looked like ghosts; were, indeed, but bunches of dried herbs. Shadows in the corners, and, on the table, Yarb Doctor's spartan kit of tinware, polished bright. Stove cold, as Yarb Doctor was.

"I reckon—I reckon—he can't never tell us that answer—him that's found one for himself," whispered my father, and gripped me tighter.

The shadows in the far corner split—something white, a young girl, came out into the middle of the room, stood looking down on Yarb Doctor.

"I reckon it's no use stayin'," said my father, "and yet—and yet—they'll bury him by the church, belike, unless—"

He hesitated. Then led the way to the door and knocked.

The young girl said, simply, that her name was Felicity, that her father lived yonder across the hill, nor told us Yarb Doctor was dead. Merely that she had "done for him" of late.

We buried him, at dawn, in his own wild garden. He had made it, that garden, imprisoning wild things in orderly captivity. Now he was gone and the wilderness would close over it all again—would close over him. The fence he had crossed would vanish and he would sleep on and on, not with the army of orderly dead beside the white valley church, but here as one of ours should sleep, gaunt trees above him, wild things growing on him, as the years passed.

We buried him while the dew lay heavy, then stood facing each other as the sun rose higher.

The girl, Felicity, crying softly, watched us.

She had come back from her home across the hill to be with us at this moment. She had told nobody that Yarb Doctor was gone. My father had given her reasons for her silence.

Now she watched us. If her perceptions were acute she must have known that Yarb Doctor's burial did not end matters, that something else remained to be settled.

"You see, Jamie lad, 'tis trail's end for him, Yarb Doctor. 'Tis, belike, end of one trail for you. If you so choose." And he led the way to a bald knob of granite that thrust out through the trees. "Here's fences to climb, if ye must, while ye may."

Below lay the valley, and, beyond, gently rising slopes and ordered farms. Far off a red barn bulked almost black in the morning shadow, a barn I knew. It was but a mile from the farm I had called home.

Below, a dusty road and two tiny figures moving furtively, one tinier than the other; figures that paused now and then to look back as they came nearer and nearer, till they were almost below us.

Horse and rig behind them and a man who drove with whip plying. A man we recognized and, recognizing, could guess who those others were, though they now lay cowering in the bush at our feet.

"He waited. Smoothface waited—for his partner," said my father.

He was silent, though speech struggled for utterance, though there was much yet to say. Smoothface had braved arrest, had lurked back there in danger, and in the end had triumphed. Holy Joe was on the road again.

The rig clattered by, and we could see Amos Casset clearly now below us as he whipped his horse on. Round a curve, gone—and the bushes below us crackling as those two came out. Smoothface and the Evangelist, Holy Joe, together again, and something that glittered in the morning sun, something bright that Smoothface fondled for a moment, as they stood together on the road, then hid beneath his coat as, together, they took the mountain trail.

I still faced my father. His eyes were on me now. He waited. The girl, Felicity, had drawn apart as if in this matter she had no place, little dreaming that she, or what she stood for, had indeed as much part as anything.

The red barn was bright red now as the shadows shrank before the morning sun. Beyond, a farm waited for me, mine at a word if I went home to claim it. And below footsteps sounded on the trail. Smoothface and Holy Joe, coming up the path, bound over the hill, partners once more. The girl Felicity took two little steps forward, eyes on me, lips opening, then closing in silence.

My father stirred uneasily and, turning, faced the hillcrest above.

And I? I was young. And here I stood on a mountain looking over a world that might, in part, be mine, an orderly world where orderly people were now stirring—looking, wondering, and choosing.

For choose I must.

Now, Smoothface leading, the pair were almost on us. My father's face broke into a smile, though his voice showed strain as he said:

"He's nabbed the cornet. He's nabbed the music as well as the Gospeler. He's on the road equipped complete, Jamie lad—and that's a partner, a partner!"

The girl Felicity, as if guessing my dilemma, voiced a local proverb.

"Going's the starting of coming," said she, and watched those two come up the hill to join us.

Then I, too, knew that four of us would take the mountain trail.

ON THE MOUNTAIN-SIDE[1]

By ELIZABETH MADOX ROBERTS

(From *The American Mercury*)

THERE was a play-party at the school-house at the bottom of the cove. Newt Reddix waited outside the house, listening to the noises as Lester Hunter, the teacher, had listened to them—a new way for Newt. Sound at the bottom of a cove was different from sound at the top, he noticed, for at the top voices spread into a wide thinness. Before Lester came Newt had let his ears have their own way of listening. Sounds had then been for but one purpose—to tell him what was happening or what was being said. Now the what of happenings and sayings was wrapped about with some unrelated feeling or prettiness, or it stood back beyond some heightened qualities.

"Listen!" Lester had said to him one evening, standing outside a house where a party was going on. "Listen!" And there were footsteps and outcries of men and women, happy cries, shrill notes of surprise and pretended anger, footsteps on rough wood, unequal intervals, a flare of fiddle playing and a tramp of dancing feet. Down in the cove the sounds from a party were different from those that came from a house on the side of a hill, the cries of men bent and disturbed, distorted by the place, by the sink and rise of land. While he listened the knowledge that Lester Hunter would soon go out of the country, the school term being over, brought a loneliness to his thought.

He went inside the school-house and flung his hat on the floor beside the door; he would take his part now in the playing. His hat was pinned up in front with a thorn and was as pert a hat as any of those beside the door, and no one would give it dishonor. The school teacher was stepping about in the dance, turning Corie Yancey, and the fiddle was scraping the top of a tune. For him the entire party was filled with the teacher's impending departure.

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"Ladies change and gents the same," the fiddler called, his voice unblended with the tune he played. Newt fell into place when an older man withdrew in his favor and gave him Ollie Mack for his partner. The teacher danced easily, bent to the curve of the music, neglectful and willing, giving the music the flowing lightness of his limp body.

Newt wanted to dance as the teacher did, but he denied himself and kept the old harsh gesture, pounding the floor more roughly now and then with a deeply accented step. He wanted to tread the music lightly, meeting it halfway, but he would not openly imitate anybody. While he danced he was always, moment by moment, aware of the teacher, aware of him standing to wait his turn, pulling his collar straight, pushing his hands into the pockets of his coat, looking at Ollie Mack when she laughed, looking full into her face with pleasure, unafraid. The teacher had given an air to the dance, and had made it, for him, more bold in form, more like itself or more true to its kind. The dance drawing to an end, he realized again that in two days more the teacher would go, for he had set his head upon some place far away, down in the settlements, among the lower counties from which he had come six months earlier.

There was pie for a treat, baked by Marthy Anne Sands and brought to the school-house in a great hickory basket. Standing about eating the pie, all were quiet, regretting the teacher's going. Newt wove a vagrant path in and out among them, hearing the talk of the older men and women.

"My little tad, the least one, Becky, is plumb bereft over 'im," one said, a woman speaking.

"Last year at the school there wasn't hardly anybody would go, and look at this. I had to whop Joel to make him stay on the place one day to feed and water the property whilst I had to go. Hit appears like Joel loves book-sense since Les Hunter come up the mountain."

"What makes you in such a swivet to go nohow?" one asked. "Did you come up the gorge to borrow fire you're in such a swivet to get on?"

"There's a big meeten over to Kitty's branch next light moon. Why don't you stay? No harm in you to be broguen about a small spell."

"You could loafer around a spell and wait for the meeten."

"Big meeten. And nohow the meeten needs youens to help sing."

"What's he in such a swivet to go off for?"

"I got to go. I got to see the other end of the world yet."

"What's he a-sayen?"

"I got to go to the other end of the world."

"That's too far a piece."

"That surely undoubtedly is a right smart piece to go."

"He could stay a spell at my place and welcome. I'd be real proud to have him stay with my folks a spell. And Nate, he'd keep youens a week, that I right well know. Youens could loafer around awhile as well as not."

"He always earns his way and more, ever since he kem up the mountain, always earns his keep, nohow."

"I've got to go. I'm bound for the other end of this old globe. I'm obliged all the same, but I got a heap to see yet. I'm bound to go."

II

Newt plowed the corn in the rocky field above the house where he lived, one horse to the plow, or he hoed where the field lay steepest. The teacher was gone now. On Sunday Newt would put on his clean shirt his mammy had washed on Friday, and climb up the gorge to the head of the rise and meet there Tige English and Jonathan Evans. Then they would go to see Lum Baker's girls. He would contrive to kiss each girl before the night fell and Lum would cry out, "Come on, you gals now, and milk the cow brutes." Or sometimes they would go down the way to see Corie Yancey and Ollie Mack. To Newt all the place seemed still since the teacher had left, idle, as if it had lost its uses and its future. Going to the well for water he would stare at the winch, at the soft rot of the bucket, at the stones inside the well curb, or he would listen intently to the sounds as the vessel struck the water or beat against the stones.

The noises gave him more than the mere report of a bucket falling into a well to get water; they gave him some comprehension of all things that were yet unknown. The sounds, rich with tonality, as the bucket struck the water, rang with some strange

sonority and throbbed with a beat that was like something he could not define, some other, unlike fiddle playing but related to it in its unlikeness. A report had come to him from an outside world and a suspicion of more than he could know in his present state haunted him. He cried out inwardly for the answer, or he looked about him and listened, remembering all that he could of what Lester Hunter had taught—capitals of countries, seaports, buying and selling, nouns, verbs, numbers multiplied together to make other numbers. Now he looked intently and listened. He detected a throb in sound, but again there was a beat in the hot sun over a moist field. One day he thought that he had divined a throb in numbers as he counted, a beat in the recurrences of kinds, but this evaded him. He listened and looked at the well happenings, at the house wall, at the rail fence, at the barn, at the hills going upward toward the top of the gorge.

On every side were evasions. These sights and sounds could not give him enough; they lay flat against the air; they were imbedded within his own flesh and were sunk into his own sense of them. He would stare at the green and brown moss on the broken frame of the well box and stare again at the floating images in the dark of the well water. The rope would twine over the axle as he turned the wooden handle, and the rounds of the rope would fall into orderly place, side by side, as he knew too casually and too well. Since the teacher had gone the place had flattened to an intolerable staleness that gave out meager tokens of withheld qualities and beings—his mother leaning from the door to call him to dinner, his sister dragging his chair to the table and setting his cup beside his place, the old dog running out to bark at some varment above in the brush. He could hardly separate the fall of his own bare foot from the rock doorstep over which he had walked since he could first walk at all. His thirst and his water to drink were one now. His loneliness, as he sat to rest at noon beside the fence, merged and was identified with the still country from brush-grown slope to brush-grown slope.

His father began to clear a new patch below the house; they grubbed at the roots all day when the corn was laid by. One morning in September, when the sun, moving North, was just getting free of Rattlesnake Hill, it came to him that he would

go down to the settlements, that he would go to Merryman. All Summer he had known that there was a school at Merryman, but he had not thought to go there, for he had no money. It came to him as a settled fact that he would go there and look about at the place. Three high ridges with numberless breaks and gorges intervened; he had heard this said by men who knew or had heard of what lay beyond. The determination to set forth and the wish to go came to him at one instant. "My aim, hit's to go there," he said. "I lay off to do that-there, like I say."

He remembered the teacher more clearly at this moment, saw him in a more sharply detailed picture, his own breath jerked deeply inward as he was himself related, through his intended departure, to the picture. Hunter was remembered cutting wood for the school-house fire, sweet-hearting the girls and turning them lightly in the dance, or sitting by the fire at night, reading his book, holding the page low to the blaze. He was remembered hallooing back up the mountain the day he left, his voice calling back as he went down the ridge and he himself answering until there was not even a faint hollow whoo-pee to come up the slope. By the fire Newt had often taken Hunter's book into his hands, but he could never read the strange words nor in any way know what they meant when they were read, for they had stood four-square and hostile against his understanding. His father's voice would fall dully over the slow clearing: "You could work on this-here enduren the while that I cut the corn patch."

He knew that he would go. His determination rejected the clearing, knowing that he would be gone before the corn was ready to cut. It rejected the monotonous passing of the days, the clatter of feet on the stones by the door, the dull, inconspicuous corn patch above. He would walk, taking the short cut over the mountains. Two ridges to go and then there would be a road for his feet, some one had said. He announced his plan to his father one day while they leaned over their grub hoes. There was no willingness offered, but his mind was set, and three days later he had established his plan. His mammy had washed his shirts clean and had rolled them into a bundle with his spare socks, and she had baked him bread and a joint of ham. She and his sister stood by the doorway weeping after he had driven back the dog and had shouted his good-bye.

III

It was a mid-afternoon and the sun beat down into the cove where he traveled. He worked his way through the thick-set laurel, struggling to keep his bundle tied to his shoulders where the brush stood most dense.

The dry clatter of the higher boughs came to his ears, but it was so mingled with the pricking snarls of the twigs on his face that the one sense was not divided from the other. "This durned ivy," he said when the laurel held him back. He matched his strength against boughs or he flashed his wits against snarls and rebounds, hot and weary, tingling with sweat and with the pricking twigs. Pushed back at one place where he tried to find an opening, he assailed another and then another, throwing all his strength angrily against the brush and tearing himself through the mesh with *god-damns* of relief. A large shaded stone that bulged angrily out of the mountain-side gave him a space of rest. He stretched himself on the slanting rock, his face away from the sun, and lay for an hour, thinking nothing, feeling the weariness as it beat heavily upon his limbs.

"I'm bodaciously tired," he said, after a long period of torpor. "Could I come by a spring branch I'd drink me a whole durned quart of it."

Another tree-grown mountain arose across the cove, misty now in the afternoon and in the first haze of Autumn, and beyond lay other blue mountains, sinking farther and farther into the air. Back of him it was the same; he had been on the way two weeks now. Before him he knew each one would be dense with laurel until he came to the wagon road. He took to the pathless way after his hour of rest, going forward. When the sun was setting behind Bee Gum Mountain he saw a house down in the cove, not far as the crow would fly but the distance of two hours' going for him. When he saw the cabin he began to sing, chanting:

Right hands across and howdy-do,
Left and back and how are you.

Oh, call up yo' dog, oh, call up yo' dog,
Ring twang a-whoddle lanky day.

The sight of the house quickened his desire for Merryman and the cities in the settlements, and this desire had become more definite in his act of going. His wish was for sure, quick gestures and easy sayings that would come from the mouth as easily as breath. There were for him other things, as yet unrelated to any one place—men playing ball with a great crowd to watch, all the crowd breaking into a laugh at one time; men racing fine horses on a hard, smooth track; music playing; men having things done by machinery; lovely girls not yet imagined; and things to know beyond anything he could recall, and not one of them too fine or too good for him. He sang as he went down the slope, his song leaping out of him. He had heard it said that the lights of Merryman could be seen from Coster Ridge on a clear night, and Coster was now visible standing up in the pale air, for a man had pointed him the way that morning. Singing, he set himself toward the house at the bottom of the cove.

Night was falling when he called "Hello" at the foot of Bee Gum Mountain. The man of the house asked his name and told his own, making him welcome. Supper was over, but the host, whose name was Tom Bland, ordered Nance, his woman, to give the stranger a snack of biscuit bread and bacon, and this Newt ate sitting beside the fire. Another stranger was sitting in the cabin, an old man who kept very still while Nance worked with the utensils, his dim eyes looking into the fire or eyeing Newt who stared back and searched the looks of the stranger. Then Tom told Nance how they would sleep that night, telling her to give the old man her place in the bed beside himself.

"You could get in bed along with the young ones," he said to her. "The boy here, he could sleep on a shakedown alongside the fireplace."

From gazing into the fire the old stranger would fall asleep, but after a moment he would awake, opening dim, ashamed eyes that glanced feebly at Newt, faintly defying him. Then Nance put some children to bed, her own perhaps, and sat quietly in the corner of the hearth, her hands in her lap. Newt had looked at the host, acquainting himself with him. He was a strong man, far past youth, large-boned and broad-muscled. His heavy feet scraped on the floor when he moved from his chair to the water

bucket on the window sill. Newt saw that he on his side had been silently searching out the old stranger. After a while the host and the old man began to talk, Tom speaking first.

"There's a sight of travel now."

"Hit's a moven age."

Between each speech there was a slow pause as each saying was carefully probed before the reply was offered.

Tom said, "Two in one night, and last week there was one come by." And then after a while he asked, "Where might youens be bound for, stranger?"

"I'm on my way back," the man said.

There was a long season of quiet. The ideas were richly interspersed with action, for Nance softly jolted back and forth in her chair, her bare feet tapping lightly on the boards of the floor.

"You been far?" Tom asked.

"I been a right far piece. I been to the settle-ments in Froman county, and then I been to the mines around Tateville and Beemen."

Newt bit nervously at his knuckles and looked at the man, taking from him these signs of the world. The fire burned low, and breaking the long silence Tom said once or twice, "There's a sight of travel now." Newt looked at the old man's feet in their patched shoes, feet that had walked the streets in towns. Indefinite wonders touched the man's feet, his crumpled knees, and his crooked hands that were spread on his lap.

Then Tom said, "Froman county, I reckon that's a prime good place to be now."

"Hit may be so, but I wouldn't be-nasty my feet with the dust of hit no longer. Nor any other place down there. I'm on my way back."

The old man's voice quavered over his words toward the close of this speech, and after a little while he added, his voice lifted, "Hit's a far piece back, but a man has a rather about where he'd like to be." Finally he spoke in great anger, his arm raised and his hand threatening, "I've swat my last drop of sweat in that-there country and eat my last meal's victuals. A man has a rather as to the place he likes to be."

This thought lay heavily over the fireplace, shared by all but

uncomprehended by Nance, whose skin was rich with blood and life. She sat complacently rocking back and forth in her small chair.

After the long quiet which surrounded this thought the old man began to speak softly, having spent his passion, "I'm on my way back. I been in a study a long time about goen back but seems like I couldn't make hit to go. Work was terrible pressen. But now I'm on my way back where I was borned and my mammy and pappy before me. I was a plumb traitor to my God when I left the mountains and come to the settlements. Many is the day I'd study about that-there and many is the night I lay awake to study about the way back over Coster Ridge, on past Bear Mountain, past Hog Run, past Little Pine Tree, up and on past Louse Run, up, then on over Long Ridge and up into Laurel, into Grady Creek and on up the branch, past the Flat Rock, past the sawmill, past the grove of he-balsams, and then the smoke a-comen outen the chimney and the door open and old Nomie's pup a-comen down the road to meet me. I'd climb the whole way whilst I was a-layen there, in my own mind I would, and I'd see the ivy as plain as you'd see your hand afore your face, and the coves and the he-balsams. In my own mind I'd go back, a step at a time, Coster, Bear Mountain and the Bee Gum, Little Pine Tree, Louse Run, Grady, and I'd see the rocks in the way to go, and a log stretched out in my way maybe. I wouldn't make hit too easy to go. Past Bear Mountain, past Hog Run and the cove, scratchem my way through ivy brush. Then I'd come to myself and there I'd be, a month's travel from as much as a sight of the Flat Rock, and I'd groan and shake and turn over again. I was a traitor to my God."

IV

Nance laid a little stick on the fire, with a glance at Tom, he allowing it without protest. Then she sat back in her stiff chair with a quick movement, her bare feet light on the boards. The old man was talking again.

"Where my mammy was borned before me and her mammy and daddy before again. And no water in all Froman or Tateville but dead pump waters, no freestone like you'd want. How could

a man expect to live? Many's the night I've said, could I be on the shady side of the Flat Rock, up past the saw-mill, up past the grove of he-balsams, where the spring branch runs out over the horse-shoe rock, and could I get me one drink of that there cold crystal water I'd ask ne'er thing more of God Almighty in life."

"I know that there very spring branch," Newt now said. He was eager to enter the drama of the world, and his time now had come. "I know that there very place. You come to a rock set on end and a hemlock bush set off to the right, she-balsams all off to the left like."

"Mankind, that's just how hit's set. I believe you been right there!"

"A mountain goes straight up afore you as you stand, say this here is the spring, and the water comes out and runs off over a horse-shoe rock."

"Mankind, that's just how hit's set. I do believe you know that there very place. You say hit's there just the same?"

"I got me a drink at that there very spring branch Tuesday 'twas a week ago."

"You drank them waters!" And then he said after a period of wonder, "To think you been to that very spring branch! You been there!"

"We can burn another stick," Tom said, as if in honor of the strange event, and Nance mended the fire again. Outside Newt heard dogs howling far up the slope and some small beast cried.

"To think you been there! You are a-setten right now in hearen of my voice and yet a Tuesday 'twas a week ago you was in the spot I call home. Hit's hard to study over. You come down the mountain fast. That country is powerful hard goen."

"Yes, I come right fast."

"I couldn't make hit back in twice the time and more. Hard goen it was. What made you travel so hard, young man?"

"I'm a-maken hit toward the settle-ments."

"And what you think to find in the settle-ments, God knows! What you think to see, young man?"

"Learnen. I look to find learnen in the settle-ments."

In the pause that followed the old man gazed at the hearth as

if he were looking into time, into all qualities, and he fell momentarily asleep under the impact of his gaze. But presently he looked at Newt and said, "And to think you tasted them waters Tuesday 'twas a week ago!"

"You come to a rock set on end, and here's the hemlock off to the right like, and here to the left goes the gorge."

The old man was asleep, his eyes falling away before the fire. But he waked suddenly and said with kindling eyes, his hand uplifted, "You come from there at a master pace, young man, come from the place I hope to see if God Almighty sees fitten to bless me afore I lay me down and die. You walked, I reckon, right over the spot I pined to see a many is the year, God knows, and it was nothing to you, but take care. The places you knowed when you was a little shirt-tail boy won't go outen your head or outen your recollections."

Then he said, another outbreak after a long pause, his hand again uplifted, "I reckon you relish learnen, young man, and take a delight in hit, and set a heap of store by the settle-ments. But the places you knowed when you was a little tad, they won't go outen your remembrance. Your insides is made that way, and made outen what you did when you was a shirt-tail boy, and you'll find it's so. Your dreams of a night and all you pine to see will go back. You won't get shed so easy of hit. You won't get shed."

Newt looked into the fire and a terror grew into his thought. He saw minutely the moss on the well curb and the shapes in which he grew, and saw the three stones that lay beside the well, that lifted his feet out of the mud. The sound made by the bucket in the well as it rocked from wall to wall, as it finally struck the water, rolled acutely backward into his inner hearing. He saw the rope twine over the beam as he turned the wooden handle, drawing the full bucket to the top. Three long steps then to the door of the house, the feel of the filled bucket drawing at his arm. Up the loft ladder to his room, his hands drawing up his body, the simple act of climbing, of emerging from some lower place to a higher, and he was buried in the act, submerged in a deep sense of it.

"You may go far and see a heap in life," the old stranger said, slowly, defiantly prophetic, "you may go far, but mark me as I

say it, the places you knowed when you was a little tad will be the strongest in your remembrance. Your whole insides is made outen what you done first."

Newt saw in terror what he saw as he gazed into the sinking embers. His mother calling him from the house door, calling him to come to his dinner, her hand uplifted to the door frame. His sister, a little girl, dragging his chair in place and pushing his cup up against his plate. His tears for them dimmed the fire to a vague, red, quivering glow. The floating images in the dark of the well water, the bright light of the sky in the middle as a picture in a frame and his own head looking into the heart of the picture—these were between him and the fire, moving more inwardly and dragging himself with them as they went. He was bereft, divided, emptied of his every wish, and he gazed at the fire, scarcely seeing it.

There was moving in the room, figures making a dim passage of shadows behind him. Presently he knew that the old man had gone to his sleeping place and that Nance was spreading quilts on the floor to the side of the fireplace. Her strong body was pleasant to sense as she flung out the covers and pulled them into line, and a delight in the strange room, the strange bed, welled over him. His breath was then set to a fluted rhythm as he drew suddenly inward a rich flood of air, a rhythm flowing deeply until it touched the core of his desire for the settlements, laid an amorous pulse on its most quick and inner part. Learning was the word he cherished and kept identified with his quickened breath. He remembered that the lights of Merryman and the settlements would be brightly dusted over the low valley when he reached Coster.

By the end of the week he would, his eager breath told him, be looking down on to the farther valley.

THE JEW[1]

By EDWIN SEAVER

(From *The New Republic*)

AFTER Aarons left the office we all felt much better. Not that Aarons was a bad sort. On the contrary, we all liked him quite a lot, even though he was a Jew. Yet somehow we felt relieved when one day, out of a clear sky, Aarons rose from his desk and, slamming a drawer shut with such a bang we all jumped in our chairs, said:

"I'm through."

Then he took his hat and coat, and without saying good-bye to anybody closed the door behind him.

We were all so surprised nobody even thought of asking Aarons where he was going. We simply sat there staring at each other. It was so still in the office you could hear the clock on Mr. Mold's desk ticking away patiently.

Suddenly we all began talking and laughing at once. We actually became hilarious and laughed at each other's remarks, as if everything that was said was unbearably funny.

"The crazy Jew," Mr. Mold said, his mouth still open in amazement, "now what do you suppose has bitten him?"

"Oh, Lord," gasped Miss Childe, throwing up her hands and leaning back in her chair so that her skirts came up way over her knees, "that's the richest yet."

As for Mr. Nash, he was beside himself. Taking a handful of papers from his wastebasket, he hurled them into the air and cried:

"Hurrah for Aarons! There's one Jew less in the company."

It was as if a load had suddenly dropped from our shoulders. The very atmosphere of the office seemed lighter now, and when we returned to our typewriters we all felt unusually elated. Nothing so remarkable had happened in the office for years.

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When you come right down to it, I guess we didn't like Aarons so much, after all. He was a strange yid; we could never make him out.

I suppose Aarons was what you might call a red. I mean he was a born trouble-maker. Before he came to the office, we all got along together fine. As members of the editorial bureau, we felt that we were important factors in the company. After all, it was we who presented the company to the public; it was we who wrote the bosses' speeches for them. In our way, we were, as the vice-president—commercial relations—once said to us in conference, artists.

As soon as Aarons came, all that went by the board. What I mean is, he made us all feel kind of foolish, and before we knew what had happened we were all playing up to him. It wasn't any one thing in particular that he did. I guess it was just the fact that he was among us upset the whole morale of the office. We began to make fun of our work. We would read aloud to each other the most serious parts of a speech or an article we were preparing, just to get a laugh.

"How's that for the bunk?" we would say, winking to one another or sticking our tongue in our cheek and pulling a sly face.

Now I ask you, is that right? It seems to me a fellow owes something to the company that's hiring him. Deuce take it, if we don't like our jobs we know what we can do. A man's got to feel some respect for himself and his work. Aarons robbed us of our self-respect. Every day we took our jobs more and more as a joke. We made out to each other we were getting real reckless and didn't give a hang for anything or anybody, but underneath it all I think we were beginning to get scared of ourselves.

You see, it was affecting our work. We no longer could turn out the copy the way we used to. It became harder and harder to write inspirationally, the way the boss wanted us to, and we would sit for hours before our machines tearing up sheet after sheet of paper and cursing ourselves and our jobs. But the more fun Aarons made of his work the better copy he turned out. You had to hand it to him.

"When you're a harlot you have to know how, eh, boys?" he would say, banging away at his machine and talking all the time. And he would grin down his long nose as if we were the big joke.

Now what kind of way is that for a fellow to talk about his work, especially with ladies in the office? That's the trouble with these Jews; they never know when to stop. It used to make me sick to see Miss Childe shining up to Aarons and trying to appear clever just to get him to say something nice about her copy.

But the climax came one day when the boss called us into conference. What do you suppose he said? He said we were all letting up on our jobs except Aarons, and that Aarons was the only one that was worth anything to him.

"You could all take a lesson from Aarons," the boss said. "When he writes he puts his whole heart into it. He convinces you in whatever he does because he's convinced before he puts down a word on paper. I want to see more of his conviction in your work hereafter."

And there was Aarons sitting there all the time as cool as you please. It's a wonder we didn't choke on the boss' words. Believe me, we felt pretty cheap, I can tell you.

After we got back to our desks, Aarons didn't say anything for some time. He sat there, holding his head in his hands as if he had a headache. He had never been so quiet before.

"There's no fool like an old fool, eh, Mr. Aarons," Miss Childe said, sort of laughing, but you could see she was bursting with envy for what the boss had said to him.

Aarons didn't even answer her. Suddenly he lifted his head, and speaking in a voice we had never heard before, almost as if he was begging Mr. Mold to listen to him, he said:

"Mold, you've got a wife and child, you'll understand me. Suppose you couldn't get a job, suppose, no matter how hard you tried, you couldn't fit in anywhere, would you let your wife walk the streets for you?"

Mr. Mold was so surprised he actually turned pale.

"Why, what do you mean?" he stammered.

"Don't get angry, please," Aarons went on in that strange, pleading voice that was so new to us. "Look at it in another way. Suppose you didn't want another job, you just couldn't stick it any longer, see, and you knew you could never be satisfied with another job, would you let your wife and child go shift for themselves sooner than go on humiliating yourself?"

Mr. Mold stared at Aarons, and then a broad grin broke over his face.

"Say, what are you up to now, Aarons?" he said, and we all laughed with relief to think Aarons was only joking again.

But Aarons didn't laugh at all. He merely shrugged his shoulders, and suddenly he looked extraordinarily sad as if he were going to cry. Then he got up, went over to the washstand in the corner of the office and began washing his hands.

Mr. Nash rapped his forehead with his knuckles and nodded to us as much as to say: I told you so.

And the next thing we knew, Aarons had quit.

THE ROMANTIC SAILOR[1]

By JAMES STEVENS

(From *The Frontier,* Missoula, Montana)

THIS is the story of a little adventure that happened to me in the rip-roaring days of San Francisco's Barbary Coast. The place was the Thalia Dance Hall. The time was past midnight, and I had been making the attempt, very successfully, to get rid of the savings of a winter of labor in Southern California, for I was shipping out to the Oregon woods on the morrow. At last I had only a few dollars left. I was weary of the mauling, shouting crowd and the screeching, clattering music. All in a moment the men in the hall looked sweaty and boozy to me and their gaiety sounded harsh and unreal. Music and glamor went out from the painted, short-skirted dancing girls; and I thought yearningly of a moon-dark Mexican maiden; and once again I heard the whispering of her dress, as I had heard it when we walked under the pepper trees of Sonoratown, matching our steps with the drowsy strumming of guitars which sounded from the doors of vine-wreathed adobe houses. Over the racket and glare of the Coast memory spread a veil—the soft romance of Southern nights. Before me there was a vision of glamorous darkness and misted light, and I dreamed amid a golden gloom of starry skies and starry waters. . . .

I had retreated to a seat at a table in a dark corner. There fancy was my slave. At my wish it curtained the scene and smothered the noise of the dance hall. The silken legs of the girls and the gaudy yellow shoes of the men became no more than sticks and stones. The howling music was no more than a wind. I was under the spell of a lovelier vision.

The dream fled when I felt the table jar heavily against my chair. I looked up and saw a sailorman swaying over the table, his huge red fists gripping its edge. He was dressed in a loose-

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fitting blue serge suit, and his throat, a flaming red from sea weather, swelled over the tight collar of a black sweater. His chin and jaws appeared singularly slight above the heavy muscularity of his body; but his gray eyes, under a whisky mist, had a sullen fire in them; and they shone beneath a tousle of coarse red hair, which had worked out from under the cap set far back on his head. He stood swaying for a minute, glaring silently at me all the while. He reminded me of Jack London's Satanic whaler captain.

"Set down, Sea Wolf," I said brashly. "Set down and let your licker rest."

He glared so then that I decided to put on my friendliest grin for him. At last he grunted and sat down. Then his gaze roved among the dancers. It halted on a Spanish girl in green. His thin lips tightened in a fierce grin.

"Here she comes," he said. "Look 'er over, boy!"

The girl in green whirled by, clutched tightly in the arms of a gaily-tailored man who had the stamp of the city all over him.

"She threw me over, that Spaniola did," growled the big sailorman. "Made 'er think I was broke and sailing in the morning, just to test 'er out. Shook me in a minnit, she did. Unloaded me without a warning! But I ain't broke, and I ain't sailing, see! I'll teach her to think I'm one of these tramp scum! Me! Blooey! This mob o' lubbers makes me sick."

He leaned back in his chair and laughed a harsh, growly chuckle. A waiter looked us over inquiringly and the sailorman ordered beer for two. The soothing juice of the barley touched him with a more genial humor.

"Calling me 'Sea Wolf' and thinking I wasn't knowing about him, eh?" he said, nodding sagely. "Me not knowing Jack Lon'on! Ho! Ho! I 'ave to larf. Kiddo, I know 'im well, 'im and more. Know all the literchoor of the water. Melville and Dana and Lon'on, and Conrad, the shining lord of all of 'em! Son, did you ever read *Lord Jim?* No? So I reckoned. That's me—Lord Jim. I'm a romantic, too, damn it to hell! Bloody romantic. Kind of a Norstromo, too, in a way. Always doing hell-fool things on account of some gell when I'm in port; damning myself to hell when I 'its the bloomin' sea. Cap'n Conrad'd a knowed my trouble. Sea Wolf—hell! What'd

Lon'on know about a pore feller's soul? What'd he a seen in me but my muscle? To show my feelings about the Spaniola and that strutting macque—that's a job for Cap'n Joseph."

He talked on in a thick growl about writers, his voice now sounding the speech of the Cockney, now having a Western American twang in it. His talk did not interest me particularly, and he had spoiled my dream; I wanted to get away from him, but I had to listen politely while I drank his beer.

"You an' yer Sea Wolf!" He laughed mockingly. "I s'pose you think Sailor Jack's the greatest writer they is?"

"He suits me all right," I said. "But I haven't read very much."

"Oh, the beautiful ignerence of youth!" cried the sailorman, in a singing voice. A new humor softened the fire of his gaze. "You work with your hands, I see; and you suffer, for sure, and you wonder why. But mostly you shake trouble off and frolic away —frolic away—knowing nothin'—carin' nothin'! But me, matey —looky 'ere at pore me—Lord Jim and Norstromo—a feller who has voyaged many times on the *Narcissus*—aye, many times with that pore, weary, fearful, storm-beaten crew of simple, toilin' men. Now and forever I'll see my own soul and the souls of other men stripped bare. That's literchoor. Frolic away in ignerance. That's youth. 'Ere's to you, you bloody igner'nt youth, you!"

He had ordered whisky, and now he gulped a glass of it. He turned the emptied glass in his big red fingers and stared hard at it for a while, saying nothing. I saw the wild glitter returning to his eyes. I wanted no more of the romantic sailorman, and I told him I had to get out, as I was off for the woods in the early morning.

"Just a minute, bucko!" His voice snapped the command clearly, losing its alcoholic muddiness. "I've a bit of a chore for you first. And I'll pay you well. Interduce you to literchoor, I will. All I want is for you to glom the next dance with Spaniola and scare her with a warning. Tell 'er for God's sake to be careful of Nors—no, this is better: tell 'er for God's sake does she know that's the 'riginal Wolf Larsen she's just shook! And tell her you found out I wasn't sailing in the morning at all, see. You do that; and then come back here; and I'll fix you up. Trot now."

I was not sorry to have this bit of adventure. I got the Spanish girl in green, and, as she turkey-trotted with me over the vast dance floor of the *Thalia,* I revealed her danger to her, in the thrilling manner I had seen heroes of melodrama employ on the stage.

"Tell me something new," she laughed scornfully. "I hear a spiel like that every night. If he cuts up, he'll go out of here on a stretcher."

"But he's the 'riginal Wolf Larsen, I tell you!"

"What's that to me? He may be a devil on a ship, but he'll get his tail twisted if he tries any rough stuff here."

"Yeah?" was all I could say.

"M-m-m-hmmh! And, listen, birdie, don't chirp too loud yourself!"

The dance done, she got her check and swaggered away with a nonchalant, "Tell the gorilla he'd better mope. He makes me sick."

The sailorman heard me gloomily.

"Love and licker's blowed me into dirty weather," he mumbled. "Spaniola seems to have me foul. Treats me with the most miser'ble contemp'! Hell's bells! Well—'s my fate. Wolf Larsen, the hero—bah! Men and women—women especially—despise the kind. Once I whipped four men in a fair fight. Girl called me a bully then. Spaniola says I'm a gorilla. Blimey, but life's a rotten lay, matey. Avast there, Lord Jim! Le's have some more licker. Mus' get romantic again."

I was thinking quite a bit less of this sailorman by now; and when I heard him order more whisky, I told him I had to go.

"Well, I promised you a interduction to literchoor," he said, "I'll write it out; then leave me to sink, if you wanter."

He scribbled in a notebook as the waiter put down two glasses of whisky. We drank.

The sailorman tore a leaf from his notebook, directing me to take it to a waterfront bar. I put it in my pocket, called a "S'long!" over my shoulder, and strode through the swinging doors, very glad to get out. As I pushed through the doors I took a backward glance. The strange sailorman was gazing romantically at the whirling figure of the Spanish girl in green, and his red hand was fumbling inside his sweater. I knew that he

was reaching for his last roll of bills. Spaniola had conquered him. After all, he would be broke at dawn and sailing hopelessly out of the harbor. I felt a grand youthful contempt for his weakness. This mountain of a man was like all old stiffs, I thought, as I stepped out into the bright street; any dance hall fluesy could get them foul.

I circled around to the waterfront saloon. The bartender read the note and handed over a thick package. I opened it in my room. Nothing but books. Before I could look through even one of them my thoughts were caught up in the radiant memory of Southern nights. I fell asleep in dreams of a moon-dark girl. I awoke in that vision of loveliness. I walked with it down the stairs and through the streets to my train. The books, forgotten, were left behind. I cannot remember the title of one of them. But I am sure that they were all romantic books.

MIDWESTERN PRIMITIVE[1]

By RUTH SUCKOW

(From *Harper's Magazine*)

BERT went flying over to get May Douglas to come to look at her table. It was all ready now, and she had to show it to some one. There was nobody at home who knew or cared about such things.

"May! Busy? Want to come and see the table now I've got it fixed?"

"Oh, yes!"

May was delighted. She left her ironing where it was and followed Bert with eager excitement. She thought that Bert Statzer was a wonder.

"We'll go right through the kitchen. Smells kind of good, don't it? There! Do you like it?"

"Bert!"

May was fairly speechless. She gazed at the table with fervent, faded eyes. It seemed to her the most beautiful thing she had ever seen. She didn't see how Bert had managed it—how she ever thought of such things and how she learned to do them. Bert was just a genius, that was all.

"You really think it looks nice?"

Bert drank in May's appreciation thirstily. She knew it didn't amount to much that May would admire anything she did; but she had to get appreciation from somewhere.

"I think it's just too beautiful for words. You little marvel! I just don't see how you do it." May sighed.

"Well, I'm glad you think it looks nice." Bert relaxed, with a long, gratified sigh, but stiffened again to say to Maynard, who had tagged them into the dining room, "Be careful, Maynard! If you move one of those things—!"

[1] Copyright, 1928, by Harper & Brothers.
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May was looking at everything: the little fringed napkins of pink crêpe, the tinted glass goblets which Bert had sent away for, the spray of sweet peas at every place, one pink and then the next one lavender, made of tissue paper—such a pretty idea! She had never seen any napkins like those. Bert went on talking excitedly.

"Well, if it's good enough for those folks, it'll be good enough for any one. I'll think I've accomplished something, May!"

"I don't see how it can help—"

"Oh, but I've never had any one like them here—any one really from away! It scares me. This looks nice to us, but these people have all seen things. Then, you know, they're going to have that famous writer with them. That's what I'm so excited about. If he likes it, then I thought maybe I could use his name. You know that'll help to get me known—if I can get his recommendation. Like those cold cream ads and everything—they're all doing that. Oh, I'm so excited, May! Feel my hands. Aren't they cold?"

"Why, you poor child!" May took Bert's tense, thin little hands and fondled them. "You don't need to feel that way. I don't see how anybody could ask for anything nicer. If *this* isn't good enough for them—"

"Oh, I know, but people like that who have been places and seen things—! Just the kind I've wanted to have come. I don't expect anybody *here* to appreciate this—anybody but you and Mrs. Elliott. Well, I don't care, I've done the best I could. Maynard, look *out!*"

Bert's face was still gratified but screwed with worry. She knew how she really wanted things to look. She wanted flowered curtains instead of these old ones, and little painted tables instead of this big old thing. . . . Here was this little stuck-in-the-mud burg always holding her back, and her mother, and Arlie. Well, *she* didn't intend to be stuck in the mud, anyway. She had put up her sign where tourists could see it: "Hillside Inn." It made people in town laugh. They wanted to know where the "hillside" was. She didn't care. People like these could appreciate. Her tea room, if the dinner to-day was a success, would attract others; "interesting people" would come—the kind of people she craved to know and among whom she really belonged—and finally she

would make so much money that she could get them all out of Shell Spring, herself and Maynard and Arlie, and really go somewhere.

She burst out, "The only trouble is mother!" And that was true. Arlie would stay out—he didn't want folks like that to see him in his old working clothes—but mother thought she had to go in and entertain them, just the way she did with any one who came to the house. "I was so ashamed when those last people were here. The way mother came in—! Now, of course, May, *I* know mother's good as gold, and means it the best in the world, but what do folks like that think of her? I can't get her to fix herself up or anything. She doesn't understand. 'Ach, well, if they don't like the way I look, then they can look at something they do like.' That's the way she is. She doesn't know one person from another, doesn't see why these people are any different from any others. (May kept making distressed little murmurs. She did know how Mrs. Hohenschuh was!) Now, May, I went and bought a nice up-to-date dress for her, like people are wearing, when I was in Dubuque last. She'd look nice in it if she'd wear it. But do you think she will? No, sir. 'Ach, I never wore anything like that, I'll stick to what I been wearing.' You don't know, May—" Bert's voice tightened into bitterness—"nobody does, they all talk about how good-natured mother is. They don't know how stubborn she can be. Honestly, if mother didn't want to move, I don't believe a *motorcycle* running into her could budge her one inch. She's just hopeless."

"Oh, well, Bert, it'll come out," May said soothingly.

"I suppose. But she gives these people who come here the wrong idea. I don't want them to think we're all like she is."

"They won't think that about you!"

Bert felt encouraged after May's visit. She was excited, flying around the kitchen, doing the last few things, watching out for Maynard so that he would keep his little suit clean. Where was mother? she thought in exasperation. Oh, there! out in the garden, *digging*. Bert had no time to run out after her now. She snatched a look at the clock. Almost time for them to get here! Oh, dear, but she did want everything just right. What was mother thinking of? Did she want to get caught looking like

that? "Maynard, if you don't keep away from that table—!" Bert thought she would go crazy.

Then mother came waddling serenely into the house.

"Want I should help?"

"Not at this late date!"

That was all Bert was going to say. But she couldn't hold in; even if it was more of a triumph to be simply cold and cutting, she had to let it all out.

"Here I am working, trying to get everything nice, with everything all fixed, and you don't care. You just go on with your old digging out there in the garden and don't see or care!"

Mrs. Hohenschuh looked abashed. "Ach, well," she began; then she retorted, "Well, I ain't wanted around here. You wouldn't be satisfied anyway with things the way I'd do them. Ach, all this fuss! What are you making all this fuss about? All this business!"

She finished with an angry mutter and waddled off to the door. Bert didn't know whether she was going to change her dress or not. Well, if she wanted them to catch her looking that way, if she didn't care, didn't know any better . . . Bert was left trembling with anger. She flew about the kitchen, put a few more nuts on each plate of salad, with shaking fingers changed her old apron for the bright green smock she was going to wear to do the serving—it was what they were wearing; it was like the one she'd seen in the photograph of "Betty Lee's Tea Room" in the cooking magazine.

She went into the dining room. The shining glasses twinkled up at her, the sweet peas were rosy and stiff, the dishes looked so nice, the little napkins were so pretty . . . was everything right? She had got ideas wherever she could, but was she sure? She wanted to show these people that even if she did live out here in Shell Spring, she knew how things ought to be. She was going to have a *real* tea room some day. She had never felt that she belonged in Shell Spring, among the people who lived there. If she could only have the kind of things that other people had, do things the way that other people did them! She was going to do it even if she was stuck here. It had to be right. Everything was so lovely. Her anger and fear changed into a shining glory. The whole table dazzled before her eyes. She caught hold

of Maynard, who was tagging her. "Look, Maynard!" she cried. "Isn't our table pretty?" She snatched a kiss from him in her trembling happiness.

Then she heard a car outside on the road. Her heart gave a wild leap. The people were coming!

A large green car rolled up to the cement block that still stood in the thick green grass beside the road as a relic of horse and buggy days. Bert in her green smock was waiting. Her black eyes were shining under short black hair threaded with early white. It seemed to her that it took the people a long while to get out of the car. She had time to wonder and to agonize over the place; the old frame house—she wished they could have had it stuccoed—what would these people think? Then the people were out and coming up the walk, and she had a confused, eager sight of two men and three women—one of them was the writer! One man was in advance, a large man with a rosy face and shell-rimmed glasses. He came toward her smiling. That must be the one who had ordered the dinner, Mrs. Elliott's friend. Mr. Drayton.

"Mrs. Statzer?" Yes, that was who he was. "We heard you gave such good meals here that we thought we'd have to stop and try one of them."

Bert was so pleased and flattered that she scarcely heard his introductions, forgot the names just as soon as he mentioned them. She had been trying from the first to pick out the writer. It was the tall man, then, with the thick gray hair. She hadn't expected him to look . . . like that, somehow—grand, or at least in artistic-looking clothes, a hat with a wide brim, or glasses on a cord, or something. She wanted to show him that she knew who he was, even if most of the people here in town didn't. They hadn't known whom she meant when she said Harry Whetstone was coming here. Well, she hadn't known, either, until Mrs. Elliot told her—but she did now. She held out her hand, alert and eager.

"Oh, this is the writer, is it? I certainly was honored when I heard we were going to entertain you. I haven't read any of your works yet, but I intend to—I don't get much time for reading."

"No hurry, no hurry," the writer said with affable nonchalance.

She was looking, too, at the women. She hadn't got the relationships between the women and men figured out yet. One looked older, one wore that smart little green dress and hat, and then there was that one who might be any age—where did *she* come in? They were looking around. "Isn't this lovely!" one of them was saying. What did they mean? Bert's brilliant eyes were watching them. They were pointing to that terrible old brown tile in which mother had some geraniums planted. "Look, Harry! Isn't that lovely?" They couldn't really think it was *lovely*. "Lovely" had a different, suspicious meaning as these women used it. Bert's eyes were devouring the details of their clothes. She led them into the house, burning with anxiety, sensitiveness, eagerness; she knew how many things were wrong.

"I suppose you folks would like to wash a little after your drive. We haven't any bathroom, I'm sorry to say. We want to have one, but this town is so slow, they've never piped the water out this far. But if you don't mind just washing in the old-fashioned wash-bowls—"

She hated that so. But they were nice about it.

"You know, you're out in the country," she said with a nervous laugh, "and you have to take us the way you find us."

She ushered the women into her best bedroom, the guest room off the parlor. This was the one room in the house in which she could take some pride. She had fixed it up with furniture she had painted herself, and she had put the stencil on the walls—all after the plan of the Model Bedroom in the household magazine for which she had taken subscriptions last winter.

"Now, if you'll just take off your hats and put them wherever you find a place." She was eager and flustered. "I'm afraid I'll have to ask you gentlemen to go upstairs." She was ashamed to take them up to her old room, full of horrid old dark furniture—was afraid, too, as she sped up the steep stairs ahead of them, although she knew it was all right, she had been up at four o'clock cleaning and getting the house ready. She banged the door of her mother's room shut as she went past. "Now I think you'll find everything—" She ran down.

The women were talking in the bedroom. She heard a soft laugh. She lingered in the front room, sensitive and alert, but she couldn't hear. The smartness of their clothes actually hurt

her, showed her all kinds of unsuspected deficiencies in herself, although it pleased and gratified her too. They were the kind of people she wanted to know.

But when she went into the dining room and saw the table she was exultant again. "If you'll excuse me," she called, "I'm afraid I'll have to be in the kitchen." They were nice! Oh, dear. She had forgotten to ask the author to write in her visitors' book. She was going to have her book just as they did in the real Eastern tea rooms Mrs. Elliott had told her about. Well, there was time. The table looked so sweet! And yet she was obscurely hurt and smarting. She wasn't sure those women weren't laughing.

Arlie had come into the kitchen and was washing his hands. "Well, are they here?" he asked. He didn't exactly like their coming, or to have Bert always fussing around with things like this, but then, he was all right, he kept out of the way. Bert was taking the roast chicken from the oven. Roasted, not fried. "People in the East never think of *frying* chicken." Mrs. Elliott had never tasted fried chicken all the time that she was in the East. Bert wanted these people to be able to say they had eaten as good a meal here in the Hillside Inn as ever they had got in any city restaurant. She had followed the menus in the cooking magazine. She was so excited now that the ordeal was on that she felt herself working in a kind of tense calm. She gave Arlie his dinner in the back kitchen. These people would see that she knew how things should be done.

"You can come in to dinner now."

There was a moment of quiet and formality as she seated them. They didn't exclaim like those last people. "Well, well, I didn't know we were going to find a first-class hotel here in Shell Spring!" that other man had cried. She served them, wondering if she oughtn't to have got in Donna Peterson to help her—but then, Donna wouldn't "know," and she wanted things right. She tried to remember what things should go to the right and what to the left. When she went out to the kitchen she ordered Maynard to keep back. She was going to bring him in after the meal, all dressed up in his little new suit, and just introduce him. "This is my little boy Maynard." She had read, in a story, about a mother doing that.

Through her preoccupation with the food and the serving—

wondering if everything tasted just right—she heard snatches of the conversation. The people seemed a little tired, maybe from that long drive. "Well, this is familiar." What did they mean by that? Did they like the little napkins, or were they laughing at them? But those napkins were exactly the kind that were used in all the tea rooms now! "Standardization, I tell you. It gets into all the corners." That meant nothing to Bert. They certainly must like those salads that May Douglas had said were simply too pretty to be eaten. Nice salads were things people here in town didn't fuss with—all those "do-dads" mother called them. The people were affable and talking among themselves, and yet Bert could sense that the dinner didn't seem to be going exactly as she had hoped that it would. She had somehow thought that they would be more astonished and delighted, and that they would take her right in with them. Her thin cheeks were flushed. In the kitchen it was as if she were working in a vacuum, not in that shining flush of triumph she knew and craved. How fast it was all going, how soon this great dinner would be over!

Mrs. Hohenschuh had come into the kitchen from the back way. "Mother, you went and put on that old percale dress of yours, and I had that new one all laid out for you ready!" That seemed the crowning catastrophe. Bert suddenly began to tremble with anger. When she came into the kitchen the next time she whispered furiously, "You aren't going to let those people see you in that! Since you had to go put it on, just to be stubborn, you can stay out of sight." How could she ever get anywhere with all this family to pull up after her? Mother looked like an old farm woman. Bert felt ready to cry and could scarcely bear to hear the quiet sound of the voices in the dining room.

The coffee cups were all set out on the little old sewing table that she was using for a serving table. She was going to serve her coffee with dessert, the right way. "Ach, let 'em have their coffee!" Mrs. Hohenschuh pleaded. She thought it was terrible to deprive people of coffee all through a meal. She didn't much mind Bert's reproaches. "Ach, Bert, she always gets so cross when she's got anything to do, I don't know." The old lady made off into the garden. But Bert knew how mother was. It would be a miracle if she let any people get away without talking to them, and probably telling them the whole family history!

Bert took in the fragrant coffee and home-made ice cream. Well, they did like that! The woman in the cute green dress (she didn't seem to be the author's wife, after all; that was the one who didn't look nearly so much like "somebody"—it surprised Bert) said very flatteringly, "What delicious ice cream! Did you make it yourself?" The older woman—that was Mrs. Drayton—smiled up at Bert. The talk was freer now. The author seemed to be saying the least of any of them, though. That seemed funny to Bert. Mr. Drayton was lots more talkative and full of fun—peppier. She bet he could write awfully good stories, better than the other one, if he just wanted to.

She was almost happy, when she happened to look out of the window and saw mother climbing up from the cellar-way outside, lugging something—a bottle! Oh, for . . . Before she got a chance to go out to the kitchen the old lady came, shy but beaming, into the room, with a big bottle of that dandelion wine. Bert was in torment. As if these people cared for anything like that!

But there mother stood and there was nothing to do but introduce her. Bert suffered agony. It was all the worse, somehow, that they were being so polite and nice. "This is my mother, Mrs. Hohenschuh." Mother began to beam at that. She loved to entertain people—that was all right, of course, but she had never learned that people didn't do things the way she used to, any more.

And mother was starting right in.

"Well, I thought it was mean you folks had to go all that time without your coffee, so I just brought you something else to drink. If you ain't afraid somebody's going to get after you—ach, it's all so funny these days—maybe you'll take a little drink of this wine. It's dandelion. I made it."

Bert couldn't stand it. She made for the kitchen. She sat down there, clenched her fists, and felt that she would actually fly to pieces.

The voices were louder in the dining room. She heard delighted laughter. Yes, now mother had an audience, and she was just laying herself out for them—Bert knew how! She burned with humiliation. The whole thing was spoiled. How could anybody in this town try to do things the way they ought to be done?

Her mother came smiling out to the kitchen.

"Where are them little glasses gone?"

"Mother, *why* did you have to go in there with that stuff?"

"Ach, what are you fussing about? They like it."

Bert got up and began feverishly to clean the messy plates and stack them together. She couldn't eat a thing herself, not even good little crisp bits of chicken that were left. Mother had got hold of the people now. She heard them leave the dining room, and then the whole party trailed past the kitchen windows. Mother waddled in the lead. She was going to take them all out and show them her flower beds.

Maynard was whining. "Are you going to take me in and introduce me, mother?"

Bert looked at him, cold and remote.

"No."

They were all out in the garden. Mrs. Hohenschuh always thought it her duty as a hostess to take her guests out and show them everything she had. Here where she felt that she "had things nice," too—this place in town which she and Mr. Hohenschuh had bought when they moved in from the country—she could take real enjoyment with visitors, even if Bert did go on about the place and say how behind the times it was. But it was a long time since she had got hold of any people so appreciative as these.

"Well, I don't know as there's anything you folks'll care much about looking at (she didn't mean that; she said it in a rich, comfortable tone). I only got the same old kind of flowers I've always had, they ain't any of these new-fangled kinds with fancy names here."

"Oh, we adore seeing them!" the woman in the green dress cried enthusiastically.

Mrs. Hohenschuh beamed. "Well, I think they're pretty nice, they suit me, but there's lots of folks nowadays wants different things, I guess. Ja! Anyway, that don't worry me. I let 'em talk. I go on doing things the way I want to."

The people all laughed, and she was gratified.

"Well, here's what I got. I put in all these things myself. Bert, she don't want to bother, she's got too many irons in the fire all the time."

"This is lovely!"

Mrs. Hohenschuh stood fat and beaming while they looked and wandered about. She thought her garden was pretty nice—ja, you bet she did! And these folks all seemed to think so too. Why, they was awful nice folks! Why had Bert got so fussed over having them here to dinner? Why, they was real nice and common! That one in the green dress (she was older than she wanted to let on, too, Mrs. Hohenschuh shrewdly judged) did the most running around and palavering; but those other two, that husband and wife, enjoyed things just as much. The man in the glasses was *real* nice. So was his wife, although she didn't have so much to say. But those other two, she kind of liked the best of the bunch. The woman was real sensible, the things she said and the questions she asked; and the man kind of trailed around after the others and looked at things on his own account, the way Mrs. Hohenschuh liked to have folks do. That showed he wasn't putting it on, he was really enjoying himself.

Along with her answers and her explanations, Mrs. Hohenschuh managed to get in a good part of the family history. Bert had a fit when she told things like that; but Mrs. Hohenschuh never felt right until she'd—well, kind of given folks the facts and the right idea about the family. They'd hear it all anyway, so she might as well tell it herself.

"Have you had your garden long, Mrs. Hohenschuh?"

"Ja, ever since we moved into town. That's—how long is it, a'ready?—ach, it's twenty years, I guess! Bert, she was only just in high school. That was partly why we come. The boys, they didn't get to finish, but Pa he said Bert was to get her diploma, she was always the smartest, anyway. Ja, how old was Bert then? She's thirty-seven now. Ja, she's such a thin little sliver, I don't know, women seems to want to be that way now, but she's thirty-seven! Her and Arlie's been married twelve years a'ready; and then this here little fellow's all they've got! Ach, I don't know!"

As she talked, in her deep comfortable voice rich with chuckles and drolleries of German inflection, she waddled about among the flower beds, pointing out this kind and that. "These? Moss roses, I call 'em. I guess that ain't the right name, some folks says not, but they grow just the same—ain't that so? Ja, the

old lady Douglas over there, when she was living, she had to have the right names for all her plants, but I told her mine grew better'n hers did if I did call 'em wrong!" The moss roses in their flat matted bed on the hot earth were gay spots of scarlet and crimson, yellow, cerise, and white. They made one of the women think of the colors in patchwork quilts, she said.

"She's got the real old honest-to-God peppermint! I haven't smelled any of that for years."

"Peppermint? Ja, that I always have. That I like too."

The woman in the green dress came running and clutched the other younger woman. "Come here, Jean! I want to show you. The pump! Isn't that just right? And see here—all these little flower pots set out and slips started in them. Just see, this foliage stuff, this old red and green funny leaf stuff, my grandmother used to have that. And look back there! One of those big green wire flower stands that I suppose used to stand in the bay window. Didn't you just yearn to take your dolls promenading on that, and they wouldn't let you, because you might spoil the plants? Isn't this perfect?" Mrs. Hohenschuh had told them, "Ja, sure, you look around anywhere you want to; what's the use of hiding what you got?" Harry Whetstone had been enjoying the old lady's naïve revelations, but now he lounged about, poking into the woodshed where the light fell dim and dusty through a little square window high up in the wall, and into a toll shed where pans of seeds were set about in the midst of a clutter of ancient furniture. It was like going back thirty years.

There was a little apple orchard at the side, grown up to tall grass now; and there, on one of his silent excursions, he discovered a two-foot troll planted down in a tiny hollow with grass grown about the base as it binds in ancient tombstones, and a casual offering of fallen apples about his chipped feet. The woman in the green dress came running over.

"What have you found, Harry? *Oh!* Isn't that marvelous? Oh, Mrs. Hohenschuh, we've found something simply wonderful, won't you tell us what that is?"

"That? Ach, is that old thing still out there? Ja, it's funny, but then I don't know . . . Pa, he was the one that got that thing."

"It's German, isn't it?"

"Ja, it's German, all right. Pa, he come from the old country, he come over here when he was only eighteen years old. He had just twenty dollars when he landed in this country. Ja, it's German, that's what it is. Pa, he always wanted to fix up the back yard and make him a garden—that was why he got this funny fellow, that was one reason we moved into town when we did, because Pa wanted to fix up a place . . . ja, and then we hadn't lived here but a year or two when Pa got killed, he got run over, he was thinking of things the way he always done, and didn't hear the train coming . . . ja, that's the way of it!" But after a moment, she roused herself and went on, "Bert, she always had a fit over that fellow. She was the one took him out of the front yard and lugged him out here. But I don't know—" Mrs. Hohenschuh chuckled—"I always kind of liked the little fellow. He means good. You can see that. Well, I guess he's where she ain't likely to find him. She's too busy inside there to fool around out here. I'm the one does that."

Slowly, Mrs. Hohenschuh in the lead, they trailed away from the orchard. The troll, with his colors faded to dim faint tints and with curls chipped off his beard, stood smiling a one-sided but jovial smile at the rotting apples about his broken feet that had almost grown into the orchard ground.

Mrs. Hohenschuh picked one of each kind of flowers for every person. "Hold on, now! You ain't got any of the pansies yet." A circle of sticks set upright—little thin sticks with flaking bark—inclosed the colored pansies. The tiger lilies grew in a straggling bunch tied with twine. "Pick yourself some if you like 'em. Go ahead!" What else were the flowers here for? "Here's a color you ain't got, if you like them zinnies, Mrs.—well, you'll have to excuse me, I can't remember all you folks's names." The sun shone down brightly on the garden, blaring out the hot colors of the moss roses, throwing clear antique shadows from the grape arbor, glinting and losing itself in coolness in the thick wet grass around the pump through which silent little streams of water soaked slowly. They all had a drink before they went into the house. The sides of the cold glass were frosted with wet. The family story was entwined with their wanderings among the paths of the garden, tangled with the colors of the flowers, and brightened over with sunshine.

The house seemed cool when they went inside.

"Oh, you don't want to go yet! Come in and set awhile and let's finish our visit."

Mrs. Hohenschuh led them into the parlor.

"There's lots of things you ain't seen yet."

Mrs. Drayton was tired, even Mr. Drayton—although still genial—was ready to stop; but the others seemed insatiable, and the writer most of all. Bert had heard her mother's invitation and burned with helpless shame. What else was mother going to show? There was no chance for her talk with the author. It was hopeless trying to lead mother off now. Bert followed the others into the front room.

"I'll show you Pa's picture, Mr.—ach, that name's gone again! Well, I guess you know I mean you, don't you? Sure! That's right."

She got down that old faded purple plush album that held all the family pictures: Bert and the boys when they were youngsters, Mr. Hohenschuh when he first came to this country, chance pictures of shamefaced hired men. The writer looked at all the pictures with a gravity that Bert couldn't fathom, Mr. Drayton laughed and made funny remarks about the clothes that pleased mother, and Mrs. Drayton looked at everything last with a pleased but tired smile; she wasn't quite in on all the things the others were, Bert thought. "Ja, look at that one! Ain't he funny-looking, though? He was a cousin of mine. Ja, now they all look funny." Bert sat and suffered. Maynard sidled into the room. He couldn't give up the promise of being introduced. They were all nice to him. The women smiled. But they went on making that fuss over mother.

When she had shown them the photographs she had to let them see her other things: the shells and the "curios" that she prized so, and that she kept on a shelf in the bookcase. "Look here! Did you ever see anything like this before?" How could they act so pleased, unless they were just false and putting it on to get mother to make a fool of herself? Bert could have cried. That shell! Of course they'd seen shells. They'd been everywhere. Those old feathers from the tail of the peacock they used to have out on the farm; the cocoanut husk with the stamps and address label on it; that big long German pipe; the glass paper-weight

with the snowfall inside. What else could she find to show them? They were asking about fancy work. Did she ever make the real old knitted lace? Ja, not so much knit as crochet, though—wait, she'd show them! It would be just like her to ask them all up to her room to look through those terrible drawers—and if she did that Bert was ready to kill herself. That room of mother's (and it wasn't any use talking to her about it, Bert couldn't make her do a *thing*) with dresses hanging on nails, and quilts piled up in the corner, drawers filled with old shawls, pieces of cloth, silk gowns, baby dresses—a perfect museum!

Well, they weren't paying any attention to her and Maynard anyway, so Bert went back to the dining room. She might as well clear off the table. At least they were staying a long time and seemed to be enjoying themselves. In that way she supposed the dinner was a success. But she had thought that she could talk to them. It was she to whom they ought to be paying attention—she who appreciated them, and knew how different they were, and wanted to be like them; they couldn't really mean it when they made such a fuss over mother. They must be laughing at her. What could they see in all this old junk? That was the kind of stuff that Bert was trying so hard to get rid of. That was what the tea room was *for*—so that she could make some money, and get to know the right kind of folks, and maybe live like other people in other places. All the very awfullest things in the house—things *no*-body had any more! What kind of an idea of the family would they have? She looked into the parlor, and there was mother getting out all her old fancy work: that terrible piece, that huge table spread, with squarish horses and dogs and roosters crocheted into it, and they were saying "lovely"! She heard them.

"That dress! Isn't it perfect? The real thing."

"Oh, she's a jewel!"

"Lovely!"

They were going at last. They were very nice to Bert then, as if they realized that she had been neglected. The women sought her out in the dining room. "Such a good dinner you gave us!"

"Well, I'm glad you liked it. I didn't know . . ."

She followed them into the parlor, feeling appeased and ex-

cited again, even though she seemed to scent a tactful patronage. But they were all complimenting her now, and she drank in the praise, eagerly, but afraid to believe they meant it.

Mr. Drayton had taken her aside. "And what do we owe you for this fine meal you gave us?" he asked in a low, genial tone.

"Well . . . a dollar apiece," Bert said firmly. She had heard that all the city tea rooms charged a dollar and a quarter now. Of course, she couldn't ask quite as much as a city tea room, that had everything just up to snuff; but her dinner was good, and she knew it, and she was going to stick to business. He didn't seem to think that she was charging them too much, however. He counted out some bills and handed them right over to her. But when she came to look at them, there were too many—a five and an extra one!

"Oh, I can't—why, you've given me—"

He tapped her shoulder. "That's all right. Don't notice it. Doesn't begin to pay for the entertainment we've had here."

She still protested, flushed and happy, but he wouldn't listen to her; so she guessed there was nothing else for her to do.

She hadn't forgotten about the visitors' book. She got it out now. All the tea rooms in the East had those, Mrs. Elliott had said. She had seen several famous names in one place where she had eaten. It advertised the place; and then it was an honor, too, to think that such people had eaten there. Bert was a little bashful but determined.

"I hope you don't mind before you go." She laid down the new visitors' book, a notebook with black covers from the drug store, before the author. "I'd like to have you put your name in my book so other folks can see you've been here."

He didn't seem very much flattered about it, she thought, but anyway he wasn't going to refuse. How funny! She would have supposed it would please folks to be asked to do things like that. The others teased him a little. "You can't escape, Harry!" They seemed to think it was some sort of joke. Bert stood flushed, waiting and determined. She said generously that she wanted all the other names, too.

"Yes, I do. You're all along with Mr. Whetstone. Anyway, I know you're all . . ." She meant to say "important," or something of that kind, too; but she couldn't just seem to finish it.

"Well, go on, girls. Sign yourselves," Mr. Drayton commanded.

They all signed. Mrs. Drayton blushed when she did it.

Bert wasn't through with the author yet. Before she let him go she was going to get all she'd meant to get out of him.

"I wondered if you'd let me use your name, Mr. Whetstone."

He still had that funny, kind of bored way. His wife was really nicer.

"Say he ate with a large appetite, even mightier than usual," Mrs. Whetstone said.

But it seemed to Bert they were all amused.

She wanted to talk to the author about his books. She thought she ought to do that. "You know I never met an author before," she said. "I've always been wanting to, because—" she flushed —"well, I've always wanted to write myself. I always thought I could if I just had the time to do it."

"Don't," he assured her solemnly. But he wasn't as impressed as she had thought he would be. "It's much better to cook biscuits like those we devoured this noon. Infinitely better to make dandelion wine like your mother."

He was joking, of course. But Bert didn't quite like it. She had meant what she said, seriously, and she had thought he would encourage her.

Mrs. Hohenschuh came into the house, waddling and breathless.

"Dandelion wine!" she cried. "Ja, if you liked that, then you come back here and you'll get some of my wild grape this fall. You come and let *me* get you up a dinner. I'll give you some real genuine fried chicken and you won't have to wait all meal for your coffee."

They all laughed. They seemed to think that that was *funny*. The author said that he would certainly come! He'd wanted a meal like that for the last fifteen years. Mother had been out in the garden again. She had dug up some plants and wrapped them in newspapers, and brought some slips for the women to take along and set out.

"You take these with you. Sure, you go ahead!"

She parceled them out right and left and gave directions. The people went out to the car swamped with packages. They were

thanking Mrs. Hohenschuh profusely, and promising to do just as she told them, laughing delightedly at everything she said. She went right up to the car with them, as she always did with people who were leaving. Bert stood back with the bills wadded up in her hot hand, and with Maynard beside her. They had complimented her on the dinner, done all she had asked of them; but she had thought that from *these* people—the kind she admired, not just the folks in town who had never known what she was after—she would get her own appreciation at last.

"Good-by, Mrs. Hohenschuh. We certainly enjoyed this."

"You come again, all of you. You just drop in any time you feel like it."

"I'm coming back some day to hear more of those stories," the writer warned her.

"Ach, them old-time stories? Ja, I know plenty of them!"

"And we're coming after that dinner, Mrs. Hohenschuh. Real old fried chicken. Remember! You've promised us."

Mr. Drayton took the wheel, the big engine started humming, the car rolled ahead. They waved—they were going.

"Good-by, Mrs. Statzer! . . . And Maynard!"

But they had to remember to call back that.

"Well!" Mrs. Hohenschuh said gratified, climbing back onto the walk. "They was real nice folks! I don't see why you made such a fuss over having them. You needn't. The other way would have been just as good."

"Look at your hands, mother!" Bert said bitterly.

"Ja, I know. I dug up them plants. Well, it don't matter now, they're gone anyway."

She waddled serenely to the house.

Bert stood looking after the car, still clutching her bills. She would be able to report to May that the dinner had been a success. The people had enjoyed themselves, they had paid her well, let her have their recommendations. Her tea room was started. But the thing she had wanted most of all, and waited for all her life—their appreciation—they had given to mother, who couldn't even understand or care for it. Bert didn't yet see what their idea was.

SO-LONG, OLDTIMER[1]

By EDMUND WARE

(From *The Ladies' Home Journal*)

KIT could not remember his father and mother. Sometimes he thought he could, but he knew that it was just his mind playing tricks with shadows of the past. Sometimes he closed his eyes and, staring hard against the velvet blackness, tried to see them, tried to hear their voices; but he was never able to fasten upon anything definite, and, because he couldn't, there was always a deep thirsty place.

That was before he saw Laramie Jim.

One day, riding a big blue roan came Laramie. His head was tilted back, he was singing and with him rode a magnetic wave of mystery. His gestures and movements in some strange way were like the ring in his voice as he sang—daring, laughing, grand. Kit sought no longer for a memory of his father and mother.

It was after he had first seen Laramie that Kit began to think about things. He began to think about what he was doing, had done, would do. Why, for nine years he had worked as hard as a man on Joe Scammel's cattle ranch in Montana. That didn't worry him because every one worked. No, it wasn't that so much, but when a fellow could work as hard as a man he ought to have a man's job, hadn't he? He ought to be a reg'lar hand and the bunch ought to call him "oldtimer" 'stead of just "kid," or "young feller."

None of the bunch remembered the day Kit was fifteen. You couldn't expect them to because Kit was not sure himself; but he knew it was sometime around the first of May. And he knew that it was time for him to have a talk with old Joe Scammel about that Man's job. When you were fifteen you ought to go

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on the spring roundup and have a reg'lar string of horses, same as the rest. You ought to be allowed to do something besides grub sagebrush, mend busted fence and milk a couple of frowzy old cows that switched their tails in your face. While the rest of the bunch—well, say! They sure had *their* fun all right—roping, cutting out, riding, doing all the things that were worthwhile.

There came a day a little later when Kit saw old Joe sitting on the ranch house veranda reading a paper. He had seen Joe that way before, hundreds of times. But this time was different. Kit had been thinking about Laramie Jim and how kind of free and roving he seemed. And the sky was so darned blue! It looked bluer too, because of a big white cloud rolling up like a castle of smoke. The grass along Dead Horse Creek was green and the air chock full of spring smells, so that it made your bones seem too big for your body, made you want to stretch out some so they'd fit you better. And the bunch was talking about roundup. They were looking to their riding gear, comparing saddles, telling about the "old days." If they never let you go on roundup then you'd never have any "old days" to tell about, would you?

Kit walked up to old Joe and stood making half moons in the dirt with the toe of his shoe. "Say, listen, Joe."

"Huh? Listen to what?"

"Say, Joe, why'n't you give me a man's job? I'm big enough. I can work."

"What's the matter? Ain't you satisfied?"

"Well, yes. Only I thought, what with me bein' old enough an' big enough, you might let me go on roundup with the—"

"Go 'way, kid. Go *'way* away! You got spring fever." Joe rustled the paper.

"Then you won't let me go?"

"Nope. Need you 'round the ranch. Some one's gotta do the chores."

"An' I expect that's me? Forever?"

"It's for you now, anyways."

Kit's toe stopped marking the dirt. "Well, Joe, I reckon I'll take my time." It sounded cool and proud just to drawl out that

way: "I reckon I'll take my time." Laramie Jim would have said it that way. Laramie had a big blue roan and a horsehair bridle too.

"All right, you young fool. You'll be back in a week."

Kit hated Joe for saying that. Joe had called him a "young fool."

Kit took his money, thirty dollars, and with it he bought some straight-shank spurs and a pair of riding boots—made in Miles City! They had two-colored stitching and round tops and the heels were made right, because Dan Roney had said so and Dan Roney was a Deputy Sheriff.

That very spring Kit got his first big job. He was hired by Al Christie to help the horse wrangler on the FUF calf roundup. Horse wrangling wasn't quite as fine as tophand rider or rope expert, but it was a real job with the realest bunch of cowhands that ever lived. Why, say! There was Soupbone Dodge and Randy Peters, and Laramie Jim who had shot a man.

Kit was one of the bunch, an important one. For it was he who helped with the remuda. It was he who had a hand in supplying these great riders with fresh mounts. Say! . . .

Cattle! Rattle of dumb hoofs marching; swish of a short loop; thump of a body falling. Smoke of fires; sound of a young calf bawling.

By day a farflung horizon with sharp white peaks against the blue—and Laramie Jim. By night a mystery of purple dark, laden with the scent of sagebrush, and of horses near. There were lonely voices which the presence of the bunch seemed to make more understandable—a coyote yapping on a high divide, a dove mourning in the cottonwoods down by the creek, a solemn wind like some great person breathing from the hills. Maybe it was God. You couldn't tell, though.

Best of all Kit loved the tales they told around the fire at night. Laramie Jim told of men who had died in feuds, of men who never seemed to care a mite for death. The bunch sat near the fire with its light on their faces. The canvas of the chuck wagon moved in the wind so that it looked like a flickering phantom. Then Laramie would sing. Say! He sure could sing! He was singing the night that Deputy Dan Roney and three others came

hunting for Powder River Job. They rode right into the circle of light from the fire. No one spoke. Kit recognized Dan Roney by his white beard and hair. But Dan's eyes did not twinkle.

The light danced on bit and buckle and cartridge belt, seemed to be playing tricks with itself. The horses were quiet but you could hear the creak of leather when they breathed. Nobody moved and Kit felt power in the stillness.

Dan Roney reined his horse around so that without turning his head he could look at Laramie Jim. "We're lookin' for Powder River Bob," he said.

"Well, Dan, he ain't here."

"No, I can see he ain't. I was just wonderin', Laramie, if you could tell me anythin' about him."

"Why, no, I reckon I couldn't, Dan—anythin' at all."

"All right, Laramie. I'm—sorry."

Laramie stood up. His legs were braced wide apart, his thumbs hooked in his cartridge belt. He held his head back a little, so that he seemed to be looking down at every one.

Pretty fine, thought Kit, and wondered if ever he could look that way, hard and cold and straight.

Dan Roney and his men rode away. At the campfire no one spoke, or looked at Laramie Jim. They just listened to the hoof-beats dying away and away to nothing. *Tunka-tunk, tunka-tunk, tunka-tunk.*

The bunch didn't sing any more that night or talk much either; just watched the fire, then crawled into their blankets.

In the morning Laramie was gone. Kit watched Soupbone, who was saddling his favorite cut-horse. "Say, Soupbone. Who's Powder River Bob?"

"Why, he's an outlaw, son."

"Oh, outlaw. Well—say, where you 'spect Laramie Jim has gone?"

Soupbone smoothed the saddle blanket over and over again. "Son, you go over to my warbag an' get my other spurstraps, will you?"

"Where do you 'spect he's gone?"

Soupbone reached under for the front cinch. "Oh, just moved on, I 'spect. A feller like him likes to change his range now an' then. Kind of itchin' restless feet, son."

"Say, he's sure a great feller, Laramie is. Don't you think so?"

"He—sure is, son."

"I wisht he'd come back. Do you think he will, Soupbone?"

"I don't know, son. You never can tell."

Big blue days rolled by, and the roundup moved down the valley. But things weren't half so fine with Laramie gone. The bunch never said a word about him, either. Why, they had just about forgotten him a day or so after he had gone, seemed like.

Again Kit began to feel that they thought of him as "just a kid." They generally called him "son," or else "young feller." Why couldn't they call him "oldtimer"? He'd earned the right; worked mighty hard and mighty well. They kind of protected him in a way, too—as if he couldn't protect himself? That was no way to treat a feller who was old enough for a man's job. Why couldn't they *expect* things of him?

Days and days and weeks and weeks of "sun and saddle leather." Finally they reached the end of their territory. Their own ranges were combed clean. The roundup was done. The riders disbanded and each "rep" rode away with a "so-long" and a wave to his friends.

Until the fall roundup and the big drive Kit would be a free hand. He would not go back to Joe's and dig postholes or mess around with chickens and milch cows, or things like that. Some ordinary guy could have that job but not a fellow who had been on the Fur roundup.

Besides, there was Laramie Jim. Kit had money in his pocket, money that he'd earned himself. There were a lot of towns he'd heard about and new country, too. Maybe—say! He might as well go and hunt for Laramie Jim! It would be pretty fine for him and Laramie to string along together. Get a job down south with some big Wyoming outfit, p'r'aps.

Kit asked Soupbone where Laramie had gone. Soupbone, looking strangely down at him, said he didn't know for sure, but 'spected he had ridden westward. "Why, where yuh goin', son?"

"Oh, nowheres. Just goin' to see some new range. My feet feel kind of itchy, same as Laramie Jim's."

"I 'spect they do," said Soupbone. His hands were hidden, fumbling in the depths of his warbag. He brought out an old

hat and a split-ear bridle with rosettes on the cheek-pieces. "Here, take these."

Kit took them and looked them all over. "Say, thanks. Pretty good leather in that old bridle, Soupbone."

"Yeah."

"Well, I guess I'll be rustlin' now."

"So-long."

"So-long."

Kit rode westward along the broad valley of the Yellowstone. At night he camped under the stars or slept in the bunkhouse of some ranch along the trail. Whenever he met any one he would stop and ask: "Have you seen my friend Laramie Jim riding along this way?"

No one had seen Laramie Jim.

With the money he had earned Kit bought a single-rigged saddle with deep stamping on the cantle. It was almost like Laramie Jim's, only 'course it didn't have the silver. His horse he had bought from Mike Sommes for nine dollars; not anywheres near as fine as some he'd seen, but a pretty good one for a fellow's first horse at that. It was wonderful to have an outfit all your own.

Once, in a town by the name of Forsyth he asked a man who was standing near the blacksmith shop: "Have you seen my friend Laramie Jim riding along this way?"

The man laughed. "You mean the outlaw? Feller't robbed the bank a week ago?"

Kit laughed too. "I should say not. My Laramie Jim's a cowhand an' a mighty fine one too. I guess there must be two Laramie Jims, mister."

"Guess there must be," said the man.

Kit had ridden late out of Forsyth. It was dark when he rode through Sanders, a tiny town with some scattered loading pens down by the railroad and a few buildings which seemed somehow to be asleep. When he rode down the main street of Hysham, a few miles beyond Sanders, it was nearly midnight. He was very tired—guessed he would maybe bed down for the night in Hysham.

All the lights were out excepting those in a saloon on the left side of the street and in a restaurant directly opposite. From the saloon windows pale streams of light ran downward to the street. Tied to the hitchrack outside the saloon were a few horses; sometimes they moved a little and when they did they looked like living shadows.

As he rode near, one of the horses stepped into the light. For a moment Kit almost hollered with joy. But it was not Laramie's horse after all. It was a beautiful blue roan something like Laramie's, but he saw that it was a mare and that the brand was on the left shoulder—different brand, too. Shucks! Why couldn't it have been Laramie's horse? It would be wonderful to find Laramie, to walk up to him and say: "Why, hullo there, Laramie. How's tricks?" Then they could sit down somewhere and talk about the bunch—Soupbone, Randy and the rest. Then he would say: "Laramie, let's you an' me string along together. What do you say to get a job riding for some big Wyoming outfit? You an' me, Laramie Jim."

He tied his own horse next to the mare at the hitchrack and, brushing the dust from his overalls, walked stiff-legged across the street to the restaurant.

A man was coming from the saloon. Before the door closed after him Kit caught a glimpse inside the saloon, and the noises suddenly increased in volume. Men leaning against the bar; tobacco smoke; laughter; boots scraping on the floor; faces turned toward the man who had left. The door swung to.

The man walked unsteadily toward the hitchrack and untied the blue roan mare. Kit, watching, thought he was sure a pretty lucky man to own a horse like that.

Neglecting to tighten the cinches, the man mounted. The saddle slipped and the mare reared straight up on her hind legs. Kit saw her in partial silhouette against the lighted windows. She was so beautiful that he loved her fiercely. She came down hard on her front feet and kicked her heels high. The man, swearing, slid down over her head into the street. Still holding the bridle reins he stood up and reached for a loaded quirt which was looped over the saddle horn. Kit held his breath.

The man led the horse into the light from the windows. Hold-

ing her head down by the cheek-piece of her bridle, he struck and struck until the white blaze on her nose turned dark. Then, tightening the cinches he mounted and rode away.

Kit stumbled forward. He was horrified, shaking. His throat felt twisted and dry. He had to do something. He did not know what he was going to do, what he could do. But he untied his nine-dollar horse and followed. A man had half killed a horse. He would follow the man and the horse—just follow the man who had half killed the horse. That was all.

It seemed a long time later. He found the roan mare, riderless, standing by a creek which looked very dark on account of the white mist gathering on its surface. Kit did not think about the man. Probably he had fallen off because he was so drunk. He was not worth thinking about.

Kit unsaddled the roan mare and pushed saddle, bridle and blanket into a clump of sagebrush. He rubbed the sleek back from withers to rump; went to the creek, moistened his handkerchief and sponged the sore muzzle.

He kept saying things to her, not knowing that he was saying them: "Well, say! I guess I'm a horsethief now. But I don't care. I don't care at all. You don't care, do you? I guess that wetness must feel kind of nice and squashy on your nose, don't it? Me a horsethief. Say, maybe they'll come after me an' get me. Maybe they'll put me in prison. But I guess they won't catch me."

Very tenderly he slipped the bit into her sore mouth. Very carefully he smoothed the blanket before he cinched on his saddle. Then, with a slap on the rump he turned his own horse free, mounted the blue roan and rode away.

Gradually it grew lighter in the east and the little prowling wind of dawn blew down from the hills. The sun sent out some long red streamers which sparkled on the cottonwood leaves, the grey sagebrush, the stones in the creek, everything.

Kit began to look back. They might be coming after him to get him. He decided to leave the trail and ride across the open country.

Turning to the left he rode up a long narrow valley. On one side was a divide with a scarred patch here and there where the

pines could find no places for their roots. On the other side, the left, a long sandstone rimrock ran for miles. Above the rimrock rose the hills, higher, higher. His shoulders drooped a little and he leaned forward, resting his hands on the saddle horn. The sun warmed his back so that he felt all comfortable and sleepy. It seemed almost a year since he had rested. "All night long in the saddle," he thought, "an' all the day 'fore that." Wouldn't it be safe to rest just a little spell? The roan mare was pretty well fagged. She had had a pretty tough time too. Tied in his slicker back of the cantle he had some bacon, crackers and a can of tomatoes. Well, the mare sure needed some rest all right, and some feed and water.

He rode to the bank of a little creek which wound down through the valley. The mare plunged her muzzle deep into the water. "Ten swallows, old girl. That's all for now," he said, and drew tight on the reins. She threw up her head and snorted. "All right, eat some blue joint if you want to."

He let her munch for a while, then turned into a thick growth of pines. Through an opening in their tops he could see the ridge above the rimrock, a long yellow line against the blue sky. Unsaddling the mare, he let her out on his picket rope to graze; then built a tiny fire and fried his bacon on a stick. Everything was all right now. He lay down on his back with Soupbone's old hat over his eyes. . . .

Tunka-tunk, tunka-tunk, tunka-tunk! Kit jumped to his feet. Shucks! Why had he gone and slept? Why had he gone and rested here anyway? They were coming to get him.

A horseman, bending low in the saddle, came thundering up the valley. He rode straight toward Kit, only half a mile away, veered off into the trees, vanished.

Kit ran for the picket rope, caught his foot on a protruding pine root, stumbled and fell. He looked down at his wrist. It didn't hurt much, just felt numb and dead. It wouldn't move when he wanted it to. With his right hand he coiled his picket rope, strapped it to his saddle. No longer could he hear the hoofbeats. The rider must be sneaking up now, maybe with a rifle. He wished his hand wouldn't just flop when he fought to move it.

He glanced swiftly through the opening in the pines and tried

to work faster. Five horsemen appeared against the sky. They paused, searching. Kit thought one of them pointed down, but he wasn't sure for they were a long way off. They started down the hill above the long rimrock.

The roan mare's ears pointed forward and her head turned toward a little clump of pines. Her nostrils quivered and she nickered faintly. Kit dropped the bridle, stared, eyes wide open and afraid.

Suddenly, just a few feet away, a man stepped into view.

"Aw—say! Laramie Jim!"

Laramie stood smiling just a little, exactly as he had the last time Kit had seen him. Legs braced apart, hat tilted back, thumbs hooked in his cartridge belt, a smiling recklessness in his whole bearing.

Kit straightened up, flung out an arm as if he were reaching. "Laramie Jim!"

"Hullo, cowboy," said Laramie. He looked at the roan mare and gave a queer ironic shrug of his shoulders. "Where'd you get her?"

"Why—I stole her—" Laramie glanced at the riders who were threading their way single file down the rimrock—"but I'm not a horsethief, Laramie. Honest I'm not. I mean I'm not a reg'lar horsethief."

Kit walked over close to Laramie, looked up at him earnestly, told him everything, eagerly, with intense little gestures. "An' now," he finished, "they're comin' to get me."

"Well," said Laramie, "they won't!"

"Why? Aw—say—Laramie Jim. Were you with them? Were you comin' after me with *them?*"

"Well—" Laramie searched the hillside with a quick look. The men were riding along the lower rimrock trying to find a place to descend into the valley. "Well—yes. I got a little ahead of them somehow. My horse has got speed."

In two long strides Laramie reached the roan mare. He slipped on the bridle, saddled her with calm sure movements. He jerked the latigo strap down through the cinch ring and dropped the stirrup into place. "There you are," he said. "Now lemme see that wrist."

"You think I'm a horsethief, Laramie Jim?"

"I expect the law says you are, but Justice says you ain't. Got a handkerchief?" He took Kit's handkerchief and bound up the sprained wrist.

"What would they do to me?"

"Why, nothing—nothing at all. Put your thumb on that knot. They're comin' down the rimrock."

"Why wouldn't they, Laramie?" he insisted.

"Because that roan mare belonged to Powder River Bob. And they killed him this mornin', so Bob won't need her any more now."

"Say! They *got* him? Then why don't I just let them catch me? Then I could tell them about it, Laramie."

Laramie hesitated, looked again at the rimrock. Two of the riders were nearly down. "They might not look at it that way. You see when they—we—got Bob afoot back there, why, before he died he told 'em some things an' they're comin' to find out."

"Well—"

"Don't say any more now. Get a wiggle on as fast an' as far away from here as you can. Quick, aw—*quick!*" The two foremost riders were in plain sight. Laramie Jim turned suddenly white.

"Why, what's the matter, Laramie?" Kit grasped the bridle reins and thrust his left foot into the stirrup.

"Nothing. Nothing at all. Hurry! Get away! Aw—"

"I ain't afraid, Laramie Jim—not with you. I ain't afraid of anything." Kit looked at him seriously. "I'll meet up with you again, won't I, Laramie?" He swung his right leg over the cantle. "I hate to go away like this."

The last rider made his way down the rimrock and came at a run across the flat.

Kit settled himself in the saddle, leaned forward a little, searching Laramie's eyes. "I asked a man in Forsyth if he'd seen my friend Laramie Jim. An' he said, 'you mean the feller't robbed the bank?' An' I said, 'I should say not, mister! There must be *two* Laramie Jims.' What do you know about that?"

Laramie looked away at the riders. He laughed. "There must be two Laramie Jims," he said. "The men are fordin' the creek now."

"Well, so-long, Laramie Jim."

Laramie reached up his hand. "So-long, oldtimer!"

Kit touched the roan mare with his spurs and she wheeled up the hillside, taking the ground in great hungry leaps. He felt the wind tugging at his hat. He felt the strength of a fine horse under him. And again and again he heard Laramie Jim's last words:

"So-long, oldtimer!"

THE YEARBOOK OF THE AMERICAN SHORT STORY
AUGUST, 1927, TO JUNE, 1928

ABBREVIATIONS

I. PERIODICALS

A. Merc. ..... American Mercury.
A. W. ..... All's Well.
Adv. ..... Adventure.
Am. ..... American Magazine.
Am. B. ..... American Boy.
Am. H. ..... American Hebrew.
Am. St. ..... Amazing Stories.
Atl. ..... Atlantic Monthly.
B. B. ..... Bermondsey Book.
B. E. T. ..... Boston Evening Transcript.
Blue Bk. ..... Blue Book Magazine.
Book. (*N. Y.*) .... Bookman. (New York.)
Books ..... Books. (New York Herald Tribune.)
Boul. ..... Boulevardier.
C. G. ..... Country Gentleman.
C. H. J. ..... Canadian Home Journal.
C. M. ..... Columbian Monthly.
Can. ..... Canadian Magazine.
Cath. W. ..... Catholic World.
Cen. ..... Century Magazine.
Chic. Trib. ..... Chicago Tribune. (Syndicate Service.)
Class. ..... Classmates.
Col. ..... Collier's Weekly.
Colum. ..... Columbia.
Com. ..... Commonweal.
Cos. ..... Cosmopolitan.
Del. ..... Delineator.
Dial ..... Dial.
Dub. M. ..... Dublin Magazine.
Dub. T. ..... Dubuque Telegraph-Herald.
Echo ..... Echo.
Elks ..... Elks Magazine.
Ev. ..... Everybody's Magazine.
Fig. ..... Figure in the Carpet.
For. ..... Forum.
Frontier ..... Frontier. (Missoula, Montana.)
G. H. ..... Good Housekeeping. (New York.)
Gol. ..... Golden Book.
H. H. ..... Hound and Horn.
H. J. ..... Haldeman-Julius Quarterly.
Harp. B. ..... Harper's Bazar.
Harp. M. ..... Harper's Magazine.
Her. ..... Family Herald and Weekly Star. (Montreal.)
Hol. ..... Holland's Magazine.

Ind. ..... Independent.
J. F. ..... Jewish Forum.
J. T. ..... Jewish Tribune.
Jack. ..... Jackass.
L. H. ..... Laughing Horse.
L. H. J. ..... Ladies' Home Journal.
Liv. A. ..... Living Age.
Ly. ..... Liberty.
M. Crit. ..... Monthly Criterion.
M. P. ..... Modern Priscilla.
MacL. ..... MacLean's Magazine.
McC. ..... McClure's Magazine.
McCall ..... McCall's Magazine.
Men. J. ..... Menorah Journal.
Mid. ..... Midland.
Mod. Q. ..... Modern Quarterly.
Mun. ..... Munsey's Magazine.
Mys. ..... Mystery Stories.
N. A. Rev. ..... North American Review.
N. Mass. ..... New Masses.
N. Rep. ..... New Republic.
N. Y. Sun ..... New York Sun.
N. Y. Times ..... New York Times Book Review.
Nat. (N. Y.) ..... Nation. (New York.)
New A. (N. Y.) .. New Age Illustrated.
New Am. ..... New American.
Opp. ..... Opportunity.
Outl. (N. Y.) .... Outlook. (New York.)
Outs. ..... Outsiders.
Over. ..... Overland Monthly.
Pep ..... Pep Stories.
Pict. R. ..... Pictorial Review.
Pol. ..... Poland.
Pop. ..... Popular.
Post ..... New York Evening Post.
Pr. S. ..... Prairie Schooner.
Pub. W. ..... Publisher's Weekly.
Real ..... Real Detective Tales.
Red Bk. ..... Red Book Magazine.
S. E. P. ..... Saturday Evening Post.
S. E. Q. ..... Saturday Evening Quill.
S. W. ..... Southwest Review.
Sat. R. (N. Y.) ... Saturday Review of Literature.
Scan. ..... American-Scandinavian Review.
Sch. ..... Scholastic.
Scr. ..... Scribner's Magazine.
Sh. St. ..... Short Stories.
Shrine ..... Shrine.
St. Nich. ..... St. Nicholas.
Strat. ..... Stratford Magazine.
Suc. ..... Success.
Sun. ..... Sunset Magazine.
Tan. ..... Tanager.

Transit. .....Transition.
V. F. .....Vanity Fair.
Va. .....Virginia Quarterly Review.
W. H. C. .....Woman's Home Companion.
W. T. .....Weird Tales.
W. Tom. .....World Tomorrow.
W. W. .....Woman's World.
World .....New York World.
Y. C. .....Youth's Companion.
Yale .....Yale Review.
(161) .....Page 161.
(2:161) .....Volume 2, Page 161.

II. BOOKS

Abdullah C. .....Abdullah. Steel and Jade.
Allison .....Allison. It Never Rains. (English edition.)
Arden .....Arden. Luck.
Armstrong .....Armstrong. Sir Pompey and Madame Juno.
Asquith B. .....Asquith, *editor.* The Black Cap.
Baker .....Baker, *editor.* Rejections of 1927.
Balzac .....Balzac. Golden Tales.
Bartlett .....Bartlett. Topsy-Turvy.
Bellah .....Bellah. Gods of Yesterday.
Bennett C. .....Bennett. Dragon Shadows.
Bercovici F. .....Bercovici. Peasants.
Bill .....Bill. Alas, Poor Yorick!
Blackwood B. ....Blackwood. The Dance of Death.
Bramah C. .....Bramah. Kai Lung Unrolls His Mat.
Caravan .....The American Caravan, 1927.
Casserly .....Casserly. Dwellers in the Jungle.
Chesterton D. ...Chesterton. The Secret of Father Brown.
Clark B. .....Clark, *editor.* Great Short Novels of the World.
Clark C. .....Clark. Stuffed Peacocks.
Colum. .....Colum. The Fountain of Youth.
Corley .....Corley. The House of Lost Identity.
Davis .....Davis. From "Gallegher" to "The Deserter."
Delafield B. .....Delafield. The Entertainment.
Dobie .....Dobie. The Arrested Moment.
Dunton .....Dunton, *editor.* C'est la Guerre!
Eaton G. .....Eaton, *editor.* The Best French Short Stories of 1926–27.
Eaton H. .....Eaton, *editor.* The Best Continental Short Stories of 1927.
Edwards .....Edwards. Rhapsody.
Farjeon B. .....Farjeon. Italian Peepshow.
Feather .....Brown *and others.* What Feather.
Finger D. .....Finger. Tales Worth Telling.
Finger E. .....Finger. Ozark Fantasia.
Flaubert B. .....Flaubert. Golden Tales.
Forster B. .....Forster. The Eternal Moment.
Frank B. .....Frank. The Days of the King.

French N. ..... French, *editor.* The Jolly Roger.
Gale ..... Gale. Yellow Gentians and Blue.
Galsworthy E. ... Galsworthy. Two Forsyte Interludes.
Gautier ..... Gautier. One of Cleopatra's Nights.
George ..... George. Selected Short Stories. (English edition.)
Georgian E. ..... Georgian Stories, 1927.
Gerhardi C. ..... Gerhardi. Pretty Creatures.
Gibbs ..... Gibbs. Out of the Ruins.
Gissing ..... Gissing. A Victim of Circumstances.
Gobineau C. ..... Gobineau. The Crimson Handkerchief.
Gray C. ..... Gray, *editor.* Deep Waters.
Greene ..... Greene, *editor.* The Grim Thirteen. (1928 edition.)
Hemingway C. ... Hemingway. Men Without Women.
Herron ..... Herron. Peacocks.
Hine ..... Hine. The Seven Lovers.
Hubbard B. ..... Hubbard. Tanagra Figures. (English edition.)
Hummel B. ..... Hummel. Lazy Isle.
Huysmans ..... Huysmans. Down Stream.
Istrati B. ..... Istrati. Uncle Anghel.
Jackson ..... Jackson, *translator.* Three Stories.
Jesse ..... Jesse. Many Latitudes.
Kallas B. ..... Kallas. Eros the Slayer.
Kennedy ..... Kennedy. A Long Week-End.
Keyserling B. .... Keyserling. The Curse of the Tarniffs.
Lawrence D. ..... Lawrence. The Woman Who Rode Away.
Le Clercq. ..... Le Clercq. Show Cases.
Lewis ..... Lewis. The Wild Body.
Lieber ..... Lieber and Williams, *editors.* Great Stories of All Nations.
Little ..... Little. Better Angels.
Mann C. ..... Mann. Fifth Child.
Mann D. ..... Mann. Children and Fools.
Marmur ..... Marmur. Ecola!
Marshall C. ..... Marshall. Simple Stories.
Maupassant P. ... Maupassant. Golden Tales.
Melville C. ..... Melville *and* Hargreaves, *editors.* Great French Short Stories.
Mitchison ..... Mitchison. Black Sparta.
Montague G. ..... Montague. Up Eel River.
Moore ..... Moore. Celibate Lives.
Nethercot ..... Nethercot, *editor.* A Book of Long Stories.
New Dec. F. ..... The New Decameron. Fifth Day.
Norway ..... Larsen, *editor.* Told in Norway.
Obear ..... Obear, *editor.* A Book of Stories.
O'Brien S. ..... O'Brien, *editor.* The Best British Short Stories of 1927.
O'Brien T. ..... O'Brien, *editor.* The Best Short Stories of 1927.
Overton ..... Overton, *editor.* The Cream of the Jug.
Pattee ..... Pattee, *editor.* Century Readings in the American Short Story.
Pierce ..... Pierce and Schreiber, *editors.* Fiction and Fantasy of German Romance.
Plomer ..... Plomer. I Speak of Africa. (English edition.)

Prize J. .....O. Henry Memorial Award. Prize Stories of 1927.
Reed .....Reed. Daughter of the Revolution.
Remizov .....Remizov. The Fifth Pestilence. (English edition.)
Rhys F. .....Rhys and Dawson Scott, *editors*. 26 Mystery Stories Old and New.
Rhys G. .....Rhys. The Left Bank.
Rideout B. .....Rideout. Tao Tales.
Ryder B. .....Ryder, *translator*. The Ten Princes.
Saki A. .....“Saki.” Chronicles of Clovis.
Saki B. .....“Saki.” Beasts and Super-Beasts.
Saki C. .....“Saki.” The Toys of Peace.
Samples .....Samples.
Saplings .....Saplings: Second Series. 1927.
Sass .....Sass. Gray Eagle.
Schnitzler C. ....Schnitzler. Daybreak.
Scott .....Scott. Ideals.
Smith B. .....Smith. “Are You Decent?”
Starrett .....Starrett, *editor*. Fourteen Great Detective Stories.
Steele D. .....Steele. The Man Who Saw Through Heaven.
Stephens C. .....Stephens. Etched in Moonlight.
Sweden .....Larsen, *editor*. Sweden’s Best Stories.
Topelius .....Topelius. Canute Whistlewinks.
Trend .....Trend, *editor*. Spanish Short Stories of the Sixteenth Century.
Trites .....Trites. The Gypsy.
Van Buren .....Van Buren *and* Bemis, *editors*. Mother in Modern Story.
Ward .....Ward, *editor*. Short Stories of To-day.
Wassermann B. ..Wassermann. Worlds’ Ends.
Wells A. .....Wells, *editor*. American Detective Stories.
Wells B. .....Wells, *editor*. American Mystery Stories.
Werfel .....Werfel. The Man Who Conquered Death.
White .....White. Jen Culliton.
Wiley A. .....Wiley. Fo’ Meals a Day.
Wiley B. .....Wiley. Manchu Blood.
Wister .....Wister. When West Was West.
Wolff .....Wolff. The Pale Mountains.
Wood .....Wood. New World Vistas.
World C. .....Johnston, *editor*. The World’s Best Short Stories of 1927.
Wright B. .....Wright, *editor*. The Great Detective Stories.
Zweig .....Zweig. Conflicts.

ADDRESSES OF MAGAZINES PUBLISHING SHORT STORIES

I. American Magazines

Ace-High Magazine, 799 Broadway, New York City.
Adventure, 223 Spring Street, New York City.
All's Well, Gayeta Lodge, Fayetteville, Ark.
Amazing Stories, 53 Park Place, New York City.
American Boy, 142 Lafayette Boulevard, Detroit, Mich.
American Caravan, Care of Mr. Paul Rosenfeld, 77 Irving Place, New York City.
American Hebrew, 19 West 44th Street, New York City.
American Magazine, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.
American Mercury, 730 Fifth Avenue, New York City.
American-Scandinavian Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.
Argosy All-Story Weekly, 280 Broadway, New York City.
Atlantic Monthly, 8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass.
Blue Book Magazine, 36 South State Street, Chicago, Ill.
Bookman, 386 Fourth Avenue, New York City.
Canadian Home Journal, Richmond and Sheppard Streets, Toronto, Ont., Canada.
Canadian Magazine, 345 Adelaide Street W., Toronto, Ont., Canada.
Catholic World, 120 West 60th Street, New York City.
Century Magazine, 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City.
Chicago Tribune, Chicago, Ill.
Collier's Weekly, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.
Columbia, New Haven, Conn.
Columbian Monthly, 27 Cleveland Place, New York City.
Commonweal, 25 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York City.
Cosmopolitan, 57th Street and Eighth Avenue, New York City.
Country Gentleman, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa.
Cowboy Stories, 799 Broadway, New York City.
Delineator, Spring and Macdougal Streets, New York City.
Dial, 152 West 13th Street, New York City.
Echo, 1837 Champa Street, Denver, Col.
Elks Magazine, 50 East 42nd Street, New York City.
Everybody's Magazine, Spring and Macdougal Streets, New York City.
Farm and Fireside, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.
Figure in the Carpet, Care of Miss Elva de Pue Matthews, 136 East 67th Street, New York City.
Forum, 441 Lexington Avenue, New York City.
Frontier, Care of Mr. H. G. Merriam, State University, Missoula, Mont.
Frontier Stories, Garden City, Long Island, N. Y.
Golden Book, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City.
Good Housekeeping, 57th Street and Eighth Avenue, New York City.
Harper's Bazar, 57th Street and Eighth Avenue, New York City.

Harper's Magazine, 49 East 33rd Street, New York City.
Holland's Magazine, Dallas, Texas.
Jewish Forum, 2000 Broadway, New York City.
Jewish Tribune, 570 Seventh Avenue, New York City.
Ladies' Home Journal, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa.
Liberty, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.
McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.
McClure's Magazine, 57th Street and Eighth Avenue, New York City.
MacLean's Magazine, 143 University Avenue, Toronto, Ont., Canada.
Menorah Journal, 63 Fifth Avenue, New York City.
Midland, Care of Mr. John T. Frederick, Iowa City, Iowa.
Munsey's Magazine, 280 Broadway, New York City.
New Masses, 39 Union Square, W., New York City.
New Republic, 421 West 21st Street, New York City.
Open Road, 284 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.
Opportunity, 17 Madison Avenue, New York City.
Outsiders, Care of Mr. Gerald D. Heller, 316 West 71st Street, New York City.
Overland Monthly, 356 Pacific Building, San Francisco, Cal.
Pictorial Review, 216 West 39th Street, New York City.
Poland, 953 Third Avenue, New York City.
Popular, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York City.
Prairie Schooner, Box 1232, Station "A," Lincoln, Neb.
Ranch Romances, 799 Broadway, New York City.
Real Detective Tales, 1050 North La Salle Street, Chicago, Ill.
Red Book Magazine, North American Building, Chicago, Ill.
Rotarian, 221 East Cullerton Street, Chicago, Ill.
St. Nicholas, 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City.
Saturday Evening Post, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa.
Scribner's Magazine, 597 Fifth Avenue, New York City.
Sea Stories, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York City.
Short Stories, Garden City, Long Island, N. Y.
Southwest Review, Methodist University, Dallas, Texas.
Sunset, 460 Fourth Street, San Francisco, Cal.
Tanager, Box 66, Grinnell, Iowa.
Transition, 40 rue Fabert, Paris (VIIe), France.
Vanity Fair, Graybar Building, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York City.
Virginia Quarterly Review, 8 West Lawn, University, Va.
West, Garden City, Long Island, N. Y.
Woman's Home Companion, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.
Woman's World, 107 South Clinton Street, Chicago, Ill.
Yale Review, 125 High Street, New Haven, Conn.
Young's Magazine, 112 East 19th Street, New York City.
Youth's Companion, 8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass.

II. British and Irish Magazines

All-Story Magazine, Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E. C. 4.
Argosy, La Belle Sauvage, Ludgate Hill, London, E. C. 4.
Blackwood's Magazine, 37 Paternoster Row, London, E. C. 4.
Blue Magazine, 13 Whitefriars Street, London, E. C. 4.
Blue Peter, 12 St. Mary Axe, London, E. C.
Bulletin, Box 2521 B.B., Sydney, N. S. W., Australia.

Bystander, 6 Great New Street, London, E. C. 4.
Cassell's Magazine, La Belle Sauvage, Ludgate Hill, London, E. C. 4.
Chambers' Journal, 38 Soho Square, London, W. C. 1.
Corner Magazine, La Belle Sauvage, Ludgate Hill, London, E. C. 4.
Cornhill Magazine, 50a Albemarle Street, London, W. 1.
Criterion, 24 Russell Square, London, W. C. 1.
Empire Review, Macmillan and Co., Ltd., St. Martin's Street, London, W. C. 2.
English Review, 4 Dean's Yard, Westminster, London, S. W. 1.
Eve, 6 Great New Street, London, E. C. 4.
Fortnightly Review, 11 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W. C. 2.
G. K's Weekly, 22 Essex Street, Strand, London, W. C. 2.
Good Housekeeping, 153 Queen Victoria Street, London, E. C. 4.
Grand Magazine, 8–11 Southampton Street, Strand, London, W. C. 2.
Graphic, 6 Great New Street, London, E. C. 4.
Happy Magazine, 8 Southampton Street, Strand, London, W. C. 2.
Home, 24 Bond Street, Sydney, N. S. W., Australia.
Home Magazine, 18 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W. C. 2.
Hutchinson's Adventure and Mystery Story Magazine, 34–36 Paternoster Row, London, E. C. 4.
Hutchinson's Best Story Magazine, 34–36 Paternoster Row, London, E. C. 4.
Hutchinson's Magazine, 34–36 Paternoster Row, London, E. C. 4.
Illustrated London News, 6 Great New Street, London, E. C. 4.
Irish Statesman, 84 Merrion Square, Dublin, Irish Free State.
John o'London's Weekly, 8 Southampton Street, Strand, London, W. C. 2.
Jolly Magazine, 34–36 Paternoster Row, London, E. C. 4.
Lady, 39 Bedford Street, Strand, London, W. C. 2.
Lady's World, Lennox House, Norfolk Street, Strand, London, W. C. 2.
Life and Letters, 10 Great Queen Street, Kingsway, London, W. C. 2.
London Magazine, Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E. C. 4.
London Mercury, 229 Strand, London, W. C. 2.
Manchester Guardian, 3 Cross Street, Manchester.
Nash's Magazine, 153 Queen Victoria Street, London, E. C. 4.
Nation and Athenæum, 38 Great James Street, Holborn, London, W. C. 2.
New Adelphi, 19–19a Cursitor Street, London, E. C. 4.
New Age, 70 High Holborn, London, W. C. 1.
New Coterie, 68 Red Lion Street, London, W. C. 1.
New Magazine, La Belle Sauvage, Ludgate Hill, London, E. C. 4.
New Statesman, 10 Great Queen Street, Kingsway, London, W. C. 2.
New Triad, 29 Bligh Street, Sydney, N. S. W., Australia.
Novel Magazine, 18 Henrietta Street, London, W. C. 2.
Outspan, P. O. Box 245, Bloemfontein, South Africa.
Outward Bound, Edinburgh House, 2 Eaton Gate, London, S. W. 1.
Pall Mall, 153 Queen Victoria Street, London, E. C. 4.
Pearson's Magazine, 18 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W. C. 2.
Premier, Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E. C. 4.
Queen, Windsor House, Bream's Buildings, London, E. C. 4.
Quiver, La Belle Sauvage, Ludgate Hill, London, E. C. 4.
Red Magazine, Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E. C. 4.
Romance, 3 Lancaster Place, Wellington Street, London, W. C. 2.
Royal Magazine, 18 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W. C. 2.
Saturday Review, 9 King Street, Covent Garden, London, W. C. 2.

Scots Observer, 7 Royal Bank Place, Buchanan Street, Glasgow, C. 1, Scotland.
Sketch, 6 Great New Street, London, E. C. 4.
Spectator, 13 York Street, Covent Garden, London, W. C. 2.
Sphere, 6 Great New Street, London, E. C. 4.
Story-Teller, La Belle Sauvage, Ludgate Hill, London, E. C. 4.
Strand Magazine, 8–11 Southampton Street, Strand, London, W. C. 2.
Sydney Mail, 38 Hunter Street, Sydney, N. S. W., Australia.
T. P's Weekly, La Belle Sauvage, Ludgate Hill, London, E. C. 4.
Tatler, 6 Great New Street, London, E. C. 4.
Time and Tide, 88 Fleet Street, London, E. C. 4.
Truth, Carteret Street, Queen Anne's Gate, London, S. W. 1.
20–Story Magazine, 93 Long Acre, London, W. C. 2.
Violet Magazine, Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E. C. 4.
Vogue, Aldwych House, Aldwych, London, W. C. 2.
Windsor Magazine, Warwick House, Salisbury Square, London, E. C. 4.
Woman, 34–36 Paternoster Row, London, E. C. 4.
Woman's Journal, Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E. C. 4.
Yellow Magazine, Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E. C. 4.

ROLL OF HONOR

AUGUST, 1927, TO JUNE, 1928

NOTE. *This list excludes reprints*

I. AMERICAN AUTHORS

AIKEN, CONRAD.
Moment.
Necktie.
Spider, Spider.
Woman-Hater.
Your Obituary, Well Written.

ALLEN, H. E.
Fanciful Countryman.

ALLEN, SALLY ELLIOTT.
Nothing Left.

ANDERSON, SHERWOOD.
Fight.
Jury Case.
Mountain Dance.
Sentimental Journey.

AUSTIN, MARY
Coyote Song.
Lone Tree.
Man Who Walked with the Trues.
Woman Who Was Never Satisfied.

BABCOCK, EDWINA STANTON.
Egg Woman.

BARNARD, LESLIE GORDON.
Payment.

BARNES, MARGARET AYER.
Home Fire.

BENÉT, STEPHEN VINCENT.
Fool-Killer.
Giant's House.

BENNETT, JAMES W.
Heavenly Flowers.

Bercovici, Konrad.
Good Actress.
Land.

Boyd, Thomas.
Our Top Sergeant.

Bradford, Roark.
Blue Steel's Eva.
River Witch.

Brennan, Frederick Hazlitt.
Guardeen Angel.

Bromfield, Louis.
Cat That Lived at the Ritz.

Brush, Katharine.
Seven Blocks Apart.

Burman, Ben Lucien.
Children of Noah.

Callaghan, Morley.
Country Passion.

Calverton, V. H. ("Mark Rodson.")
Faces.
Undertaker.

Canfield, Dorothy.
At the Sign of the Three Daughters.
Deep Channel.

Carver, Ada Jack.
Cotton Dolly.

Chambers, María Cristina.
John of God, the Water Carrier.

Chapman, Maristan.
Crowded.

Childs, Marquis W.
Journey.

Christowe, Stoyan.
Bell.

Coates, Grace Stone.
Black Cherries.
Truth.

Cobb, Irvin S.
No Dam' Yankee.

Coleman, Emily Holmes.
Wren's Nest.

Collins, Harrison.
"Those Absurd Missionaries."

Connolly, Myles.
First of Mr. Blue.

Coonradt, Paul.
Effie.

Cooper, Mary Lispenard.
Punch and Judy Show.

Corley, Donald.
Eyes of Compassion.

Davis, Elmer.
Ungracious Lady.

De Ford, Miriam Allen.
Mystery of Mr. Orcutt.

Dickinson, Roy.
Mountain Solitude.
On the Third Day.

Dingle, A. E.
Courtships.
Old Sails.

Dobie, Charles Caldwell.
Magnificent Pose.

Douglas, Marjory Stoneman.
Peculiar Treasure of Kings.

Dreiser, Theodore.
Portrait of a Woman.

Edmonds, Walter D.
Swamper.
Voice of the Archangel.

Egan, Cyril B.
Passion Play.

Fearing, Kenneth F.
Stone That the Builder Rejected—.

FERBER, EDNA.
Hey! Taxi!

FISHER, RUDOLPH.
Blades of Steel.

FITZGERALD, F. SCOTT.
Short Trip Home.

FREEDMAN, DAVID.
I Am He.

FREEMAN, MARY E. WILKINS.
Jester.

GABRIEL, GILBERT.
Twelve Tristans.

GALE, ZONA.
Bridal Pond.

GEROULD, KATHARINE FULLERTON.
"Love's Pilgrimage."

GILKYSON, WALTER.
Spanish Primitives.

HAARDT, SARA.
Licked.

HARRIS, ELEANOR E.
Home to Mother's.

HEMINGWAY, ERNEST.
Hills Like White Elephants.

HERGESHEIMER, JOSEPH.
Boston.

HILLYER, ROBERT.
Apparition in Early Autumn.

HOFFMAN, LEIGH.
Catastrophe.

HUGHES, LLEWELLYN.
Beyond Sound of Machine Gun.
If I Was a Bloomin' Peer.
Lady Wipers—of Ypres.

HUME, CYRIL.
Hell Gate Tommy.

HURST, FANNIE.
Give This Little Girl a Hand.

Jitro, W. C. G.
Chemise de Madame.
Tapu.

Jolas, Eugene.
Carrousel.
Walk Through Cosmopolis.

Komroff, Manuel.
Apple-Tree Sage.

Lardner, Ring W.
Anniversary.

Latimer, Margery.
Nellie Bloom.

Le Sueur, Meridel.
Afternoon.
Golden Sun.
Laundress.

Lewis, Sinclair.
Man Who Knew Coolidge.

Lewisohn, Ludwig.
Pained Lady.

Lovecraft, H. P.
Color Out of Space.

MacDougall, Sally.
Wild Music.

McFarlane, Leslie.
Root-House.

McIntyre, John.
Dusting.

McKenna, Edward L.
Ariel.
Battered Armor.
Policy Number Two Billion and Three.
Ranzo, Boys, Ranzo!

Marks, Percy.
Sane Hands.

Marquand, J. P.
Harvard Square Student.

Marquis, Don.
Flea, the Pup, and the Millennium.
Keeper of Tradition.

MONTAGUE, MARGARET PRESCOTT.
Hog's Eye and Human.
World's Funny Bone.

MORRISON, LAURA.
Little Lee's Wife.

O'BRIEN, SEUMAS.
Lady of the White Horse.
Well of Truth.

O'REILLY, NAN.
Trappings of Woe.

O'SULLIVAN, VINCENT.
Kaidenov.

PARKER, DOROTHY.
Telephone Call.

PATTERSON, FRANCES TAYLOR.
Ghostways.

"PAUL, L."
Code.
Fences.

PAXTON, TACY STOKES.
Tellings.

PETERKIN, JULIA.
Proudful Fellow.

POST, MELVILLE DAVISSON.
Dark Night.
God of the Hills.
Mystery at Hillhouse.

RAYNER, GEORGE T.
Life and Death on Ninety-fifth Street.

ROBERTS, ELIZABETH MADOX
On the Mountain-Side.

ROBIN, MAX.
Nostalgia.

"RODSON, MARK." *See* CALVERTON, V. H.

RYAN, STELLA.
Top Gallant.
Youth Walks Under the Willows.

SAXON, LYLE.
Long Furrow.

Seaver, Edwin.
Jew.

Smith, Emily A.
Love.

Springer, Fleta Campbell.
Young Orchard.

Stanley, Elizabeth.
Deep Canyons.

Steele, Wilbur Daniel.
American Comedy.
Lightning.
Never Anything That Fades.
New Deal.
Sooth.
Speed.

Stevens, James.
Romantic Sailor.

Stone, Grace Zaring.
Mistress Joachim.

Suckow, Ruth.
Good Pals.
Little Girl from Town.
Midwestern Primitive
Spinster and Cat.

Sundermeyer, Clarence.
World-Gate.

Tilden, Freeman.
Fishing Miraculous.

Trilling, Lionel.
Funeral at the Club, with Lunch.

Troy, William.
Interlude.

Vorse, Mary Heaton.
Panther and the Mouse.
Ride to the Hills.

Ware, Edmund.
Boy and the Wind.
Hard Guy.
So-Long, Oldtimer.

Wescott, Glenway.
Dove Came Down.
Prohibition.
Whistling Swan.

WEST, DOROTHY.
Unimportant Man.

WHARTON, EDITH.
After Holbein.
Atrophy.
Mr. Jones.

WHITE, NELIA GARDNER.
Toby Hatch.

WILKINS, MARY E. *See* FREEMAN, MARY E. WILKINS.

WILLIAMS, BEN AMES.
As a Man Speaketh.

WILSON, HENRY L.
Muse Plays Chess.

WINSLOW, THYRA SAMTER.
Will.

WISTER, OWEN.
At the Sign of the Last Chance.
Little Old Scaffold.
Melting Pelican.
Safe in the Arms of Crœsus.

WRYNN, ANTHONY.
Ignis Fatuus.
Portrait of a Man Before Death.

WYLIE, ELINOR.
Birthday Cake for Lionel.

II. BRITISH AND IRISH AUTHORS

ALMEDINGEN, EDITH M.
Great Unmuddler.
Leaning Against a Pillar.

AUMONIER, STACY.
Two of Those Women.

BRAILSFORD, H. N.
Candide Returns to Earth.

BUCHAN, JOHN.
Skule Skerry.

BULLETT, GERALD.
Grasshopper.

COCKBURN, CLAUD.
You Have To Be Careful.

COLUM, PADRAIC.
Death of the Rich Man.
Interior.

CONRAD, JOSEPH.
Sisters.

CORKERY, DANIEL.
Ruin of Dromacurrig.

ERTZ, SUSAN.
Miss Pardew and Mrs. Thole.

FRIEDLAENDER, V. H.
One Word.

GOLDING, LOUIS.
Tale of Jean Pinchas.

JESSE, F. TENNYSON.
Treasure Trove.

KIPLING, RUDYARD.
Dayspring Mishandled.
Fairy Kist.

LAWRENCE, D. H.
Escaped Cock.
In Love?

MONTAGUE, C. E.
Fatalist.
Man Afraid.
Pretty Little Property.
Ted's Leave.

MOORE, GEORGE.
Strange Story of the Three Golden Fishes.

MOTTRAM, R. H.
Common Secretary.

O'FLAHERTY, LIAM.
Little White Dog.
Prey.
Tyrant.

RICHARDSON, ANTHONY.
Cuckoo.
Murder.

SHAW, HERBERT.
Man Who Didn't Laugh.

STRONG, L. A. G.
Travellers.

TOMLINSON, H. M.
Out of the Jungle.

WALPOLE, HUGH.
Little Donkeys with the Crimson Saddles.

WETJEN, ALBERT RICHARD.
Golden Vanity.

WILLIAMSON, HENRY.
Heller.

WOOLF, VIRGINIA.
"Slater's Pins Have No Points."

WYLIE, I. A. R.
All Dressed Up.

III. TRANSLATIONS

BANG, HERMAN (*Danish*).
Pastor.

DELEDDA, GRAZIA (*Italian*).
Patience.

DUUN, OLAV (*Norwegian*).
Blind Anders.

FEDIN, KONSTANTIN (*Russian*).
Garden.

GOETEL, FERDINAND (*Polish*).
Back to Civilization.

"GORKY, MAXIM" (*Russian*).
Enblema.
Guide.

GWIZDZ, FELIX (*Polish*).
Sparrows.

JOUHANDEAU, MARCEL (*French*).
Dunois the Angel.
Prudence Hautechaume.

KARALIICHEFF, ANGEL (*Bulgarian*).
Stone Bridge of the Rossitsa.

MARCELIN, FRÉDÉRIC (*Haitian-French*).
Jan-Jan.

PILNIAK, BORIS (*Russian*).
That Which Is Dead Calls Always.

PONTOPPIDAN, HENRIK (*Danish*).
Fisher Nest.

POULAILLE, HENRY (*French*).
Poor.

REYMONT, LADISLAS (*Polish*).
Legend.

RIBEMONT-DESSAIGNES, GEORGES (*French*).
Confiteor.

ROMANOV, PANTELEIMON (*Russian*).
Actress.
Black Biscuits.

SCHNITZLER, ARTHUR (*Austrian*).
Dead Men Tell No Tales.

SIEROSZEWSKI, WACLAW (*Polish*).
Vision of Sakura.

SÖDERBERG, HJALMAR (*Swedish*).
Cup of Tea.

SOUPAULT, PHILIPPE (*French*).
Death of Nick Carter.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES

NOTE. *These notices refer only to American authors whose work appears in the Roll of Honor in this series for the first time. Biographical notices of other authors included in this year's Roll of Honor may be found, with one or two exceptions, in earlier volumes of the series.*

ALLEN, SALLY (IDA) ELLIOTT. Born in Massachusetts, the daughter of a Unitarian minister, and therefore lived for brief periods in cities of New Hampshire, Michigan, Wisconsin, Illinois, Colorado, Washington, and Oregon. Was graduated from the University of Wisconsin. Has twice spent some time in Europe. Did some teaching in high schools and colleges. Has written and produced locally a number of plays. Is the wife of Eric W. Allen, dean of the school of journalism in the University of Oregon. Has been for many years a member of Pot and Quill, a women's writing group at that University. Is the mother of four children. Lives at Eugene, Oregon.

BARNARD, LESLIE GORDON. Born in Montreal, Canada, in 1890, and still resides there. Blames any education he may have on a private school, a public school, and Westmount Academy; on an early plunge into the world of business; on books of various kinds; and on a certain amount of travel. Served overseas, as Hon. Lieut. with C. E. F.; after demobilization harnessed a little-ridden hobby and ventured professionally into the short-story field. Married, in 1923, a wife who "also writes"—not wholly in self-defense.

BARNES, MARGARET AYER. Born in Chicago, April, 1886. Educated in Chicago private schools and at Bryn Mawr College, graduating in 1907. Married in 1910, and has three sons. Has lived in Chicago all her life, with summers divided between Mattapoisett, Massachusetts, and Mount Desert, Maine. Her sister is Janet Ayer Fairbank (Mrs. Kellogg Fairbank), author of "The Cortlands of Washington Square," "The Smiths," and "Idle Hands." Lives in Chicago.

BENNETT, GWENDOLYN B. Born in Giddings, Texas, July 8, 1902. Spent childhood in Washington, D. C., and Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. Attended Girls' High School, Brooklyn, New York, Columbia University, two years. Graduated from Art School of Pratt Institute, 1924. Studied painting at Academie Julian, Paris, 1925–26. Taught Art at Howard University two years, 1924–25, and 1926–27. Editor of *Fire*. Sub-editor of *Opportunity*. Lives in Brooklyn, New York.

BENTLEY, HAROLD. Born September 23, 1904, in Blackburn, England. Because of poor circumstances he was compelled to leave school and enter the cotton mills at the age of twelve. When he was eighteen he emigrated to the United States. He is at present a student in Grinnell College, Iowa. "Broken Heads," in the *Tanager*, is his first published story.

Brennan, Frederick Hazlitt. Born September 23, 1901, in St. Louis. Education in public schools and University of Missouri. Entered newspaper work when he was twenty on the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*, changing to the *Post-Dispatch* after a year and a half. Has been a political reporter, Sunday magazine writer and rewrite man. Author of "God Got One Vote." Lives in St. Louis.

Brush, Katharine. Born in 1901 at Middletown, Connecticut. Her first writing was newspaper work for the *Boston Herald* and *Traveler*. She did a daily column of motion picture news for the latter paper when she was sixteen. For the past four years has written fiction exclusively. Author of "Glitter" and "Little Sins." Is the wife of a New York and Ohio newspaper man, has one son, and lives in New York City.

Calverton, V. F. Born in Baltimore, Maryland, June 25, 1900. Miseducated in public schools and Johns Hopkins University. Contributed early to newspapers and academic magazines. Organized *The Modern Quarterly* in 1923 of which he is still the editor. This magazine has attempted to respond to the new social and economic influences of our era, particularly in the fields of literary criticism and the new psychology. Author of "The Newer Spirit" and "Sex Expression in Literature," studies in the sociological theory of criticism which he has been advancing for the last three years. Now working on a book on Morality and Marriage. Writes fiction from time to time. Author of a novel, "Adolf Moor," which appeared in *The Modern Quarterly*. Connected with radical movement in capacity of educator and writer. Lives in Baltimore, Maryland, but as a lecturer spends much of his time in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Montreal, etc.

Chambers, María Cristina. Born in Mexico, April 3, 1893. Her maiden name was Mena, and as María Cristina Mena she published her first story in the *Century Magazine* at the age of twenty. Mrs. Chambers is the only Mexican woman to have written fiction in English and her stories have been translated into Spanish by the famous Mexican author and poet Manuel Sales Cepeda. She has written perhaps the most comprehensive series of stories of Mexican life published in English. Lives at Great Neck, New York.

Chapman, Maristan. Was born in Chattanooga, Tennessee, in 1895. Her father entered the ministry at Sewanee a few years later, and her childhood was spent in many parishes. In her teens she taught in a Blue Ridge mission school which she helped her mother to conduct. When the war came, she was suddenly transplanted to England. There she served as secretary to a Member of Parliament, engaged in nursing, learned and lectured on business science in war training schools, became a secretary in the British aircraft service, married an engineer, and was sent to America to inspect airplane motors at Dayton. It was not until after the war that she returned to the hills of Tennessee and formed the friendships which were to give her the materials for "The Happy Mountain." Already writing had been her secret preoccupation for years, and during the period that followed, which was spent in camping among the mountains and roaming about the South in a Ford, her articles for papers and magazines added materially to the Chapman

resources. In 1924 the Ford became a house-car, which she and her engineer husband designed and built themselves; they named it The Nomad and spent two years on the road in it, writing and doing odd jobs. Finally they returned to Sewanee and bought Neverland, "a downgone barn of a house surrounded by seven acres of unkempt land," where "The Happy Mountain" was written. Lives at Sewanee, Tennessee.

CHILDS, MARQUIS W. Born in Clinton, Iowa, 1902. A.B. University of Wisconsin, 1923; A.M. University of Iowa, 1925. Instructor in English at the University of Iowa, followed by newspaper work in Chicago, New York and several smaller cities. Author of numerous stories and articles. At present with the Sunday department of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

CHRISTOWE, STOYAN. Was born in 1898 in a village in Macedonia. At the age of twelve he emigrated to the United States. Educated in public schools and Valparaiso University. Since leaving college he has been doing newspaper work, though for a time he was a private secretary to the Bulgarian Consul-General in Chicago. In 1924 he became an American citizen and left the Consulate to give himself completely to newspaper work, doing special articles for *The Chicago Daily News.* Has translated stories from the Bulgarian. At present he is travelling through the Balkans and the Near East and writing his impressions for *The Chicago Daily News.*

COATES, GRACE STONE (MRS. HENDERSON COATES). Born in Kansas, and reared on crop failures. Lived subsequently in Kansas City, Chicago, and Butte, Montana. Now lives at Martinsdale, Montana.

COLLINS, HARRISON. "Born in Minneapolis in 1889. Educated there and in New York. At a very early age began 'contributing' stories, poems, and articles to the leading periodicals; but it wasn't his fault Uncle Sam's mail-service was so efficient. Except for occasional visits home has lived since 1912 in Japan, where his job is to teach the young Nipponese college idea how to shoot (often with deadly effect, too!) the English language."

COONRADT, PAUL. Grew up in a country village in the Adirondack foothills. Graduated from Hamilton College, Clinton, New York, in 1921. For the next five years averaged two or three different jobs a year. Worked on up-state newspapers, a magazine in New York; in bank, brokerage house, lumber woods and factories; on farms and ships. At present living most of the year on his backwoods farm in New York State, reforesting, gardening, and writing.

CONNOLLY, MYLES. Was born in Boston thirty years ago, educated at the Boston Latin School and Boston College, spent two years in the Navy during the war, and after the war served four years in newspaper work. At twenty-six he retired. A year later he left his retirement to take over the editorship of *Columbia,* the job which for better or worse he still holds. Has written fiction, articles on everything under the sun, scenarios and verse—nearly all of which have seen light in one form or another. About half of the twenty poems he has had

the weakness to write have been included in anthologies. Lives in New Haven, Connecticut.

Cooper, Mary Lispenard. Born in Yonkers, New York, in 1904. Prepared for Vassar at the Gilbert School, Winsted, Connecticut. Graduated from Vassar in 1926, majoring in Greek. Second prize in Harper's 1926 Intercollegiate Short Story Contest with "Moth Mullein"; honorable mention with "Easter." At present teaching in the Bryn Mawr School for Girls, Baltimore, and studying archæology part time at Johns Hopkins.

Douglas, Marjory Stoneman. "My biography is like much of life, it must be either too long or too short. I was born in Minneapolis, Minnesota, April 7, 1890. Brought up in Taunton, Massachusetts, and graduated from Wellesley College in 1912. In 1915 I began working on *The Miami Herald,* Miami, Florida, of which my father, Frank B. Stoneman, is the editor. In 1918 I went overseas with the American Red Cross publicity department. In 1920 became associate editor of *The Miami Herald* and for three years ran a daily column. In 1923 I sold a story to *The Saturday Evening Post* and gave up newspaper work to write fiction. I have sold stories to *Smart Set, Ainslee's, The Ladies' Home Journal,* the *Woman's Home Companion,* as well as *The Saturday Evening Post.* 'He-Man' is included in The O. Henry Memorial Collection for 1927."

Draper, Edythe Squier (Mrs. James B. Draper). "I was born in Hakodate, Japan, of American parents in 1883. At five I suffered the torments of travelling to America from Asia via Egypt and Europe. My father, a Methodist preacher, presided over this little church and that—a different one each year—in Ohio and then in Minnesota. When I was fourteen my father—in Sinclair Lewis' old town, Sauk Centre, Minnesota—forsook the church and all her works. He wrote a book and we lived on—dreams, my mother and we were seven. My father took to insurance and we had a little food and some shoes. From Minnesota we moved back to Ohio; we moved to New Jersey; we moved to Pennsylvania—we moved to Philadelphia. I moved alone to South Carolina where I fervently taught blacks in a mission school. I forsook—in my turn, missions. I went to creep, now sadly, now ecstatically, about the bleak halls of the University of Pennsylvania, nibbling up crumbs of history, languages, English literature. I moved to Kansas and taught whites—or, as usual, was I taught?—in a small decrepit college. I assisted at the obsequies of the college and married the man across the street. I have not been 'happy,' very, I suppose, and so I write. I also cook and I shine up my Ornamenta, two girls and one boy, all geniuses. Religions interest me. Science interests me and capital punishment. Tenant farmers, their wives and children, Ku Klux, Kulture Klubs, the *Middle West* interest me." Lives in Oswego, Kansas.

Egan, Cyril B. Born in New York City, 1894. Educated at Fordham University. Thereafter a teacher of mathematics, first sergeant in the army at Camp Hancock, then back to mathematics and the writing of short humor for *Life* and *Judge.* Now free lancing in the short story field. Lives in New York City.

FEARING, KENNETH. Was born in Oak Park, Illinois, 1902, graduated from the University of Wisconsin, and is now living in New York City, as a free-lance writer.

FORD, MIRIAM ALLEN DE. "I was born in Philadelphia in 1888, was educated at Wellesley College, Temple University (A.B. 1911), and the University of Pennsylvania (graduate scholar in English, 1911–12). For several years I have devoted myself entirely to free-lance writing, my prose and verse having appeared in many magazines; but previously to 1923 I have worked as newspaper staff writer (principally on the *Philadelphia North American*), news correspondent (I am now San Francisco correspondent for the Federated Press, Chicago), house organ editor in Boston and Baltimore, insurance claim adjuster, and in several other non-literary capacities. I have written comparatively little fiction, most of my work being verse and critical and sociological articles; a play of mine was produced in San Francisco in 1924. I am on the book reviewing staff of *The Argonaut*, San Francisco, and have written twelve 'Little Blue Books' for the Haldeman-Julius Company, of Kansas, mostly on Latin literature and biography. In private life I am the wife of Maynard Shipley, president of the Science League of America, Inc., and author of 'The War on Modern Science.' I have a novel now in the negotiation stage of publication. I have published no volumes of either verse or prose, but have poems in at least twenty anthologies, including several numbers of Braithwaite's." Lives in San Francisco.

HARRIS, ELEANOR E. "I have lived in Elmira most of my life, was educated here in grammar school, high school and college. I taught school here for several years and then for several years more was social reporter on the *Elmira Advertiser*, a morning paper. I did a great deal of special work also and interviewing for that paper. Now I am giving all my time to writing." Author of "The Game of Doeg." Lives in Elmira, New York.

HILLYER, ROBERT. Born June 3, 1895. Educated at Kent School and Harvard College (1917). 1917–19, ambulance driver and lieutenant, A. E. F. 1919–26, instructor in English, Harvard College, with exception of one year (1920–21) as Fellow of the American-Scandinavian Foundation at the University of Copenhagen. 1926–28, Assistant Professor of English, Trinity College. Now Assistant Professor of English at Harvard University. July 1, 1926, married Dorothy Hancock Tilton. One son. President of New England Poetry Club, 1923–25. Author of seven books of verse, including "Sonnets and Other Lyrics," "The Halt in the Garden" and "The Seventh Hill," and a volume of translations in collaboration entitled "A Book of Danish Verse." Lives at Pomfret, Connecticut.

HUME, CYRIL. Born March 16, 1900, at New Rochelle, New York. He attended Canterbury School and Yale University, after which he worked on the *New York World* for about four months. Author of "Wife of the Centaur," "Cruel Fellowship," "The Golden Dancer" and "Street of the Malcontents."

JOLAS, EUGENE. Born in Union Hill, New Jersey, in 1894. When he was still quite young his parents moved to Europe where they settled

in Lorraine. He spent some time at a school in Metz and at the age of seventeen emigrated to America. He learned English in the night schools of New York while working at any job that presented itself. He has worked on newspapers in various American cities, among others, New York, Waterbury, Savannah, New Orleans, and during the war was in a camp near Richmond, Virginia. Since 1920 he has spent a great deal of time in France where he worked in various capacities, reporter, city editor, literary editor, etc., for the *Chicago Tribune*. At present he lives in France and edits the review *Transition*, founded in March, 1927. Author of "Ink," "Cinéma," "Anthologie de la Poésie Moderne Américaine," and "Le Nègre qui Chante."

Lovecraft, Howard Phillips. Was born of old Yankee-English stock on August 20, 1890, in Providence, Rhode Island. Has always lived there except for very brief periods. Educated in local schools and privately; ill health precluding university. Interested early in color and mystery of things. More youthful products—verse and essays—voluminous, valueless, mostly privately printed. Contributed astronomical articles to press 1906–18. Serious literary efforts now confined to tales of dream-life, strange shadow, and cosmic "outsideness," notwithstanding sceptical rationalism of outlook and keen regard for the sciences. Lives quietly and eventlessly, with classical and antiquarian tastes. Especially fond of atmosphere of Colonial New England. Favorite authors—in most intimate personal sense—Poe, Arthur Machen, Lord Dunsany, Walter de la Mare, Algernon Blackwood. Occupation—literary hack work including revision and special editorial jobs. Has contributed macabre fiction to *Weird Tales* regularly since 1923. Conservative in general perspective and method so far as compatible with phantasy in art and mechanistic materialism in philosophy. Lives in Providence, Rhode Island.

MacDougall, Sally. Born at Ripley, Ontario. Father was a Presbyterian minister. Has been a reporter on Milwaukee newspapers. Came to New York in 1918 and joined the Sunday staff of the *New York World*. Stayed there six years and still writes intermittently for that paper. Began writing fiction in 1927. Lives in New York City.

MacFarlane, Leslie. Born in Carleton Place, Ontario, in 1902, and has lived since 1910 at Haileybury, in the Northern Ontario mining country. Engaged in Ontario newspaper work until 1924, when he turned to free lancing.

McIntyre, John. Born in Philadelphia, 1871. Did some newspaper work in the nineties and a good deal of theatre and magazine work from 1920 to 1922. Author of "The Ragged Edge," "Blowing Weather," "A Young Man's Fancy," "Shot Towers," "Slag," and "Stained Sails." Lives in Philadelphia.

McKenna, Edward L. "I was born in Brooklyn, New York, in 1893. I was a member of the class of 1913 at Columbia and have received a Ph.D. from the University of Pennsylvania, where I have been teaching for eleven years. During the war I was a seaman, first class, which is not precisely the same as being a first-class seaman, aboard the *U. S. S. C247*. This is my story and I have to stick to it, otherwise I should try to be more diverting." Lives in Philadelphia.

MACUMBER, MARIE. "I was reared in the sandhills of western Nebraska. Stacked hay and taught school. Have attended the University of Nebraska until this spring. I am now employed in the editorial offices of *The American Educational Digest*." Lives in Lincoln, Nebraska.

MARBAKER, NORVAL DOUGLASS. Born in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, April 6, 1896. Attended Philadelphia schools. Premedical course in a medical college in Philadelphia. Private Medical Corps in United States Army. Served in American cantonments. Entered Boston University School of Medicine after the Armistice. Contributed to all the university publications; on the original staff of *The Bean Pot*. Served in various medical capacities throughout the world. Has been medical director in a private sanitarium for nervous diseases. Ship surgeon. Resident physician in a coal camp. Post-graduate courses in Ireland, England, France, Italy. Country doctor. Now doing editorial work in New York City. Lives at Brick Church, Pennsylvania.

MARKS, PERCY. "Born September 9, 1891, Covelo, California. (Covelo is a village in Round Valley, the scene of my novel 'Martha.') B.L., University of California, December, 1912. A.M., Harvard, February, 1914. Supervisor of Education, State Infirmary, Tewksbury, Massachusetts, March, 1914—December, 1914. Assistant in English, Brown University, February, 1915—June, 1915. Instructor in English, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, 1915–19. (My teaching at M. I. T. was broken by seven months in the army. I was a Second Lieutenant, Infantry.) I was also in charge of the English department at the Sargent School, Cambridge, from 1915–20, and I taught at the Trade Labor Union College in Boston in the winter of 1920. Instructor in English, Dartmouth College, 1920–21. Instructor in English, Brown University, 1921–24. Author of 'The Plastic Age,' 'Martha,' 'Which Way Parnassus?' and 'Lord of Himself.' Short stories and essays: lots of them, but they aren't important enough to list. Married to Margaret Ellen Gates, December 17, 1927."

MARQUIS, DONALD ROBERT PERRY ("DON MARQUIS.") Born at Walnut, Illinois, July 29, 1878. Author of "Danny's Own Story," "Dreams and Dust," "Cruise of the *Jasper B.*," "Hermione," "Prefaces," "The Old Soak," "Carter and Other People," "Noah an' Jonah an' Cap'n John Smith," "Poems and Portraits," "Revolt of the Oyster," "Sonnets to a Red-Haired Lady," "The Old Soak's History of the World," "The Dark Hours," etc. Lives in New York City.

MORRISON, LAURA. Born in Santa Clara, California, March 25, 1904, and attended public schools there. After graduating from high school, went four years to the San José State Teachers' College, receiving her A.B. degree in 1926. For the past two years has been teaching and writing. "Little Lee's Wife" is her first story. Lives in Santa Clara, California.

O'REILLY, NAN. Born in Buffalo, New York. Educated at D'Youville College (M.A.) Spent the year 1926–27 in France and Italy. Is teaching French at present in Buffalo, New York.

PATTERSON, FRANCES TAYLOR. Born at Dobbs Ferry-on-Hudson. Educated at the Misses Masters' School and at Trinity College. Began

work toward the master's degree at Columbia in 1918, but changed from the status of student to instructor in the English Department. Since that time has been delivering lectures in photoplay composition. Author of "Cinema Craftsmanship," and "Scenario and Screen." Lives in New York City.

PAXTON, TACY STOKES. "I was born in Garnett, Kansas, and brought up on a farm so rocky that the fences about the place were not so much to keep stray cattle out, as to prevent them from coming in, stumbling and breaking their necks. My fad has been enrolling in colleges. However, I received my degree but three years ago. At that time I wore my daughter's cap and gown and my son sang on the program. My outstanding college experience was in Bread Loaf, Vermont School of English. It was there, after listening to a lecture on Creative Writing, by Dr. Robert M. Gay, that I wrote 'Tellings.' My diversions are gardening and trout fishing." Lives in Emporia, Kansas.

RAYNER, GEORGE T. "I was born in 1903 at Yonkers, New York. My education has been sketchy, and exceedingly intermittent. A trip to Europe at the age of ten had a profound effect on me; upon my awareness of things, and brought to light what creative ability I had. I sold an essay to the *New York Evening Globe* at the age of thirteen; at seventeen I won one hundred dollars for a poem; and at nineteen sold my first article to *Picture-Play*. Since then I have sold stories to various magazines. My first story brought me one hundred and thirty dollars from a magazine too terrible to mention. Necessity demands that I write for a lucrative market . . . but the sort of thing I like to do is getting over, slowly, and—I hope—surely. I am a product of the story writing classes at Columbia of which I am justly proud. My thanks are due to Dorothy Scarborough and Helen Hull for the criticism and inspiration they have given me." Lives in Yonkers, New York.

ROBERTS, ELIZABETH MADOX, was reared in a small Kentucky town in an agricultural region, near the geographic center of the state. When she was first growing to womanhood she went to live several years in the Colorado Rockies in search of health. She then studied at the University of Chicago and received a degree (1921). She was elected to membership in the Phi Beta Kappa Society. While in the University she wrote the group of poems which later appeared as "Under the Tree." Leaving the University she devoted herself to prose and gave four years to writing "The Time of Man." Since this was completed she has written "My Heart and My Flesh," and "Jingling in the Wind."

SEAVER, EDWIN, was born in Washington, D. C., in 1900, and was graduated from Worcester Academy and Harvard University. Inaugurated *1924*, a magazine of the arts, and is at present living at Woodstock, New York.

SHELBY, GERTRUDE MATHEWS. "Several things in my life have been really worth while. A period of actual starvation was one. Seven months' drifting in a house boat (with no power in her) down the Mississippi River was another. Illness, of which I have had rather more than a share, was a third. These three gave me knowledge of humans and

a taste for humanity, the low-down on economics, and the high-up on economy. Finally with five hundred dollars' total capital in the world, and no justifiable expectation of more unless my labor procured it, I spent it all on the gamble of going to South America to get the material for "Treasure." That five hundred dollars' capital I recouped within six weeks of my return to New York, and within a year multiplied it by the sale of travel articles several times. My dark secret is that the conjunction of circumstances and serious interests have compelled me to devote most of my time to writing on economic topics. Two other books and fifty or sixty articles to my credit or discredit deal as humanly as possible with different phases of land policies, cooperation, banking, international affairs, etc." Lives in New York City.

SMITH, EMILY ANN. Was born in Mayfield, Kentucky, twenty-three years ago, graduated from Randolph-Macon Woman's College in 1925, and since then has been teaching English in Camden, Arkansas. She is now working on the Master's degree in English at Columbia University.

STANLEY, ELIZABETH (ELIZABETH STANLEY TROTTER). Born in Philadelphia, February 20, 1899. Lives with parents at Cleeve Gate, Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, and in the summer at Kennebunkport, Maine.

STEVENS, JAMES. "I was born on a farm near Albia, Iowa. At the age of ten I was brought to Idaho and lived in the sheep-and-cattle country about Weiser until I was fifteen. Then I took to the road, seeking not romance and adventure, but a plain job. Great reclamation projects were then under way in Idaho, and after working in seven camps I was officially made a member of the team-hand group of hobo-laborers. I was christened Appanoose Jimmie by Red Grabby, the walking-boss. Then for three years I worked in team and hard-rock camps in all parts of the West. I went to Los Angeles in 1912 and drove a four-mule truck for two years. Then I returned to the northern California logging camps and on to Arizona, New Mexico, and Colorado. I hoboed back to Los Angeles when the war called me into the army, and was overseas fourteen months. Having been a hobo for nine years, I made a pretty good sergeant of infantry. Since the war I have worked for the most part in the logging-camps and saw-mills of Oregon and Washington, until, to my astonishment, I wrote an acceptable article. I at once sold my sedan and most of my wardrobe and made myself live the frugal life of a writer. Since then I have written articles for *The American Mercury* and *The Saturday Evening Post*, and a book of stories about Paul Bunyan, the mythical hero of American woodsmen. I am living at present with my parents in Tacoma, Washington, where my father works in a sawmill. I like to write, but the knowledge that there is exhilarating labor and enormous wages half a mile from my door is a troublesome temptation, so tedious and confining does my new work often seem to me."

STONE, GRACE ZARING. "I was born in New York City, and went to school there at the Sacred Heart Convent. I studied music in New York and in Paris, and in 1913 made a prolonged trip around the world by Australia and the South Seas and India, returning to Paris to study music. In 1917 I married an American naval officer, now in command

of one of our Yangtse River Patrol gunboats. We have also been stationed in the West Indies and in the Mediterranean. I think that is all of any interest, except perhaps that my great-great-grandfather was Robert Owen."

SUNDERMEYER, CLARENCE. "I was born in 1905 in a small town in northwest Iowa called Mallard—five miles north of Plover, and five miles south of Curlew. I saw my first street car when I was fourteen years old; the city and city life have held a great fascination for me ever since. During the summers while attending high school I worked out at a man's wages on surrounding farms. I also assisted on a railroad section gang. I graduated from the State University of Iowa, where I studied the short story under John T. Frederick. In 1926 I married my high school English teacher. I am now teaching English at Iowa State College. My chief interests are my wife and small son, writing, music, smoking, and 'gawking.'" Lives at Ames, Iowa.

TRILLING, LIONEL. Born New York City, July 4, 1905. Graduated from Columbia University, 1925 (A.B.), M.A. Columbia, 1926. 1926–27, taught English at University of Wisconsin. At present is teaching at Hunter College, New York City, studying for the doctorate, and writing.

TROY, WILLIAM. Born in Chicago, Illinois, July 11, 1903. Education: Chicago schools, Yale College (B.A., 1925). Editor of various Yale publications, and at present associate editor of *The Figure in the Carpet*. Has written poems, stories, one-act plays and reviews. Free-lance journalist; instructor in English at University of New Hampshire, and now at New York University. Travelled in South America and Europe. Primary interest in study and practice of art and fiction.

WARE, EDMUND. "Born in Plantsville, Connecticut, 1900. Attended several schools in the east and middle west. Travelled about the United States, working on cattle ranches, construction jobs, in lumber camps, on newspapers. Married in 1925, and 'settled down'—geographically if not mentally. Managing editor of *National Sportsman* and *Hunting and Fishing* magazines. I think my favorite form of loafing is fly-fishing for trout, though on second thought it might be fly-fishing for salmon." Lives at Framingham Center, Massachusetts.

WHITE, NELIA GARDNER. Born Andrews Settlement, Pennsylvania, 1894. Received education in schools of Ceres, Pulteney, Cameron, Canaseraga, New York, Knoxville, Pennsylvania, and in the Methodist parsonages of the same towns. Attended Syracuse University and Willard Kindergarten School in Syracuse, New York. Married. Author of several books for girls, of a collection of short stories—"Jen Culliton," and of one novel, "David Strange," as well as many short stories. Lives in Buffalo, New York.

WILSON, HENRY L., was born at Osage, Iowa, March 29, 1908. In 1925 he entered the State University of Iowa, where he is now a senior. Lives in Iowa City, Iowa.

THE BEST BOOKS OF SHORT STORIES OF 1928

I. American Authors

1. American Caravan. Macaulay.
2. Clark. Stuffed Peacocks. Knopf.
3. Dobie. Arrested Moment. Day.
4. Gale. Yellow Gentians and Blue. Appleton.
5. Green. Wide Fields. McBride.
6. Hemingway. Men Without Women. Scribner.
7. Hergesheimer. Quiet Cities. Knopf.
8. Little. Better Angels. Minton, Balch.
9. Marmur. Ecola! Doubleday, Doran.
10. Montague. Up Eel River. Macmillan.
11. Nethercot, *editor*. Book of Long Stories. Macmillan.
12. Pattee, *editor*. Century Readings in the American Short Story. Century.
13. Reed. Daughter of the Revolution. Vanguard Press.
14. Steele. Man Who Saw Through Heaven. Harper.
15. Trites. Gypsy. Stokes.
16. Wister. When West Was West. Macmillan.

II. British and Irish Authors

17. Arden. Luck. Day.
18. Armstrong. Sir Pompey and Madame Juno. Houghton Mifflin.
19. Bramah. Kai Lung Unrolls His Mat. Doubleday, Doran.
20. Chesterman, *editor*. New Decameron: The Fifth Day. Brentano's.
21. Clifford. Further Side of Silence. Doubleday, Doran.
22. Edwards. Rhapsody. Knopf.
23. Forster. Eternal Moment. Harcourt, Brace.
24. Gissing. Victim of Circumstances. Houghton Mifflin.
25. Lawrence. Woman Who Rode Away. Knopf.
26. Lewis. Wild Body. Harcourt, Brace.
27. Mitchison. Black Sparta. Harcourt, Brace.
28. Moore. Celibate Lives. Boni and Liveright.
29. Pickthall. Oriental Encounters. Knopf.
30. Rhys. Left Bank. Harper.
31. "Saki." Beasts and Super-beasts. Viking Press.
32. "Saki." Chronicles of Clovis. Viking Press.
33. "Saki." Toys of Peace. Viking Press.
34. Stephens. Etched in Moonlight. Macmillan.
35. Waugh, *editor*. Georgian Stories, 1927. Putnam.
36. Wood. New World Vistas. Brentano's.

III. Translations

37. Alarcon. Three-Cornered Hat. Simon and Schuster.
38. Clark, *editor*. Great Short Novels of the World. McBride.

39. Frank. Days of the King. Knopf.
40. Gobineau. Crimson Handkerchief. Harper.
41. Istrati. Uncle Anghel. Knopf.
42. Jackson, *translator*. Three Stories. Brentano's.
43. Kallas. Eros the Slayer. Macmillan.
44. Keyserling. Curse of the Tarniffs. Macaulay.
45. Lagerlöf. General's Ring. Doubleday, Doran.
46. Larsen, *editor*. Told in Norway. Norton.
47. Larsen, *editor*. Sweden's Best Stories. Norton.
48. Lieber *and* Williams, *editors*. Great Stories of All Nations. Brentano's.
49. Mann. Children and Fools. Knopf.
50. Melville *and* Hargreaves, *editors*. Great French Short Stories. Boni and Liveright.
51. Morand. Europe at Love. Boni and Liveright.
52. Pierce *and* Schreiber, *editors*. Fiction and Fantasy of German Romance. Oxford University Press.
53. Remizov. Fifth Pestilence. Payson and Clarke.
54. Schnitzler. Daybreak. Simon and Schuster.
55. Trend, *editor*. Spanish Short Stories of the Sixteenth Century. Oxford University Press.
56. Wassermann. Worlds' End. Boni and Liveright.
57. Werfel. Man Who Conquered Death. Simon and Schuster.
58. Zweig. Conflicts. Viking Press.

VOLUMES OF SHORT STORIES PUBLISHED IN THE UNITED STATES

AUGUST, 1927, TO JUNE, 1928

NOTE. *An asterisk before a title indicates distinction. This list includes single short stories and collections of short stories.*

I. AMERICAN AUTHORS

ABBOTT, ELEANOR HALLOWELL. Love and the Ladies. Appleton.
ABBOTT, KEENE. Tree of Life. Doubleday, Doran.
ABDULLAH, ACHMED. Steel and Jade. Doubleday, Doran.
ADE, GEORGE. Bang! Bang! Sears.
American Boy Sea Stories. Doubleday, Doran.
*American Caravan. Macaulay.
AUGSBURG, PAUL DERESCO. On the Air. Appleton.
AYRES, KATHARINE S. Charcoal Sketches. Macon, Georgia: J. W. Burke Co.
BAKER, CHARLES H., JR., *editor*. *Rejections of 1927. Doubleday, Doran.
BARBOUR, RALPH HENRY, *editor*. Year's Best Stories for Boys, 1927. Dodd, Mead.
BAYNES, ERNEST HAROLD. Three Young Crows. Macmillan.
BEACH, REX. Don Careless. Harper.
BELLAH, JAMES WARNER. Gods of Yesterday. Appleton.
BENNETT, JAMES W. *Dragon Shadows. Duffield.
BERCOVICI, KONRAD. *Peasants. Doubleday, Doran.
BILL, ALFRED H. *Alas, Poor Yorick! Little, Brown.
BRADFORD, ROARK. *Ol' Man Adam an' His Chillun. Harper.
BROWN, L. S., *and others*. *What Feather. Syracuse, N. Y. Pendragon Press.
BURCHARD, S. D. Tirreno. Boston: Christopher.
BURSTEIN, ABRAHAM. Ghetto Messenger. Bloch.
BURT, STRUTHERS. *They Could Not Sleep. Scribner.
BUTLER, ELLIS PARKER. Pups and Pies. Doubleday, Doran.
CHALFANT, WILLIE ARTHUR. Outposts of Civilization. Christopher Publishing House.
CLARK, EMILY. *Stuffed Peacocks. Knopf.
COHEN, OCTAVUS ROY. Detours. Little, Brown. Florian Slappey Goes Abroad. Little, Brown.
DAVIS, RICHARD HARDING. *From "Gallegher" to "The Deserter." Scribner.
DOBIE, CHARLES CALDWELL. *Arrested Moment. Day.
DODD, HERBERT JAMES, *and* DODD, JEANNETTE BETTS. Tugs and Barges. Frederica, Delaware: Dodd, Betts.
DUNTON, J. G., *editor*. C'est la Guerre. Stratford.
EBERLE, EDITH. Palm Tree and Pine. Cincinnati: Powell and White.

Ebony and Topaz. Opportunity.
EVARTS, HAL G. Bald Face. Knopf.
FINGER, CHARLES J. *Ozark Fantasia. Fayetteville, Arkansas: Golden Horseman Press. *Tales Worth Telling. Century.
FRENCH, JOSEPH LEWIS, *editor*. Jolly Roger. Milton Bradley.
GALE, ZONA. *Yellow Gentians and Blue. Appleton.
GARNETT, WILLIAM CARE. Tidewater Tales. The Author: Dunnsville, Virginia.
GRAY, CHARLES WRIGHT, *editor*. Deep Waters. Holt. "Hosses." Holt.
GREEN, PAUL. *Wide Fields. McBride.
GREENE, FREDERICK STUART, *editor*. *Grim Thirteen. Dodd, Mead.
HAMPTON, LOU. Ghosts of My Study. Authors and Publishers Corporation.
HANSON, CHARLES LANE, *and* GROSS, WILLIAM J., *editors*. Short Stories of Today. Ginn.
HEMINGWAY, ERNEST. *Men Without Women. Scribner.
*O. Henry Memorial Award. Prize Stories of 1927. Doubleday, Doran.
HERGESHEIMER, JOSEPH. *Quiet Cities. Knopf.
HERRON, VENNETTE. Peacocks. Doubleday, Doran.
HUMMEL, GEORGE F. Lazy Isle. Boni and Liveright.
ISBELL, MARY. Zig-zag Tales. Los Angeles: Gem Publishing Co.
JOHNSTON, WILLIAM, *editor*. World's Best Short Stories of 1927. Doubleday, Doran.
KENNEDY, ROBERT EMMET. *Gritny People. Dodd, Mead.
KING, BASIL. Spreading Dawn. Harper.
LE CLERCQ, JACQUES. Show Cases. Macy-Masius.
LEITCH, LAVINIA. Vampire. Christopher Publishing House.
LEWIS, NORMAN. Sword Lily. Boston: Meador.
LITTLE, RICHARD HENRY. *Better Angels. Minton, Balch.
MCCLURE, JAMES GORE KING. Grandfather Tells Some More Stories by Request. Chicago: McCormick Seminary Cooperative Store.
MARMUR, JACLAND. *Ecola! Doubleday, Doran.
MILLER, ALICE DUER. Welcome Home. Dodd, Mead.
MILN, LOUISE JORDAN. Red Lily and Chinese Jade. Stokes.
MONTAGUE, MARGARET PRESCOTT. *Up Eel River. Macmillan.
MORLEY, CHRISTOPHER. *I Know a Secret. Doubleday, Doran.
MURDOCH, BENEDICT JOSEPH. Sprigs. Cedar Rapids: Torch Press.
NETHERCOT, ARTHUR H., *editor*. *Book of Long Stories. Macmillan.
OBEAR, EMILY HANSON, *editor*. Book of Stories. Allyn and Bacon.
O'BRIEN, EDWARD J., *editor*. Best Short Stories of 1927. Dodd, Mead.
OVERTON, GRANT, *editor*. Cream of the Jug. Harper.
PATTEE, FRED LEWIS, *editor*. *Century Readings in the American Short Story. Century.
PEARSON, P. H. Prairie Vikings. Karl J. Olsen, Upsala College. East Orange, N. J.
PENNEY, KATE SPEAKE. Land Poor. Vinal.
PERKINS, CHARLES ELLIOTT. *Pinto Horse. Santa Barbara, California: Wallace Hebberd.
POE, EDGAR ALLAN. Short Stories. Harcourt.
PORTER, ELEANOR H. Just Mother. Doubleday, Doran.
REED, JOHN. *Daughter of the Revolution. Vanguard Press.
RIDEOUT, HENRY MILNER. *Tao Tales. Duffield.
RYAN, DON. Angel's Flight. Boni and Liveright.
*Samples. Boni and Liveright.

Sass, Herbert Ravenel. Gray Eagle. Milton, Balch.
Scott, Evelyn. *Ideals. Boni.
Scoville, Samuel, Jr. Lords of the Wild. Morrow.
Shute, H. A. Chadwick and Shute: Gob Printers. Dorrance.
Smith, Wallace. Are You Decent? Putnam.
Squier, Emma-Lindsay. Bride of the Sacred Well. Cosmopolitan.
Stanley, Isabelle. Stories and Essays. New Britain, Connecticut. Privately Printed.
Starrett, Vincent, *editor*. Fourteen Great Detective Stories. Modern Library.
Steele, Wilbur Daniel. *Man Who Saw Through Heaven. Harper.
Train, Arthur. When Tutt Meets Tutt. Scribner.
Trites, W. B. *Gypsy. Stokes.
Van Buren, Maud, *and* Bemis, Katharine I., *editors*. Mother in Modern Story. Century.
Van Curen, C. M. Russell Millions. Christopher Publishing House.
Villa, Silvio. Ultra-Violet Tales. Macmillan.
Ward, Bertha Evans, *editor*. Short Stories of Today. Houghton Mifflin.
Wells, Carolyn, *editor*. American Detective Stories. Oxford University Press. American Mystery Stories. Oxford University Press.
White, Frederick. Spicklefisherman. Derrydale Press.
White, Nelia Gardner. Jen Culliton. Appleton.
Wiley, Hugh. Fo' Meals a Day. Knopf. Manchu Blood. Knopf.
Wister, Owen. *When West Was West. Macmillan.
Witwer, H. C. Classics in Slang. Putnam.
Wright, Willard Huntington, *editor*. Great Modern Detective Stories. Scribner.

II. British and Irish Authors

Arden, Mary. *Luck. Day.
Armstrong, Martin. *Sir Pompey and Madame Juno. Houghton Mifflin.
Asquith, Lady Cynthia, *editor*. *Black Cap. Scribner.
Bartlett, Vernon. *Topsy-Turvy. Houghton Mifflin.
Blackwood, Algernon. *Dance of Death. Dial Press.
"Bramah, Ernest." *Kai Lung Unrolls His Mat. Doubleday, Doran.
Casserly, Gordon. Dwellers in the Jungle. Stokes.
Chesterton, Hugh, *editor*. *New Decameron: The Fifth Day. Brentano's.
Chesterton, G. K. *Secret of Father Brown. Harper.
Clifford, Sir Hugh. *Further Side of Silence. Doubleday, Doran.
Colum, Padraic. *Fountain of Youth. Macmillan.
"Delafield, E. M." *Entertainment. Harper.
De La Mare, Walter. *Old Tales Told Again. Knopf.
Dinnis, Enid. Travellers' Tales. Herder.
Edwards, Dorothy. *Rhapsody. Knopf.
Farjeon, Eleanor. *Italian Peepshow. Stokes.
Forster, E. M. *Eternal Moment. Harcourt, Brace.
Galsworthy, John. *Two Forsyte Interludes. Scribner.
Gibbs, Sir Philip. *Out of the Ruins. Doubleday, Doran.
Gissing, George. *Victim of Circumstances. Houghton Mifflin.
Haworth, Peter, *editor*. *Elizabethan Story Book. Longmans, Green.
Hine, Muriel. Seven Lovers. Appleton.

HUBBARD, WILFRANC. *Tanagra Figures. Macmillan.
JESSE, F. TENNYSON. *Many Latitudes. Knopf.
KENNEDY, MARGARET. *Long Week-end. Doubleday, Doran.
LAWRENCE, D. H. *Woman Who Rode Away. Knopf.
LEWIS, WYNDAM. *Wild Body. Harcourt, Brace.
MACKAIL, DENIS. Tales from Greenery Street. Houghton Mifflin.
MARSHALL, ARCHIBALD. Simple Stories. Harper.
MAUGHAM, W. SOMERSET. *Ashenden. Doubleday, Doran.
MITCHISON, NAOMI. *Black Sparta. Harcourt, Brace.
MOORE, GEORGE. *Celibate Lives. Boni and Liveright.
O'BRIEN, EDWARD J., *editor*. Best British Short Stories of 1927. Dodd, Mead.
O'FLAHERTY, LIAM. *Fairy Goose. Gaige. *Red Barbara. Gaige.
PICKTHALL, MARMADUKE. *Oriental Encounters. Knopf.
RHYS, ERNEST, *and* DAWSON SCOTT, C. A., *editors*. *Twenty-six Mystery Stories, Old and New. Appleton.
RHYS, JEAN. *Left Bank. Harper.
"SAKI" (H. H. MUNRO). *Beasts and Super-beasts. Viking Press. *Chronicles of Clovis. Viking Press. *Toys of Peace. Viking Press.
SAYERS, DOROTHY L. Murder! Payson and Clarke.
STEPHENS, JAMES. *Etched in Moonlight. Macmillan.
VACHELL, HORACE ANNESLEY. Dew of the Sea. Putnam.
WAUGH, ARTHUR, *editor*. *Georgian Stories: 1927. Putnam.
WODEHOUSE, P. G. Carry On, Jeeves! Doubleday, Doran. Meet Mr. Mulliner. Doubleday, Doran.
WOOD, JAMES. *New World Vistas. Brentano's.
YATES, DORNFORD. Berry & Co. Minton, Balch.

III. TRANSLATIONS

ALARCON, PEDRO ANTONIO DE (*Spanish*). *Three-Cornered Hat. Simon and Schuster.
BALZAC, HONORÉ DE (*French*). *Golden Tales from Balzac. Dodd, Mead.
CLARK, BARRETT H. *editor*. *Great Short Novels of the World. McBride.
EATON, RICHARD, *editor*. *Best Continental Short Stories of 1927. Dodd, Mead. *Best French Short Stories of 1926–27. Dodd, Mead.
FLAUBERT, GUSTAVE (*French*). *Golden Tales from Flaubert. Dodd, Mead.
FRANK, BRUNO (*German*). *Days of the King. Knopf.
GAUTIER, THÉOPHILE (*French*). *One of Cleopatra's Nights. Brentano's.
GOBINEAU, JOSEPH ARTHUR, COMTE DE (*French*). *Crimson Handkerchief. Harper.
ISTRATI, PANAÏT (*French*). *Uncle Anghel. Knopf.
JACKSON, MRS. WILFRID, *translator* (*French*). *Three Stories. Brentano's.
KALLAS, AINO (*Estonian*). *Eros the Slayer. Macmillan.
KEYSERLING, COUNT EDOUARD VON (*German*). *Curse of the Tarniffs. Macaulay.
LAGERLÖF, SELMA (*Swedish*). *General's Ring. Doubleday, Doran.
LARSEN, HANNA ASTRUP, *editor*. *Sweden's Best Stories. Norton. *Told in Norway. Norton.

LIEBER, MAXIM, *and* WILLIAMS, BLANCHE COLTON, *editors*. *Great Stories of All Nations. Brentano's.
LOUYS, PIERRE (*French*). Three Tales. Cincinnati: Fleuron Press.
MANN, KLAUS (*German*). *Fifth Child. Boni and Liveright.
MANN, THOMAS (*German*). *Children and Fools. Knopf.
MAUPASSANT, GUY DE (*French*). *Golden Tales from Maupassant. Dodd, Mead.
MELVILLE, LEWIS, *and* HARGREAVES, REGINALD, *editors* (*French*). *Great French Short Stories. Boni and Liveright.
MORAND, PAUL (*French*). *Europe at Love. Boni and Liveright.
PIERCE, FREDERICK E., *and* SCHREIBER, CARL F., *editors* (*German*). Fiction and Fantasy of German Romance. Oxford University Press.
REMIZOV, ALEXEI (*Russian*). *Fifth Pestilence. Payson and Clarke.
RYDER, ARTHUR W., *translator* (*Sanskrit*). *Ten Princes. University of Chicago Press.
SCHNITZLER, ARTHUR (*Austrian*). *Daybreak. Simon and Schuster.
SILVESTRI, CHARLES (*French*). *Aimeé Villard, Daughter of France. Macmillan.
TOLSTOY, COUNT LYOF N. (*Russian*). *Forged Note. Crowell. *Hajji Murad. Crowell.
TOPELIUS, ZACHARIAS (*Finnish*). *Canute Whistlewinks. Longmans, Green.
TREND, J. B., *editor* (*Spanish*). Spanish Short Stories of the Sixteenth Century. Oxford University Press.
WASSERMANN, JAKOB (*German*). *Worlds' Ends. Boni and Liveright.
WERFEL, FRANZ (*Austrian*). *Man Who Conquered Death. Simon and Schuster.
WOLFF, CARL FELIX (*Austrian*). *Pale Mountains. Minton, Balch.
ZWEIG, STEFAN (*Austrian*). *Conflicts. Viking Press.

ARTICLES ON THE SHORT STORY IN AMERICAN PERIODICALS

AUGUST, 1927, TO JUNE, 1928

NOTE. *For articles in British and Irish periodicals, see "The Best British Short Stories of* 1928."

A

Abbott, Eleanor Hallowell.
Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Jun. 3, '28. (25.)
Abdullah, Achmed.
Anonymous. Books. Oct. 30, '27. (24.)
Anonymous. World. Sept. 18, '27. (6 M.)
Adams, E. C. L.
Anonymous. Nat. (N. Y.) Sept. 21, '27. (125:294.)
By Padraic Colum. Com. Apr. 25, '28. (7:1362.)
By Frank Luther Mott. Mid. Oct., '27. (13:279.)
By Charles Lee Snider. Books. Aug. 28, '27. (7.)
By Hudson Strode. N. Rep. Aug. 31, '27. (52:52.)
Alarcon, Pedro Antonio de.
Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Mar. 25, '28. (28.)
By William Rose Benét. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Mar. 17, '28. (4:681.)
By Ray C. B. Brown. N. Y. Sun. Apr. 14, '28. (7.)
By Arthur Herman. Post. May 19, '28. (9.)
American Short Story.
Anonymous. Dial. Oct., '27. (83:353.) Apr., '28. (84:343.)
Anonymous. Nat. (N. Y.) Feb. 15, '28. (126:191.)
Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Dec. 11, '27. (2.) Jan. 1, '28. (12.) Jan. 29, '28. (9.) Mar. 18, '28. (29.) Jun. 17, '28. (19 and 23.)
By Joseph Anthony. Cen. Nov., '27. (115:121.)
By Kenneth Burke. Books. Sept. 18, '27. (2.)
By Harry Esty Dounce. Post. Sept. 17, '27. (11.)
By Clifton P. Fadiman. Nat. (N. Y.) Dec. 28, '27. (125:738.)
By Yossef Gaer. N. Mass. Aug., '27. (30.)
By Herbert Gorman. Nat. (N. Y.) Oct. 12, '27. (125:386.)
By Thomas Healy. Com. Mar. 21, '28. (7:1216.)
By Margery Latimer. Books. Dec. 18, '27. (3.)
By Rose Lee. Post. Oct. 22, '27. (15.)
By Eugene Lohrke. Books. Jan. 29, '28. (2.)
By Robert Morss Lovett. N. Rep. Oct. 19, '27. (52:240.)
By John Macy. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Jan. 14, '28. (4:517.)
By H. L. Mencken. A. Merc. Nov., '27. (12:382.)
By Gertrude Morrison. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Jan. 28, '28. (4:554.)
By Edward J. O'Brien. B. E. T. Oct. 22, '27.
By Charles Phillips. Cath. W. Jan., '28. (126:566.)
By Burton Rascoe. Book. (N. Y.) Oct., '27. (66:214.)

By Louis Sherwin. Post. Mar. 24, '28. (12.)
By Vincent Starrett. World. Dec. 4, '27. (11 M.)
By Henry Longan Stuart. N. Y. Times. Sept. 18, '27. (6.)
By Ruth Suckow. World. Nov. 27, '27. (10 M.) Dec. 25, '27. (8 M.) Outl. (N. Y.) Jan. 4, '28. (148:33.)
By Charles R. Walker. Ind. Oct. 15, '27. (119:388.)
By Parkhurst Whitney. Outl. (N. Y.) Nov. 16, '27. (147:347.)
By Elizabeth Wyckoff. Book. (N. Y.) Apr., '28. (67:213.)

ANDERSEN, HANS CHRISTIAN.
Private Note-Book. For. Sept., '27. (88:417.)

Andersen, Hans Christian.
Anonymous. Dial. Aug., '27. (83:176.)

Anderson, Isabel.
Anonymous. Books. Aug. 21, '27. (17.)

Anderson, Sherwood.
By Sherwood Anderson. World. Dec. 18, '27. (1 M.)
Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Feb. 19, '28. (10.)
By M. C. Mod. Q. May–Aug., '28. (4:414.)
By Cleveland Chase. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Sept. 24, '27. (4:129.)
By Charles J. Connick. N. Rep. Oct. 26, '27. (52:264.)
By Clifton P. Fadiman. Nat. (N. Y.) Feb. 15, '28. (126:189.)
By Waldo Frank. N. Rep. May 9, '28. (54:343.)
By John T. Frederick. Mid. Jan.–Feb., '28. (14:54.)
By David Karsner. World. Mar. 4, '28. (11 M.)
By Paul Elmer More. For. Jan., '28. (79:127.)
By Lawrence S. Morris. N. Rep. Aug. 3, '27. (51:277.) Oct. 26, '27. (52:265.)
By Upton Sinclair. H. J. Oct.–Dec., '27. (44.)
By Johan J. Smertenko. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Feb. 25, '28. (4:632.)
By Simeon Strunsky. N. Y. Times. Feb. 26, '28. (4.)
By Robert Penn Warren. N. Rep. May 16, '28. (54:399.)

Andreyev, Leonid.
By Edward J. O'Brien. For. Jun., '28. (79:908.)

Arden, Mary.
Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Feb. 19, '28. (10.)
By Harry Esty Dounce. Post. Feb. 18, '28. (11.)
By Clifton P. Fadiman. Nat. (N. Y.) Mar. 28, '28. (126:355.)
By Eugene Lohrke. Books. Jun. 24, '28. (14.)
By Louis Sherwin. N. Y. Sun. Feb. 25, '28. (8.)
By Elizabeth Wyckoff. Book. (N. Y.) Apr., '28. (67:213.)

Armstrong, Martin.
By Conrad Aiken. Post. Aug. 27, '27. (8.)
Anonymous. Nat. (N. Y.) Nov. 30, '27. (125:610.)
Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Aug. 7, '27. (16.)
By Isabel Paterson. Books. Aug. 7, '27. (2.)
By Harry Salpeter. World. Aug. 7, '27. (6 M.)

Aumonier, Stacy.
By Lorine Pruette. Books. Aug. 21, '27. (10.)

B

Babiel, Isaac.
By Alexander I. Nazaroff. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Sept. 17, '27. (4:121.)
By Elias Tobenkin. Book. (N. Y.) Jan., '28. (66:537.)

Balzac, Honoré de.
By Ernest Boyd. Ind. Jul. 23, '27. (119:91.)
By Lewis Galantière. Books. Aug. 28, '27. (2.)
By Emil Ludwig. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Sept. 10, '27. (4:97.)
By Dorothea Lawrance Mann. Book. (N. Y.) Aug., '27. (65:713.)
By Lawrence S. Morris. N. Rep. Oct. 19, '27. (52:241.)
By Edward J. O'Brien. For. Jun., '28. (79:908.)
By Clifford S. Parker. Yale. Jan., '28. (17:391.)
Bartlett, Vernon.
Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Dec. 18, '27. (22.)
By Lewis Galantière. Books. Dec. 11, '27. (20.)
Beach, Rex.
Anonymous. N. Y. Times. May 20, '28. (22.)
Bellah, James Warner.
Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Feb. 19, '28. (18.)
By James Warner Bellah. S. E. P. Jan. 28, '28. (31.)
Benn, Gottfried.
By Eugene Jolas. Transit. Aug., '27. (146.)
Bennett, James W.
Anonymous. N. Y. Sun. May 5, '28. (9.)
Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Jun. 17, '28. (17.)
Bercovici, Konrad.
Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Mar. 4, '28. (13.)
By Konrad Bercovici. McC. Apr., '28. (79.)
By Edgar Johnson. Books. Apr. 1, '28. (18.)
By Corning White. World. Apr. 1, '28. (11 M.)
Bierce, Ambrose.
By Edward S. O'Reilly. Pub. W. May 26, '28. (113:2216.)
Bill, Alfred H.
By Edgar Johnson. Books. Jan. 8, '28. (11.)
Blackwood, Algernon.
Anonymous. N. Y. Sun. Apr. 7, '28. (9.)
Blasco Ibáñez, Vicente.
Anonymous obituary notices. American Newspapers. Jan. 29 and 30, '28.
By Elizabeth Corbett. N. Y. Times. Feb. 5, '28. (2.)
By Henry Albert Phillips. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Feb. 11, '28. (4:596.)
Blicher, Steen Steensen.
By Hans Brix. Scan. Oct., '27. (15:595.)
Bontempelli, Massimo.
By Arthur Livingston. Books. Jan. 29, '28. (9.)
Borsi, Giosué.
By H. B. L. Hughes. Cath. W. Aug., '27. (125:615.)
Bradford, Roark.
Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Apr. 15, '28. (5.)
Anonymous. World. Jan. 22, '28. (17 M.)
By Roark Bradford. McC. May, '28. (79.)
By Herschel Brickell. Books. Apr. 15, '28. (24.)
By Robert Cortes Holliday. Post. Apr. 21, '28. (12.)
By T. S. Matthews. N. Rep. May 30, '28. (55:50.)
"Bramah, Ernest."
Anonymous. N. Y. Times. May 20, '28. (19.)
By Donald Douglas. Books. May 13, '28. (15.)

British Short Story.
Anonymous. Dial. Oct., '27. (83:353.)
Anonymous. Nat. (N. Y.) Feb. 15, '28. (126:191.)
Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Dec. 11, '27. (2.) Feb. 12, '28. (8 and 16.)
By H. E. Dounce. Post. Jan. 28, '28. (12.) Feb. 18, '28. (11.)
By Clifton P. Fadiman. Nat. (N. Y.) Dec. 28, '27. (125:738.)
By Louis Kronenberger. Books. Apr. 8, '28. (11.)
By Eugene Lohrke. Books. Nov. 20, '27. (16.) Jun. 24, '28. (14.)
By Charles Phillips. Cath. W. Jan., '28. (126:566.)
By Louis Sherwin. Post. Mar. 24, '28. (12.)
By Ruth Suckow. World. Dec. 25, '27. (8 M.)
By Elizabeth Wyckoff. Book. (N. Y.) Apr., '28. (67:213.)
Bunin, Ivan A.
By Alexander I. Nazaroff. Books. Aug. 21, '27. (9.)
Burt, Maxwell Struthers.
Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Apr. 8, '28. (14.)
By Ray C. B. Brown. N. Y. Sun. May 5, '28. (9.)
By Frederick Taber Cooper. Com. Apr. 25, '28. (7:1355.)
By Robert Hyde. Post. Apr. 28, '28. (13.)
By Louis Kronenberger. Books. May 20, '28. (17.)
By T. S. Matthews. N. Rep. May 9, '28. (54:354.)

C

Cabell, James Branch.
Anonymous. World. Nov. 20, '27. (5 M.)
By Joseph Hergesheimer. A. Merc. Jan., '28. (13:38.)
By Paul Elmer More. For. Jan., '28. (79:127.)
Canfield, Dorothy.
By Dorothea Lawrance Mann. Book. (N. Y.) Aug., '27. (65:695.)
Casserly, Gordon.
Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Jan. 1, '28. (18.)
By Sterling A. Brown. Opp. Mar., '28. (6:91.)
Chekhov, Anton.
By John Cournos. For. Oct., '27. (78:635.)
By L. D. Kornfield. N. Y. Times. May 27, '28. (11.)
By Dorothea Lawrance Mann. Book. (N. Y.) Aug., '27. (65:713.)
By Edward J. O'Brien. For. Jun., '28. (79:908.)
By Pitirim A. Sorokin. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Sept. 24, '27. (4:133.)
Chesterton, G. K.
Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Oct. 16, '27. (26.)
By Donald Douglas. Books. Nov. 20, '27. (20.)
Clark, Emily.
Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Jan. 15, '28. (5.)
By Joseph Lewis French. World. Oct. 16, '27. (11 M.)
By Walter Gilkyson. Post. Oct. 8, '27. (10.)
By Isa Glenn. Books. Sept. 25, '27. (4.)
By H. L. Mencken. A. Merc. May, '28. (14:127.)
Clifford, Sir Hugh.
By Ben Ray Redman. Books. Dec. 25, '27. (10.)
Cobb, Irvin S.
By Grant Overton. Book. (N. Y.) Aug., '27. (65:673.)
Cohen, Octavus Roy.
Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Apr. 22, '28. (19.)
By Arthur M. Kaplan. J. T. Sept. 23, '27. (38.)

Connolly, James B.
By Harry Salpeter. World. Apr. 15, '28. (10 M.)
Conrad, Joseph.
By Joseph Anthony. Cen. Sept., '27. (114:633.)
By Van Wyck Brooks. N. Y. Sun. Apr. 14, '28. (6.)
By Mary Ellen Chase. Com. Jun. 27, '28. (8:230.)
By Mrs. Joseph Conrad. Pol. Nov., '27. (8:662.)
By Wilbur Cross. Yale. Apr., '28. (17:464.)
By Ford Madox Ford. Books. Oct. 2, '27. (2.) Book. (N. Y.) Jan., '28. (66:495.) Jun., '28. (67:405.)
By Edward Garnett. Cen. Feb., '28. (115:385.) Mar., '28. (115:593.)
By Herbert Gorman. Post. Sept. 24, '27. (10.)
By Harry Hansen. World. Sept. 11, '27. (7 M.)
By G. W. Harris. Post. Apr. 7, '28. (12.)
By Percy Hutchison. N. Y. Times. Sept. 18, '27. (1.)
By Robert Morss Lovett. N. Rep. Oct. 12, '27. (52:214.)
By William McFee. Books. Apr. 1, '28. (1.)
By John Macy. Book. (N. Y.) Jan., '28. (66:566.)
By H. L. Mencken. Nat. (N. Y.) Oct. 12, '27. (125:384.)
By Christopher Morley. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Dec. 10, '27. (4:429.) Jan. 14, '28. (4:519.) Apr. 28, '28. (4:825.)
By Edward J. O'Brien. For. Jun., '28. (79:908.)
By H. M. Tomlinson. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Oct. 15, '27. (4:191.) World. Sept. 25, '27. (8 M.)
Corley, Donald.
By Alice Beal Parsons. Nat. (N. Y.) Nov. 2, '27. (125:483.)
By D. B. W. N. Rep. Aug. 31, '27. (52:53.)
Crane, Stephen.
By Robert Littell. N. Rep. May 16, '28. (54:391.)
Curwood, James Oliver.
By Ray Long. Book. (N. Y.) Nov., '27. (66:289.)

D

Davis, Richard Harding.
By George L. Bradlee. Scr. May, '28. (83:646.)
By John N. Wheeler. S. E. P. Mar. 10, '28. (16.)
"Delafield, E. M."
Anonymous. N. Y. Sun. Aug. 11, '27. (18.)
Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Aug. 14, '27. (6.)
By Laura Benét. Post. Aug. 20, '27. (9.)
De La Mare, Walter.
By Anne Carroll Moore. Books. Dec. 11, '27. (8.)
De la Roche, Mazo.
By Harry Salpeter. World. Nov. 6, '27. (10 M.)
Deledda, Grazia.
By Beatrice Baskerville. World. Nov. 27, '27. (11 M.)
By Ernest Boyd. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Dec. 3, '27. (4:380.)
By Silvio d'Amico. New Am. Mar., '28. (1:224.)
By Arthur Livingston. Books. Nov. 20, '27. (9.)
By Ellen Lundberg-Nyblom. Liv. A. Dec. 15, '27. (333:1067.)
By Renzo Rendi. N. Y. Times. Dec. 18, '27. (2.)
Detective Story.
Anonymous. Dial. May, '28. (84:434.)

Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Jun. 17, '28. (23.)
By William Rose Benét. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Feb. 18, '28. (4:605.)
By Ben Ray Redman. Books. Apr. 8, '28. (10.)
By Gilbert Seldes. Dial. Jun., '28. (84:519.)
By Anne Gordon Winchester. Com. May 2, '28. (7:1388.)
Dinnis, Enid.
By Sister M. Eleanore. Com. Dec. 14, '27. (9:821.)
By Vera Marie Tracy. Cath. W. Mar., '28. (126:858.)
Dobie, Charles Caldwell.
By Margaret Wallace. Books. Dec. 25, '27. (12.)
Dostoevsky, Fyodor.
Letter to Alexeiev. Liv. A. Jan. 15, '28. (334:180.)
Doyle, Sir Arthur Conan.
By Heywood Broun. Nat. (N. Y.) Sept. 21, '27. (125:277.)
By Arthur Bartlett Maurice. Book. (N. Y.) Oct., '27. (66:160.)
Dreiser, Theodore.
By Alexander Harvey. World. Oct. 16, '27. (1 M.)
By Edward D. McDonald. Book. (N. Y.) Jun., '28. (67:369.)
By Paul Elmer More. For. Jan., '28. (79:127.)
By Upton Sinclair. H. J. Oct.–Dec., '27. (45.)
By Grenville Vernon. Com. Sept. 28, '27. (6:506.)

E

Edwards, Dorothy.
Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Jan. 29, '28. (14.)
Anonymous. World. May 6, '28. (11.)
By Charles S. Ascher. Books. Jan. 29, '28. (18.)
By Tess Slesinger. Post. Feb. 4, '28. (12.)
By Elizabeth Wyckoff. Book. (N. Y.) Apr., '28. (67:213.)
English Short Story. *See* British Short Story.
Espina, Concha.
By Frances Douglas. N. Y. Times. Dec. 18, '27. (25.)

F

Farjeon, Eleanor.
By Lee Wilson Dodd. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Oct. 1, '27. (4:153.)
By Rachel Field. Post. Aug. 13, '27. (9.)
Ferber, Edna.
By R. Blayne McCurry. Tan. Sept., '27. (28.)
Finger, Charles J.
By Marian Van Rensselaer King. World. Nov. 27, '27. (11 M.)
By Annie Carroll Moore. Books. Jan. 29, '28. (8.)
Fitzgerald, F. Scott.
By Charles G. Shaw. V. F. Dec., '27. (92.)
Flaubert, Gustave.
Anonymous. N. Y. Sun. Aug. 1, '27. (18.)
By Ernest Boyd. Ind. Aug. 27, '27. (119:211.)
By Edward J. O'Brien. For. Jun., '28. (79:908.)
By Ben Ray Redman. Books. Mar. 18, '28. (21.)
By Paul Souday. N. Y. Times. Feb. 26, '28. (13.)
Forster, E. M.
By Thomas Beer. Post. May 12, '28. (8.)
By Louis Kronenberger. N. Y. Times. May 6, '28. (9.)
By Mary Ross. Books. Apr. 22, '28. (3.)

By Virginia Woolf. Atl. Nov., '27. (140:642.)
By Morton Dauwen Zabel. Com. Jan. 20, '28. (8:191.)

France, Anatole.
Anonymous. N. Y. Times. May 13, '28. (5.)
By Ernest Boyd. Ind. Apr. 21, '28. (120:387.)
By H. I. Brock. N. Y. Times. Oct. 16, '27. (6.)
By Van Wyck Brooks. Ind. Apr. 21, '28. (120:388.)
By Lewis Galantière. Books. Oct. 30, '27. (18.)
By Herbert Gorman. Books. Apr. 15, '28. (6.)
By Emil Lengyel. N. Y. Times. Oct. 16, '27. (6.)
By Burton Rascoe. Book. (N. Y.) Apr., '28. (67:185.)
By Ben Ray Redman. Books. Oct. 9, '27. (25.)
By Robert A. Simon. Post. Apr. 28, '28. (13.)
By Paul Souday. N. Y. Times. Jan. 8, '28. (14.)
By Paul Valéry. Dial. Nov., '27. (83:361.) Sat. R. (N. Y.) Dec. 24, '27. (4:474.)

Frank, Bruno.
Anonymous. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Jan. 7, '28. (4:502.)
By Edwin Clark. Com. Mar. 7, '28. (7:1158.)
By Varian Fry. H. H. Spring, '28. (1:276.)
By Rose Lee. Post. Jan. 14, '28. (12.)

French Short Story.
Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Feb. 12, '28. (8.)
By Ruth Suckow. World. Jun. 10, '28. (7 M.)

G

Gaer, Yossef.
By Louis Berg. Men. J. Aug., '27. (13:435.)

Gale, Zona.
Anonymous. Com. Dec. 21, '27. (7:852.)
Anonymous. Dial. Mar., '28. (84:251.)
By Clifton P. Fadiman. Nat. (N. Y.) Dec. 28, '27. (125:738.)
By John T. Frederick. Mid. Jan.–Feb., '28. (14:54.)
By Louis Kronenberger. N. Y. Times. Oct. 9, '27. (2.)
By Mary Ross. Books. Oct. 30, '27. (6.)
By D. B. Woolsey. N. Rep. Oct. 19, '27. (52:244.)

Galsworthy, John.
Anonymous. N. Y. Sun. Jan. 21, '28. (9.)

Garland, Hamlin.
By James C. Rosse. Pr. S. Winter, '28. (2:75.)

Ghost Stories.
By Marcia Dalphin. Books. Oct. 30, '27. (8.)

Gibbs, Sir Philip.
Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Jan. 15, '28. (8.)
By Virginia Nirdlinger. Books. Jan. 29, '28. (18.)

Gissing, George.
By Conrad Aiken. Dial. Dec., '27. (83:512.)
Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Sept. 25, '27. (28.)
By Angus Burrell. Nat. (N. Y.) Dec. 21, '27. (125:716.)
By T. S. Matthews. N. Rep. Nov. 9, '27. (52:321.)
By Vincent O'Sullivan. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Aug. 6, '27. (4:26.)
By Harry Salpeter. World. Sept. 18, '27. (6 M.)

Gorky Maxim.
Anonymous. Liv. A. Jun., '28. (334:932.)

By Beatrice Baskerville. World. Oct. 30, '27. (2 E.)
By Alexander Kaun. Dial. Jun., '28. (84:464.)
By Joshua Kunitz. J. T. Nov. 4, '27. (26.)
Green, Paul.
Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Apr. 15, '28. (8.)
By Herschel Brickell. Books. May 20, '28. (6.)
By Joseph M. March. Post. May 19, '28. (8.)
By Julia Peterkin. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Apr. 21, '28. (4:780.)
By Herbert J. Seligmann. N. Y. Sun. Apr. 21, '28. (6.)

H

Hardy, Thomas.
G. M.: A Reminiscence. Books. Feb. 12, '28. (1.)
Hardy, Thomas.
By Hooper Alexander. N. Rep. Feb. 29, '28. (54:71.)
Anonymous obituary notices. All American Newspapers. Jan. 12, '28.
Anonymous. Dial. Feb., '28. (84:179.)
Anonymous. Nat. (N. Y.) Jan. 25, '28. (126:84.)
Anonymous. N. Rep. Jan. 25, '28. (53:260.)
Anonymous. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Jan. 21, '28. (4:529.)
By Joseph Anthony. Cen. Mar., '28. (115:635.)
By Ernest Boyd. Ind. May 12, '28. (120:459.)
By H. W. Boynton. N. Y. Sun. May 26, '28. (10.)
By Samuel C. Chew. N. Y. Sun. Jan. 21, '28. (8.) Books. May 27, '28. (21.)
By Vere H. Collins. Book. (N. Y.) Mar., '28. (67:1.)
By Ford Madox Ford. Books. Jan. 22, '28. (1.)
By Ariadne Gilbert. St. Nich. Mar., '28. (55:357.)
By Harry Hansen. World. Jan. 22, '28. (10 M.)
By G. W. Harris. Post. Feb. 18, '28. (10.)
By Frederick M. Hopkins. Pub. W. Jan. 21, '28. (113:292.)
By Percy Hutchinson. N. Y. Times. Jan. 29, '28. (3.)
By John Macy. Book. (N. Y.) Apr., '28. (67:134.)
By Christopher Morley. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Jan. 21, '28. (4:533.) Feb. 18, '28. (4:613.)
By Edward J. O'Brien. For. Jun., '28. (79:908.)
By T. P. O'Connor. Liv. A. Mar. 1, '28. (334:454.)
By William Lyon Phelps. For. Mar., '28. (79:436.)
By "Phœnician." Sat. R. (N. Y.) Jan. 21, '28. (4:544.)
By Llewellyn Powys. Books. Jan. 22, '28. (3.)
By Ruth Raphael. Pub. W. Jan. 28, '28. (113:365.)
By Ben Ray Redman. Books. Jun. 17, '28. (10.)
By George N. Shuster. Cath. W. Mar., '28. (126:721.) Com. May 16, '28. (8:53.)
By H. M. Tomlinson. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Feb. 11, '28. (4:585.)
By Lionel Trilling. Post. May 26, '28. (8.)
By Carl Van Doren. Outl. (N. Y.) Jan. 25, '28. (148:154.)
By Mark Van Doren. Nat. (N. Y.) Feb. 8, '28. (126:151.)
By C. V. Wicker. Jack. Feb., '28.
By Sir Bertram C. A. Windle. Com. Feb. 1, '28. (7:1006.)
By John T. Winterich. Pub. W. Feb. 18, '28. (113:700.)
Harland, Henry.
By Donald A. Roberts. Com. Feb. 8, '28. (7:1039.)

Harris, Frank.
By Samuel D. Schmalhausen. Mod. Q. May–Aug., '28. (4:355.)
Hart, Frances Noyes.
By Frances Noyes Hart. S. E. P. Jan. 28, '28. (31.)
Harte, Francis Bret.
By Robert H. Davis. N. Y. Sun. Aug. 16, '27. (22.)
Hawthorne, Nathaniel.
Anonymous. Dial. Aug., '27. (83:176.) Jan., '28. (84:72.)
By Joseph Warren Beach. Yale. Oct., '27. (17:185.)
By Walter V. Gavigan. Cath. W. Sept., '27. (125:852.)
By Julian Hawthorne. Cen. Dec., '27. (115:157.)
By John Macy. Book. (N. Y.) Oct., '27. (66:216.)
By Edward J. O'Brien. For. Jun., '28. (79:908.)
By Vernon Louis Parrington. Nat. (N. Y.) Nov. 2, '27. (125:482.)
By Agnes Repplier. For. Nov., '27. (78:793.)
By Carl Van Doren. Books. Aug. 7, '27. (3.)
By Edward Wagenknecht. Va. Oct., '27. (3:589.)
By Robert Penn Warren. N. Rep. May 16, '28. (54:399.)
Hemingway, Ernest.
By Lee Wilson Dodd. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Nov. 19, '27. (4:322.)
By Waldo Frank. N. Rep. May 9, '28. (54:343.)
By Michael Gold. N. Mass. Mar., '28. (21.)
By Percy Hutchison. N. Y. Times. Oct. 16, '27. (9.)
By Joseph Wood Krutch. Nat. (N. Y.) Nov. 16, '27. (125:548.)
By Philip Littell. N. Rep. Aug. 10, '27. (51:303.)
By H. L. Mencken. A. Merc. May, '28. (14:127.)
By Burton Rascoe. Book. (N. Y.) Sept., '27. (66:87.)
By John Riddell. V. F. Nov., '27. (90.) Jan., '28. (78.)
By N. L. Rothman. Dial. Apr., '28. (84:336.)
By Simeon Strunsky. N. Y. Times. Feb. 26, '28. (4.)
By Edmund Wilson. N. Rep. Dec. 14, '27. (53:102.) Book. (N. Y.) May, '28. (67:294.)
By Virginia Woolf. Books. Oct. 9, '27. (1.)
"Henry, O."
Anonymous. Outl. (N. Y.) Mar. 14, '28. (148:408.)
Hergesheimer, Joseph.
By Thomas Boyd. Post. Jun. 16, '28. (10.)
By Henry Seidel Canby. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Jun. 2, '28. (4:925.)
By Jerome B. Gray. Book. (N. Y.) Apr., '28. (67:159.)
By T. S. Matthews. N. Rep. Jun. 27, '28. (55:153.)
By Isabel Paterson. Books. Jun. 10, '28. (3.)
By Henry Longan Stuart. N. Y. Times. May 27, '28. (6.)
Herron, Vennette.
Anonymous. N. Y. Sun. Jan. 28, '28. (8.)
By Isa Glenn. Books. Feb. 19, '28. (7.)
By Marie Luhrs. World. Feb. 12, '28. (11 M.)
By Elizabeth Wyckoff. Book. (N. Y.) Apr., '28. (67:213.)
Heyward, Du Bose.
By Harry Salpeter. World. Feb. 19, '28. (10.)
Hine, Muriel.
Anonymous. N. Y. Sun. Feb. 18, '28. (8.)
Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Feb. 19, '28. (10.)
By Elizabeth Wyckoff. Book. (N. Y.) Apr., '28. (67:213.)

Housman, Laurence.
Anonymous. Com. Oct. 26, '27. (6:620.)
Anonymous. Dial. Sept., '27. (83:264.)
By Christopher Martin. Cath. W. Aug., '27. (125:715.)
Hudson, W. H.
By Edward J. O'Brien. For. Jun., '28. (79:908.)
Hummel, George F.
By Edwin Clark. Com. Dec. 7, '27. (7:795.)
By Margaret Wallace. Books. Oct. 23, '27. (22.)
Hutchinson, Mary.
Anonymous. Dial. Dec., '27. (83:524.)
Huysmans, Joris-Karl.
Anonymous. Dial. Oct., '27. (83:353.)
By Oliver Jenkins. For. Sept., '27. (88:473.)

I

Ibáñez, Vicente Blasco. *See* Blasco Ibáñez, Vicente.
Irving, Washington.
Letters. Yale. Oct., '27. (17:99.)
By Stanley T. Williams. Yale. Oct., '27. (17:99.)
Istrati, Panaït.
By Malcolm Cowley. Books. Jan. 8, '28. (13.)
By Leon Feraru. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Nov. 26, '27. (4:347.)
By Louis Kronenberger. N. Y. Times. Sept. 25, '27. (4.)
By Rose Lee. Post. Oct. 8, '27. (10.)
By Frédéric Lefèvre. Liv. A. Nov. 15, '27. (333:898.)
By T. S. Matthews. N. Rep. Nov. 9, '27. (52:320.)

J

James, Henry.
By Ernest Sutherland Bates. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Sept. 3, '27. (4:89.)
By Joseph Warren Beach. Yale. Oct., '27. (17:185.)
By Muriel Draper. Harp. M. Mar., '28. (156:416.)
By Edward J. O'Brien. For. Jun., '28. (79:908.)
Jesse, F. Tennyson.
Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Mar. 11, '28. (10.)
By Margery Latimer. Books. Mar. 11, '28. (4.)
Jouhandeau, Marcel.
By Robert Sage. Transit. Sept., '27. (166.)

K

Kallas, Aino.
Anonymous. N. Y. Sun. Jan. 21, '28. (8.)
Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Dec. 11, '27. (9.)
By Marjorie Johnson. Post. Mar. 17, '28. (12.)
Kennedy, Margaret.
Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Dec. 18, '27. (9.)
Kennedy, Robert Emmet.
Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Jan. 1, '28. (7.)
By Marita Bonner. Opp. Jun., '28. (6:184.)
By Emily Clark. Books. Mar. 11, '28. (10.)
By Julia Peterkin. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Feb. 4, '28. (4:567.)
By Stark Young. N. Rep. May 30, '28. (55:45.)

Kerr, Sophie.
By Dorothea Lawrance Mann. Books. Aug. 21, '27. (13.)
Keyserling, Count Edouard von.
Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Jan. 29, '28. (8.)
By E. C. Beckwith. World. Mar. 18, '28. (11 M.)
By Alyse Gregory. Dial. Jan., '28. (84:60.)
Kilbourne, Fannie.
By Fannie Kilbourne. S. E. P. Jan. 28, '28. (31.)
Kinck, Hans E.
By Jörgen Bukdahl. Scan. Oct., '27. (15:589.)
King, Basil.
Anonymous. N. Y. Sun. Aug. 11, '27. (18.)
Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Aug. 21, '27. (7.)
By Zona Gale. Books. Dec. 4, '27. (30.)
By Robert B. Macdougall. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Aug. 27, '27. (4:68.)
Kipling, Rudyard.
Letter to James W. Walker. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Jan. 28, '28. (4:562.)
Kipling, Rudyard.
By Edward J. O'Brien. For. Jun., '28. (79:908.)
Komroff, Manuel.
By John Carter. N. Y. Times. Sept. 4, '27. (4.)
By Marian Tyler. N. Mass. Dec., '27. (26.)

L

Lagerlöf, Selma.
By Joseph Anthony. Cen. May, '28. (116:123.)
Lardner, Ring W.
By John W. Wheeler. S. E. P. Mar. 10, '28. (16.) Col. Mar. 17, '28. (16.)
Lawrence, D. H.
By Henry Seidel Canby. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Jun. 2, '28. (4:925.)
By John R. Chamberlain. N. Y. Times. Jun. 3, '28. (2.)
By Mary Ross. Books. Jun. 10, '28. (2.)
By Herbert J. Seligmann. N. Y. Sun. May 26, '28. (11.)
By Tess Slesinger. Post. Jun. 2, '28. (8.)
Le Clercq, Jacques.
Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Feb. 26, '28. (16.)
By Countee Cullen. Opp. May, '28. (6:147.)
By Clifton P. Fadiman. Nat. (N. Y.) Mar. 28, '28. (126:354.)
By Harriet Sampson. Post. Mar. 31, '28. (13.)
By Louis Sherwin. N. Y. Sun. Mar. 3, '28. (8.)
By Edward Wassermann. Books. Mar. 25, '28. (22.)
Leonov, L.
By Alexander I. Nazaroff. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Sept. 17, '27. (4:121.)
Lewis, Sinclair.
By William J. McNally. Nat. (N. Y.) Sept. 21, '27. (125:278.)
By Charles G. Shaw. V. F. Nov., '27. (68.)
Lewis, Wyndham.
By Conrad Aiken. Post. Apr. 14, '28. (14.)
By Malcolm Cowley. N. Rep. Apr. 11, '28. (54:253.)
By Herbert Gorman. Books. Apr. 1, '28. (3.)
By G. Hartley Grattan. N. Y. World. Jun. 17, '28. (7 M.)
Little, Richard Henry.
Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Feb. 19, '28. (23.)

M

Mann, Heinrich.
By William A. Drake. Books. Sept. 11, '27. (9.)
Mann, Klaus.
Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Dec. 11, '27. (9.)
Anonymous. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Jan. 7, '28. (4:502.)
By Margery Latimer. Books. Jan. 29, '28. (4.)
By T. S. Matthews. N. Rep. Jan. 4, '28. (53:200.)
Mann, Thomas.
Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Apr. 29, '28. (17.)
By Bray Hammond. N. Y. Sun. May 5, '28. (8.)
By Edgar Johnson. Books. Apr. 15, '28. (5.)
By Louis Sherwin. Sat. R. (N. Y.) May 19, '28. (4:882.)
By Lionel Trilling. Post. May 19, '28. (8.)
Mansfield, Katherine.
By Conrad Aiken. Post. Sept. 17, '27. (10.)
By Edwin Clark. N. Y. Times. Oct. 9, '27. (5.)
By Margery Latimer. World. Oct. 9, '27. (11 M.)
By Edward J. O'Brien. For. Jun., '28. (79:908.)
By Genevieve Taggard. N. Mass. Feb., '28. (26.)
By Edith H. Walton. Book. (N. Y.) Dec., '27. (66:468.)
By Virginia Woolf. Books. Sept. 18, '27. (1.)
Marmur, Jacland.
Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Mar. 11, '28. (12.)
By William McFee. Books. Apr. 15, '28. (20.)
Marshall, Archibald.
By T. S. Matthews. N. Rep. Dec. 21, '27. (53:149.)
By Allan Nevins. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Nov. 26, '27. (4:347.)
Maugham, W. Somerset.
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Melville, Herman.
By Edward J. O'Brien. For. Jun., '28. (79:908.)
Mérimée, Prosper.
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Molnar, Ferenc.
By Louis Rittenberg. Am. H. Jan. 13, '28. (122:359.)
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By Herschel Brickell. Books. May 6, '28. (3.)
By Clifford Dowdey. N. Y. Sun. Apr. 14, '28. (6.)
Moore, George.
By Conrad Aiken. Post. Sept. 24, '27. (10.)
By R. L. Duffus. N. Y. Times. Oct. 2, '27. (6.)
By Lawrence C. Groom. Books. Oct. 16, '27. (9.)
By Ben Ray Redman. Books. Oct. 23, '27. (10.)

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Panzini, Alfredo.
By Raffaello. Piccoli. Dial. May, '28. (84:415.)
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By Paul Souday. N. Y. Times. Feb. 12, '28. (10.)
Pickthall, Marmaduke.
Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Dec. 25, '27. (12.)
By E. H. W. N. Rep. Jan. 11, '28. (53:228.)
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By Edward Corsi. New Am. Dec., '27.
Poe, Edgar Allan.
Anonymous. Books. Mar. 4, '28. (27.)
By Padraic Colum. Com. Aug. 24, '27. (6:373.)
By Malcolm Cowley. Dial. Aug., '27. (83:168.)
By Edward J. O'Brien. For. Jun., '28. (79:908.)
By Laura Riding. Transit. Oct., '27. (139.)
By George Saintsbury. Dial. Dec., '27. (83:451.)
By Vincent Starrett. Book. (N. Y.) Oct., '27. (66:196.)
By William Carlos Williams. Transit. Jan., '28. (145.)
Porter, Eleanor H.
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By H. E. Dounce. Post. Mar. 10, '28. (12.)
By Harry Salpeter. World. Apr. 1, '28. (10 M.)
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By Brenda Ray Moryck. Opp. Apr., '28. (6:121.)

R

Reed, John.
Anonymous. Books. Dec. 18, '27. (17.)
Remizov, Alexei.
Anonymous. N. Y. Sun. Apr. 21, '28. (6.)
Anonymous. N. Y. Times. May 13, '28. (17.)
By Babette Deutsch. Books. Apr. 22, '28. (12.)
By Arthur Ruhl. Sat. R. (N. Y.) May 12, '28. (4:866.)

Rhys, Jean.
By Conrad Aiken. Post. Oct. 1, '27. (10.)
Anonymous. Books. Nov. 6, '27. (16.)
Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Dec. 11, '27. (28.)
By L. S. M. N. Rep. Nov. 16, '27. (52:345.)
Rideout, Henry Milner.
By George H. Danton. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Oct. 15, '27. (4:202.)
By Frederick O'Brien. World. Nov. 13, '27. (11 M.)
By Chi-Chen Wang. Books. Oct. 30, '27. (16.)
Rilke, Rainer Maria.
By Gabriele Reuter. N. Y. Times. Feb. 5, '28. (8.)
Roche, Mazo de la. *See* De la Roche, Mazo.
Russian Short Story.
By Elias Tobenkin. Book. (N. Y.) Jan., '28. (66:537.)
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By Lillian F. Hellman. Books. Dec. 11, '27. (16.)
By Carey McWilliams. Over. Jan., '28. (20.)
By James Rorty. Nat. (N. Y.) Jan. 25, '28. (126:100.)

S

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Anonymous. Books. Oct. 16, '27. (16.)
Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Mar. 25, '28. (2.)
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By George F. Whicher. Books. Apr. 15, '28. (32.)
By D. B. Woolsey. N. Rep. Feb. 15, '28. (53:255.)
Sass, Herbert Ravenel.
By James C. Derieux. Am. Oct., '27. (62.)
By Albert Gallatin Lanier. N. Rep. Nov. 16, '27. (52:363.)
By Samuel Scoville, Jr. Books. Nov. 6, '27. (13.)
Schlueter, Herbert.
By Ludwig Lewisohn. Books. Dec. 18, '27. (9.)
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By Burton Rascoe. Book. (N. Y.) Jan., '28. (66:562.)
By William Kilborne Stewart. Books. Dec. 18, '27. (4.)
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Anonymous. Dial. Feb., '28. (84:160.)
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Anonymous. N. Y. Times. May 27, '28. (9.)
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By Harry Hansen. World. Dec. 4, '27. (10 M.)
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By Rose Lee. Post. Oct. 22, '27. (15.)
By Frederick H. Martens. N. Y. Sun. Jun. 2, '28. (8.)
By Edward J. O'Brien. For. Jun., '28. (79:908.)
By Charles Phillips. Cath. W. Jan., '28. (126:566.)

By Ruth Suckow. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Nov. 19, '27. (4:317.)
By Rita Weiman. Ly. Sept. 10, '27. (7.)

Sigmund, Jay G.
By R. Blayne McCurry. Tan. Sept., '27. (30.)
By Frank Luther Mott. Mid. Aug., '27. (12:231.)

Silvestre, Charles.
Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Apr. 1, '28. (6.)

Smith, Wallace.
By John Chamberlain. N. Y. Times. Sept. 4, '27. (9.)
By Gerry R. Prosnitz. N. Y. Sun. Mar. 3, '28. (8.)

Squier, Emma-Lindsay.
Anonymous. N. Y. Sun. May 5, '28. (8.)

Steele, Wilbur Daniel.
By Clifton P. Fadiman. Nat. (N. Y.) Dec. 28, '27. (125:738.)
By John Macy. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Jan. 14, '28. (4:517.)
By Wilbur Daniel Steele. McC. Jan., '28. (75.)
By E. H. W. N. Rep. Nov. 16, '27. (52:345.)

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Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Mar. 4, '28. (12.)
By William Rose Benét. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Apr. 14, '28. (4:759.)
By Ernest Boyd. Ind. Mar. 24, '28. (120:283.)
By John G. Brunini. Com. Jun. 20, '28. (8:194.)
By Clifton P. Fadiman. Nat. (N. Y.) Feb. 29, '28. (126:244.)
By Shaemas O'Sheel. Post. Apr. 14, '28. (14.)
By Burton Rascoe. Book. (N. Y.) Apr., '28. (67:183.)
By John Riddell. V. F. Apr., '28. (132.)
By Mary Ross. Books. Mar. 4, '28. (5.)

Stern, G. B.
By Myriam Sieve. J. T. Apr. 20, '28. (2.)

Sternheim, Carl.
By Eugene Jolas. Transit. Sept., '27. (176.)

Stevenson, Robert Louis.
By Conrad Aiken. N. Rep. Mar. 21, '28. (54:169.)
Anonymous. N. Y. Times. May 6, '28. (27.)
By Edward W. Bok. Scr. Aug., '27. (82:179.)
By James B. Carrington. Scr. Aug., '27. (82:180.)
By Stanton A. Coblentz. Book. (N. Y.) May, '28. (67:314.)
By Percy Hutchison. N. Y. Times. Mar. 25, '28. (5.)
By Christopher Morley. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Apr. 28, '28. (4:825.)
By Harry Salpeter. World. Mar. 4, '28. (10 M.)
By Frank Swinnerton. Books. Apr. 1, '28. (7.)
By Arnold Whitridge. Sat. R. (N. Y.) May 12, '28. (4:866.)

Suckow, Ruth.
By R. T. Prescott. Pr. S. Spring, '28. (2:138.)

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Tarkington, Booth.
By Flora Merrill. World. Nov. 27, '27. (19 M.)

Thomason, John W., Jr.
By R. M. Patterson, Jr. Com. Aug. 24, '27. (6:384.)

Tolstoy, Count Ilya.
By Mona London. Over. Apr., '28. (86:105.)

Tolstoy, Count Lyof N.
Correspondence with the Grand Duke Nicholas. Liv. A. Apr. 1, '28. (334:620.)

Tolstoy, Count Lyof N.
By Ernest Boyd. Ind. Feb. 11, '28. (120:139.)
By Van Wyck Brooks. N. Y. Sun. Mar. 3, '28. (8.)
By Ivan Bunin. Dial. Oct., '27. (83:271.)
By Stoyan Christowe. World. Feb. 12, '28. (11 M.)
By Babette Deutsch. Books. Feb. 26, '28. (25.) May 6, '28. (7.)
By Harold Goddard. Outl. (N. Y.) Feb. 22, '28. (148:315.)
By Alexander I. Nazaroff. N. Y. Times. Jun. 24, '28. (6.)
By The Grand Duke Nicholas. Liv. A. Apr. 1, '28. (334:620.)
By A. M. Nikolaieff. Post. Oct. 22, '27. (15.)
By Jacob Zeitlin. Nat. (N. Y.) May 2, '28. (126:516.)
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By Henry Hazlitt. N Y. Sun. Feb. 18, '28. (8.)
By William Lyon Phelps. Scr. Jun., '28. (83:769.)
By Bernardine Kielty Scherman. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Mar. 10, '28. (4:666.)
Tully Jim.
By Sara Haardt. A. Merc. May, '28. (14:82.)
Turgenev, Ivan.
By John Cournos. Yale. Apr., '28. (17:616.)
"Twain, Mark."
By Fred Lewis Pattee. A. Merc. Jun., '28. (14:183.)

V

Verga, Giovanni.
By Herbert J. Seligmann. N. Y. Sun. May 12, '28. (6.)
Villa, Silvio.
Anonymous. Books. Oct. 23, '27. (14.)

W

Wassermann, Jakob.
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By Kenneth Burke. Books. Jan. 15, '28. (2.)
By John T. Frederick. Mid. May–Jun., '28. (14:159.)
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By Clare Ogden Davis. Suc. Sept., '27. (17.)
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By Ludwig Lewisohn. Books. Dec. 18, '27. (9.)
By T. S. Matthews. N. Rep. Jan. 4, '28. (53:200.)
By William Whitman, 3rd. Ind. Dec. 31, '27. (119:660.)

Wescott, Glenway.
By Harry Salpeter. World. Dec. 4, '27. (10 M.)

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By Thomas Boyd. Post. Aug. 27, '27. (8.)
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By E. H. W. N. Rep. Apr. 11, '28. (54:254.)

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Von Chamisso, Adalbert (*German*). *See* Chamisso, Adalbert Von.
Von Eichendorff, Josef (*German*). *See* Eichendorff, Josef Von.
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Failing Heart. Zweig. 111.
Four-and-Twenty Hours in a Woman's Life. Zweig. 3.

MAGAZINE AVERAGES

AUGUST, 1927, TO JUNE, 1928

The following table includes the averages of distinctive stories in twenty-eight American periodicals. One, two, and three asterisks are employed to indicate relative distinction. "Three-asterisk stories" are considered worth reprinting in book form. The list excludes reprints.

Periodicals	No. of Stories Published	No. of Distinctive Stories Published			Percentage of Distinctive Stories Published		
		*	**	***	*	**	***
American Magazine	47	10	2	1	21	4	2
American Mercury	18	14	10	7	78	56	39
Atlantic Monthly	21	19	12	9	90	52	43
Bookman (N. Y.)	13	13	12	11	100	92	85
Catholic World	31	11	6	5	35	19	16
Century Magazine	35	29	13	9	83	37	26
Chicago Tribune (Syndicate Service)	47	8	1	0	16	2	0
Cosmopolitan	130	64	27	13	49	21	10
Country Gentleman	42	17	6	4	40	14	9
Delineator	41	13	3	3	32	7	7
Dial	25	25	18	14	100	72	56
Forum	13	12	8	5	92	62	38
Good Housekeeping (N. Y.)	57	10	2	1	18	3	1
Harper's Bazar	30	9	6	3	30	20	10
Harper's Magazine	33	33	29	21	100	88	64
Ladies' Home Journal	61	14	6	6	23	10	10
McCall's Magazine	42	10	5	3	24	12	7
MacLean's Magazine	95	18	9	3	19	10	3
Menorah Journal	13	7	4	3	54	31	23
Midland	20	19	15	9	95	75	45
New Masses	12	5	3	0	42	25	0
Pictorial Review	55	22	13	9	40	24	16
Prairie Schooner	13	13	4	0	100	31	0
Saturday Evening Post	334	68	17	8	20	5	2
Scribner's Magazine	43	31	21	13	72	49	30
Transition	57	31	26	16	54	46	29
Vanity Fair	28	18	8	4	64	29	14
Woman's Home Companion	60	18	5	2	30	8	3

The following tables indicate the rank, by number and percentage of distinctive short stories published, of thirteen periodicals coming within the scope of my examination which have published an average of 50 per cent or more of distinctive stories. The lists exclude reprints, but not translations.

BY PERCENTAGE

1.	Harper's Magazine	100%
2.	Dial	100%
3.	Bookman (N. Y.)	100%
4.	Prairie Schooner	100%
5.	Midland	95%
6.	Forum	92%
7.	Atlantic Monthly	90%
8.	Century Magazine	83%
9.	American Mercury	78%
10.	Scribner's Magazine	72%
11.	Transition	54%
12.	Vanity Fair	54%
13.	Menorah Journal	54%

BY NUMBER

1.	Harper's Magazine	33
2.	Scribner's Magazine	31
3.	Transition	31
4.	Century Magazine	29
5.	Dial	25
6.	Midland	19
7.	Atlantic Monthly	19
8.	Vanity Fair	18
9.	American Mercury	14
10.	Bookman (N. Y.)	13
11.	Prairie Schooner	13
12.	Forum	12
13.	Menorah Journal	7

The following periodicals have published during the same period ten or more "two-asterisk stories." The list excludes reprints, but not translations.

1.	Harper's Magazine	29
2.	Cosmopolitan	27
3.	Transition	26
4.	Scribner's Magazine	21
5.	Dial	18
6.	Saturday Evening Post	17
7.	Midland	15
8.	Century Magazine	13
9.	Pictorial Review	13
10.	Bookman (N. Y.)	12
11.	Atlantic Monthly	12
12.	American Mercury	10

The following periodicals have published during the same period five or more "three-asterisk stories." The list excludes reprints, but not translations.

1.	Harper's Magazine	21
2.	Transition	16

3.	Dial	14
4.	Scribner's Magazine	13
5.	Cosmopolitan	13
6.	Bookman (N. Y.)	11
7.	Midland	9
8.	Atlantic Monthly	9
9.	Century Magazine	9
10.	Pictorial Review	9
11.	Saturday Evening Post	8
12.	American Mercury	7
13.	Ladies' Home Journal	6
14.	Forum	5
15.	Catholic World	5

Ties in the above lists have been decided by taking relative rank in other lists into account.

INDEX OF SHORT STORIES PUBLISHED IN AMERICAN MAGAZINES

AUGUST, 1927, TO JUNE, 1928

All short stories published in the following magazines are indexed:

All's Well
American Magazine
American Mercury
American-Scandinavian Review
Atlantic Monthly
Bookman (New York)
Catholic World
Century
Chicago Tribune (Syndicate Service)
Collier's Weekly
Columbian Monthly
Commonweal
Cosmopolitan
Country Gentleman
Delineator
Dial
Figure in the Carpet
Forum
Frontier
Golden Book
Good Housekeeping
Haldeman-Julius Quarterly
Harper's Bazar
Harper's Magazine
Hound and Horn
Jackass
Ladies' Home Journal
Laughing Horse
Liberty
Living Age
McCall's Magazine
MacLean's Magazine
Menorah Journal
Midland
Modern Quarterly
Nation (New York)
New American
New Masses (except May and June)
New Republic
Opportunity
Outsiders
Pictorial Review
Poland
Prairie Schooner
Red Book Magazine (except January)
Saturday Evening Post
Scribner's Magazine
Southwest Review
Stratford Magazine
Sunset Magazine (except June)
Tanager
Transition
Vanity Fair
Virginia Quarterly
Woman's Home Companion
Yale Review

Short stories of distinction only, published in the following magazines during the same period, are indexed. The list includes three British periodicals in which American stories were published which did not appear elsewhere.

Adventure
Amazing Stories
American Boy
American Hebrew
Bermondsey Book
Blue Book Magazine
Boulevardier
Canadian Home Journal
Canadian Magazine
Classmates

Columbia
Dublin Magazine
Dubuque Telegraph-Herald
Echo
Elks Magazine
Everybody's Magazine
Holland's Magazine
Jewish Forum
Jewish Tribune
McClure's Magazine
Modern Priscilla
Monthly Criterion
Munsey's Magazine
Mystery Stories
New Age Illustrated
Overland Monthly
Pep Stories
Popular
Real Detective Tales
St. Nicholas
Saturday Evening Quill
Scholastic
Short Stories
Shrine
Success
Weird Tales
Woman's World
Youth's Companion

I have considered many other magazines without finding any stories of distinction. One, two, or three asterisks are prefixed to the titles of stories to indicate distinction. Three asterisks prefixed to a title indicate the fact that the story is listed in the "Roll of Honor." The figures in parentheses after the title of a story refer to the volume and page number of the magazine. In cases where successive numbers of a magazine are not paged consecutively, the page number only is given in this index.

I. American Authors

A

Abbott, Eleanor Hallowell.
Adventure with a Gentleman. L. H. J. Apr., '28. (30.)
Jingle-Bell Look. G. H. Dec., '27. (20.)
Writing to Your Old Love. G. H. Feb., '28. (14.)

Abdullah, Achmed.
*Heart's Thief. McCall. Mar., '28. (22.)
It's Fun to be French! Ly. May 12, '28. (7.)
*King Rode to Kabul. Del. Jun., '28. (28.)
Omar Rides Alone. Red Bk. Feb., '28. (66.)
Once in High Tartary. McCall. Jun., '28. (21.)
Professor Struts His Stuff. Ly. Nov. 5, '27. (7.)
*Red Braggart. Del. Feb., '28. (24.)
*River of Hate. (*R.*) Gol. Oct., '27. (6:447.)
*Samarkand the Golden. Del. Aug., '27. (19.)
Three Stars Glittered Green. Ly. Dec. 10, '27. (13.)
*Way of the Gray Hills. (*R.*) Gol. Mar., '28. (7:325.)

Abrahamson, Alma P.
***Tomte Gubbe. (*R.*) Strat. Feb., '28. (3.)

Adams, Bill.
**Home Is the Sailor. Blue Bk. Feb., '28. (60.)
*Lucky Dog. Adv. Apr. 1, '28. (156.)
*Pay As You Go. Adv. Dec. 1, '27. (110.)

Adams, Frank R.
Big Enough. MacL. Jun. 15, '28. (14.)
Grandfather's Cluck. Ly. Oct. 22, '27. (33.)
Hokum and Hooey. Red Bk. Feb., '28. (35.)
Silk and Silver. Red Bk. Apr., '28. (56.)
Something Just as Good. Chic. Trib. Apr. 29, '28.
This Love Proposition. Red Bk. Oct., '27. (46.)
Women Are Wiser. Cos. Oct., '27. (36.)

Adams, Lucy Wilcox.
*Promised Land. Atl. Jun., '28. (141:756.)

Adams, Samuel Hopkins.
Fifi and the Helping Hand. Pict. R. Apr., '28. (36.)
Long Yell for Nero. Col. Jan. 21, '28. (5.)

Addington, Sarah. [(10.)
Clodhopper. Del. Sept., '27.
Figaro and the Lady. W. H. C. Feb., '28. (13.)

ADE, GEORGE.
He Will Save Her. Cos. Apr., '28. (72.)
*Making the Grade. Cos. Mar., '28. (38.)

AHEARN, MAURICE L.
Father Murphy's Baby. Cath. W. Oct., '27. (126:12.)

AIKEN, CONRAD.
***Moment. Harp. M. May, '28. (156:746.)
***Necktie. B. B. Sept.–Nov., '27. (14.) H. H. Dec., '27. (1:91.) Mar., '28. (1:231.)
***Spider, Spider. Scr. Feb., '28. (83:193.)
***Woman-Hater. Scr. Apr., '28. (83:404.)
***Your Obituary, Well Written. Scr. Nov., '27. (82:535.)

AKERS, ARTHUR K.
Accident's the Best Policy. Red Bk. Nov., '27. (84.)
Big Money an' Frequent. Red Bk. Feb., '28. (62.)
Canned Goods. Red Bk. Aug., '27. (70.)
Clothes Make the Man. Red Bk. Dec., '27. (90.)
It Takes Brains to Worry. Red Bk. Mar., '28. (90.)
Women Can't Ax No Mo'. Red Bk. Sept., '27. (75.)
Women Sure Worry a Boy. Red Bk. Jun., '28. (90.)
You's Holdin' Up de Weddin'! Red Bk. Apr., '28. (62.)

ALEXANDER, CHARLES.
Crown Fire. Sun. May, '28. (20.)
Haman's Bridge. Sun. Nov., '27. (9.)

ALEXANDER, ELIZABETH.
Coffee in the Garden. S. E. P. Dec. 31, '27. (14.)

ALEY, MAXWELL.
*One Pound of Sugar. W. H. C. Dec., '27. (20.)

ALLEN, H. E.
***Fanciful Countryman. Dial. Dec., '27. (83:477.)

ALLEN, SALLY ELLIOTT.
***Nothing Left. Mid. May–Jun., '28. (14:115.)

ALMY, AMY BRUNER.
*Trend of the Times. Pr. S. Spring, '28. (2:129.)

ALTSCHULER, ALICE.
Janey. L. H. J. Sept., '27. (18.)

AMY, LACEY.
Right or Wrong? MacL. Feb. 1, '28. (3.)

ANDERSON, FREDERICK IRVING.
Big Time. S. E. P. Oct. 1, '27. (14.)
House of Many Mansions. S. E. P. Mar. 17, '28. (10.)
Wise Money. S. E. P. Aug. 6, '27. (10.)

ANDERSON, SHERWOOD.
***Fight. V. F. Oct., '27. (72.)
**Ghost Story. V. F. Dec., '27. (78.)
***I'm a Fool. (*R.*) Gol. Apr., '28. (7:501.)
***Jury Case. A. Merc. Dec., '27. (12:431.)
**Just Walking. V. F. Apr., '28. (76.)
***Mountain Dance. V. F. Nov., '27. (59.)
***Sentimental Journey. V. F. Jan., '28. (46.)

ANNIXTER, PAUL.
Blasted Pine. C. G. Feb., '28. (24.)
Monarch of the Lagoons. S. E. P. Dec. 17, '27. (16.)
Wardlaw's Kate. Sun. Feb., '28. (34.)

ANONYMOUS.
"They Will Never Let You Go." Cath. W. Feb., '28. (126:631.)

ATLEE, BENGE.
By Right of Seizure. MacL. Dec. 1, '27. (5.)
Old Man. MacL. May 1, '28. (17.)
Outlaw of Port Royal. MacL. Oct. 1, '27. (12.)

AUSTIN, MARY.
***Coyote Song. L. H. Autumn, '27. (11.)
***Lone Tree. L. H. Mar., '28.
***Man Who Walked with the Trues. L. H. Mar. 1, '28.
***Woman Who Was Never Satisfied. L. H. Autumn, '27. (16.)

AVERY, STEPHEN MOREHOUSE.
Another Good Man. Col. Sept. 10, '27. (17.)
Atlantic Moonlight. Col. Apr. 21, '28. (18.)
Give and Take. Col. Feb. 11, '28. (15.)
Just What a Man Needs. Col. Nov. 12, '27. (20.)
Never in This World. Col. May 19, '28. (26.)

AVERY, STEPHEN MOREHOUSE. (*Cont.*)
November 11th. McCall. Nov., '27. (9.)
Susan, the Simply Great. Col. Oct. 1, '27. (17.)
*Target. McCall. May, '28. (22.)
AYRE, ROBERT.
P. Tidmus and the Fish. MacL. May 1, '28. (23.)

B

BABCOCK, EDWINA STANTON.
***Egg Woman. Class. Oct. 1, '27. (1.)
BACON, JOSEPHINE DASKAM.
Provincial! S. E. P. Dec. 3, '27. (24.)
Sun Pool. Del. Oct., '27. (6.)
BAILEY, TEMPLE.
Star in the Well. McCall. Dec., '27. (5.)
BALDWIN, FAITH.
Get Your Man. Cos. Aug., '27. (44.)
House Divided. Cos. Apr., '28. (92.)
In Spite of Himself. Cos. Dec., '27. (50.)
BALDWIN, RICHARD.
*Cured of an Awful Secret. Ly. Dec. 24, '27. (37.)
BALDWIN, WILLIAM H.
This White Man's Country. Opp. Feb., '28. (6:48.)
BALMER, EDWIN.
Double Exposure. Ly. Sept. 3, '27. (9.)
BANNING, MARGARET CULKIN.
Alternate. S. E. P. Oct. 22, '27. (28.)
Beauty. S. E. P. May 5, '28. (10.)
Cooked Goose. S. E. P. Oct. 15, '27. (47.)
Dry Party. S. E. P. Sept. 10, '27. (12.)
Fine Seam. L. H. J. Apr., '28. (14.)
Governor's Grocery Bill. S. E. P. Feb. 11, '28. (14.)
Lean Years. L. H. J. May, '28. (22.)
Marriage à la Mode. Pict. R. Oct., '27. (26.)
Not Exactly Good-Looking. Red Bk. Oct., '27. (70.)
*Touch Pitch. Col. Jun. 30, '28. (5.)
Uneasy Virtue. Cen. Feb., '28. (115:467.)
Week-End. Cos. May, '28. (86.)
BARI, VALESKA.
Rose of Love. Atl. Jun., '28. (141:813.)
BARNARD, LESLIE GORDON.
**Every Man That Thirsteth. Can. Jun., '28. (16.)
***Payment. C. H. J. Apr., '28. (3.)
Ponsonby's Lame Dog. MacL. Mar. 1, '28. (17.)
September. MacL. Aug. 1, '27. (16.)
*Solitude. Fam. May 30, '28. (24.)
*Thaw. Mys. Sept., '27. (11:694.)
*Wentworth's Moment. MacL. Feb. 15, '28. (12.)
*Whispers. M. P. May, '28. (5.)
BARNES, JAMES.
*Freedom of Thought. Pict. R. Nov., '27. (14.)
**Twenty-Three. S. E. P. May 12, '28. (20.)
BARNES, MARGARET AYER.
Arms and the Boy. Red Bk. Apr., '28. (38.)
Charmer. Pict. R. Mar., '28. (31.)
*Eyes of Youth. Harp. M. Mar., '28. (156:470.)
***Home Fire. Harp. M. Sept., '27. (155:475.)
**Set a Thief. Pict. R. Oct., '27. (30.)
**Shirt-Sleeves to Shirt-Sleeves. Pict. R. Sept., '27. (10.)
"BARRINGTON, E."
Gates to Beyond. Cos. Feb., '28. (50.)
BARTHMAN, PHYLLIS.
*Threads. Outs. May, '28. (31.)
Till To-morrow. Outs. May, '28. (10.)
BARTLETT, FREDERICK ORIN.
Abracadabra. S. E. P. Nov. 19, '27. (12.)
BAUGH, HANSELL.
**Masquerade. Fig. Feb., '28. (21.)
BEACH, REX.
Don Careless. Cos. Feb., '28. (20.)
Red Cheeks. Cos. Apr., '28. (52.)
Slander Girl. Cos. Sept., '27. (48.)

BEATTY, BESSIE.
You Have Only to Ask. Pict. R. Sept., '27. (28.)

BECHDOLT, FREDERICK R.
On the Santa Fé Trail. Cos. Mar., '28. (56.)
Pony Express. Cos. Nov., '27. (78.)

BEEDE, IVAN.
**Wind. N. Mass. Apr., '28. (16.)

BEER, THOMAS.
Apotheosis. S. E. P. Mar. 3, '28. (14.)
*British Person. S. E. P. Nov. 26, '27. (12.)
Cat Act. S. E. P. May 19, '28. (20.)
Grander Casuistry. S. E. P. Mar. 24, '28. (8.)
Love Is a Dreadful Thing. S. E. P. Aug. 27, '27. (8.)
Noble Nature of Private Waldo Gant. S. E. P. Jun. 30, '28. (8.)
Philosophy of C. J. S. Smith. S. E. P. May 5, '28. (16.)
Pragmatism. S. E. P. Jan. 21, '28. (12.)
*This Very Ancient Song. S. E. P. Oct. 8, '27. (24.)
To the Living and the Rest of Them. S. E. P. Jun. 2, '28. (16.)
Vulgar Thing. S. E. P. Oct. 29, '27. (8.)

BELLAH, JAMES WARNER.
Captain's Cordon Rouge. S. E. P. Nov. 12, '27. (22.)
Cities of the World. S. E. P. Jun. 16, '28. (8.)
Crime of Professor Bonar. S. E. P. May 19, '28. (14.)
If You Live, You'll Fly. Red Bk. Sept., '27. (68.)
Medico. S. E. P. Sept. 17, '27. (10.)
McGivney's Mustache. S. E. P. Aug. 20, '27. (14.)
North of Nowhere. S. E. P. Jun. 9, '28. (16.)
Sad Fate of the Pilot Who Drank Cocktails. Red Bk. Nov., '27. (66.)
We Want Charlie! Col. Jun. 9, '28. (10.)

BELLAMY, FRANCIS R.
Thick in the Head and Big in the Feet. Pict. R. Apr., '28. (28.)

BENEDICT, LIBBIAN.
**Apartment. Harp. M. Nov., '27. (155:759.)
*Night School. Men. J. Jun., '28. (14:537.)

BENEFIELD, BARRY.
*Mr. Pullman's Pink. Col. May 19, '28. (13.)

BENET, STEPHEN VINCENT.
***Fool-Killer. C. G. Nov., '27. (15.)
***Giant's House. Elks. Jun., '28. (26.)
*Lucksmith. C. G. Mar., '28. (20.)

BENNETT, JAMES W.
***Heavenly Flowers. Adv. Dec. 1, '27. (89.)

BENTHAM, JOSEPHINE.
Wild, Wild Children. Col. Apr. 21, '28. (22.)

BERCOVICI, KONRAD.
***Good Actress. G. H. Mar., '28. (22.) [(14.)
*Horsemen. Del. Jan., '28.
***Land. Dial. Oct., '27. (83:285.)
**Ludmilla. G. H. Nov., '27. (70.)
*Nancu. McC. Mar., '28. (30.)
One Moment, Please! Del. Dec., '27. (14.)
*Pepita. McC. Feb., '28. (10.)
**Tent Windward. Pict. R. Jun., '28. (16.)

BERG, LOUIS.
Out of the Mouths of Babes. Men. J. Mar., '28. (14:306.)
*Schul People. Men. J. Apr., '28. (14:352.)

BERNSTEIN, EVE.
*Tragedy. Scr. Apr., '28. (83:477.)

BETTS, ALEXANDER.
**Epilogue to Cinderella. S. E. P. Sept. 24, '27. (14.)

BEVERLEY-GIDDINGS, A. R.
Blague. C. G. Feb., '28. (15.)

BIANCO, MARGERY WILLIAMS.
*Littlest Mouse. Del. Mar., '28. (24.)

BIERCE, AMBROSE.
***Man and the Snake. (*R.*) Gol. Oct., '27. (6:475.)
***Wireless Message. (*R.*) Strat. Jun., '28. (17.)

BISHOP, ELLEN.
**Morning. Pr. S. Winter, '28. (2:7.)

BLACKMAN, M. C.
*Hot Copy. Harp. M. Dec., '27. (156:51.)

BLAND, GLADWIN.
Twisted Woman. N. Mass. Nov., '27. (24.)
BOHON, J. W.
Joselito and the O'Malley. Sun. May, '28. (26.)
*Little Indian. Sun. Apr., '28. (9.)
What Good Is Oil? Sun. Feb., '28. (16.)
BORLAND, HAL.
Haven. L. H. J. Nov., '27. (10.)
Victory. L. H. J. Feb., '28. (8.)
BOYD, THOMAS S.
**Bow to Progress. Scr. Oct., '27. (82:387.)
*Command. C. G. Oct., '27. (9.)
If That Don't Beat the Dutch! C. G. Jun., '28. (9.)
***Our Top Sergeant. Scr. May, '28. (83:568.)
War and Music. C. G. Mar., '28. (9.)
BOYLE, JACK.
Love of Man. Red Bk. Dec., '27. (86.)
BOYLE, KAY.
**Bitte Nehmen Sie die Blumen. Transit. Dec., '27. (88.)
**Polar Bears and Others. Transit. Sept., '27. (52.)
BOYTON, NEIL, S. J.
Last Mass. Cath. W. May, '28. (127:177.)
BRACKETT, CHARLES.
Great Grief! Col. Apr. 21, '28. (5.)
Infant Industry. S. E. P. Sept. 17, '27. (8.)
On Second Thought. S. E. P. Sept. 3, '27. (10.)
Professional Reasons. S. E. P. Jun. 30, '28. (5.)
Travel Test. S. E. P. Nov. 19, '27. (10.)
Valse Oubliée. S. E. P. Oct. 15, '27. (3.)
BRADFORD, ROARK.
***Blue Steel's Eva. Dial. Sept., '27. (83:209.)
*Greener Pastures. Col. Jun. 2, '28. (12.)
Itching Heel. Col. Jun. 30, '28. (12.)
Monkey Man. Col. May 5, '28. (10.)
*Muddy Water. Col. Feb. 4, '28. (10.)
*Old He-Coon of the John D. Grace. Col. Mar. 17, '28. (10.)
***River Witch. For. Nov., '27. (78:657.)
***Tricker. Col. Dec. 31, '27. (10.)
BRADLEY, MARY HASTINGS.
*Ghost Girl. Red Bk. Apr., '28. (52.)
*Not to Every Man. Red Bk. Jun., '28. (66.)
BRADLEY, WILL T.
He Died to Save Our Souls. H. H. Dec., '27. (1:107.)
BRADY, MARIEL.
Day of Days. G. H. Nov., '27. (38.)
Tories' Cave. G. H. Sept., '27. (52.)
BRENNAN, FREDERICK HAZLITT.
***Guardeen Angel. Cos. Dec., '27. (42.)
*Matron's Report. Cos. Mar., '28. (82.)
*Snitch. Ly. Dec. 3, '27. (7.)
*Torpedo. Red Bk. May, '28. (52.)
BRENNER, ANITA.
*Yankele's Kaleh. Men. J. Aug., '27. (13:426.)
BRERETON, CHARLES V.
In the Mesh of the Law. Sun. Sept., '27. (9.)
Jimmy Crickett—Hi-Jacker. Sun. Apr., '28. (26.)
Maleche. Sun. Mar., '28. (36.)
Owl and the Pussycat. Sun. May, '28. (9.)
Red Magic. Sun. Feb., '28. (18.)
Spirits of Medicine Mountain. Sun. Oct., '27. (28.)
BRETHERTON, VIVIEN R.
Castles on the Air. Sun. Jan., '28. (9.)
Clever Girl. McCall. Feb., '28. (17.)
Fionan Tastes of Life. McCall. Oct., '27. (18.)
Gaminesque. G. H. May, '28. (78.)
*Heritage. G. H. Oct., '27. (48.)
Once in the Springtime. G. H. Jun., '28. (84.)
BROADHURST, GEORGE.
Shot. S. E. P. Dec. 17, '27. (12.)
BROMFIELD, LOUIS.
**Cat That Lived at the Ritz. Harp. B. Oct., '27. (116.)

BROMFIELD, LOUIS. (*Cont.*)
**Let's Go to Hinkey Dink's. McCall. Sept., '27. (15.)
*Urn. Harp. B. Jan., '28. (76.)
BROOKS, CONSTANCE MARGARET.
Great "If" Game. MacL. Jun. 15, '28. (10.)
BROOKS, GEORGE S.
**Brain That Lived Again. Scr. Aug., '27. (82:158.)
Hallohran. Ly. Oct. 29, '27. (71.)
Hope Chest. Col. Sept. 3, '27. (20.)
Mayor's Burglar. Ly. Jan. 28, '28. (47.)
Money on the Tongue. Col. Dec. 10, '27. (21.)
*Off Skagerrak. Col. Jan. 21, '28. (22.)
Reprisal. Ly. Feb. 4, '28. (34.)
Thing Like That. Ly. Oct. 22, '27. (66.)
Unlisted Friends. Col. Sept. 10, '27. (22.)
BROOKS, JONATHAN.
Place to Sit Down. Col. Apr. 7, '28. (26.)
BROWN, ALICE.
*Envoy Extraordinary. W. H. C. Jan., '28. (5.)
BROWN, BERNICE.
Glory. Del. Oct., '27. (13.)
Insulting Janie. Ly. Feb. 18, '28. (67.)
Marie Celeste. Del. Aug., '27. (8.)
Nothing Ever Happens. Col. Dec. 10, '27. (8.)
BROWN, CAMBRAY.
**Episode in a Machine Age. Harp. M. Apr., '28. (156:581.)
BROWN, ESTELLE AUBREY.
*Lady Isobel's Husband. Cen. Dec., '27. (115:129.)
*Sons of Marthe. Cen. Apr., '28. (115:660.)
BROWN, KATHARINE HOLLAND.
As a Wife Thinks. W. H. C. Apr., '28. (7.)
BROWN, MARSHALL CURTIS.
*Prescription for Mrs. Higson. For. Jun., '28. (79:921.)
BROWN, ROYAL.
Biological Kiss. Cos. Aug., '27. (90.)
Lobsterman in Love. Cos. Feb., '28. (56.)
Money or Her Life. Cos. May, '28. (76.)
Nancy Chooses. Cos. Dec., '27. (84.)
Pre-War Stuff. Cos. Nov., '27. (58.)
Regular Fellow. Cos. Sept., '27. (82.)
They Didn't Believe in Marriage. Cos. Oct., '27. (86.)
What's a Million Dollars? Cos. Jun., '28. (46.)
BRUBAKER, HOWARD.
Dudley and the Cattycornered Dog. Am. Dec., '27. (38.)
High Hattie. Am. May, '28. (28.)
Nowhere in Particular. Am. Jan., '28. (48.)
Stardust. Am. Jun., '28. (54.)
Think Tank Town. C. G. Mar., '28 (18.)
BRUSH, KATHARINE.
Fumble. Cos. Mar., '28. (58.)
*Long Young Dreams. Cos. Nov., '27. (82.)
**Night Club. Harp. M. Sept., '27. (155:407.)
***Seven Blocks Apart. Cos. Jan., '28. (52.)
BRYSON, LYMAN.
*Serpent's Wife. McC. Jan., '28. (32.)
BUNNER, H. C.
Sisterly Scheme. (*R.*) Gol. Jun., '28. (7:752.)
BURLINGAME, ROGER.
**Poker Game. Scr. Sept., '27. (82:298.)
BURMAN, BEN LUCIEN.
***Children of Noah. Pict. R. Feb., '28. (19.)
BURNET, DANA.
Business Engagement. Col. Nov., 19, '27. (17.)
Carousel. Col. Oct. 8, '27. (10.)
Little Dog Laughed. Col. Jun. 16, '28. (5.)
Miss Simpson Steps Out. S. E. P. Jan. 7, '28. (26.)
Rare, Rare Lily. Col. May 19, '28. (19.)
BURT, KATHARINE NEWLIN.
Beautiful House. L. H. J. May, '28. (10.)
Dove's Nest. S. E. P. Mar. 24, '28. (3.)
Fireflies. McCall. Oct., '27. (10.) [(68.)
Galloping Men. Cos. Jan., '28.
In the Cool of the Day. McCall. May, '28. (26.)

BURT, STRUTHERS.
Adventure. S. E. P. Jun. 30, '28. (40.)
Buck Fence. C. G. Oct., '27. (18.)
Pap Agnew Entertains. C. G. Aug., '27. (15.)
So Ingenuous. S. E. P. Jun. 9, '28. (6.)
BUSCH, NIVEN, JR.
Wife and the Toreador. Col. Aug. 6, '27. (11.)
BUTLER, ELLIS PARKER.
**Camel's Straw. Mun. Oct., '27. (92:132.)
*Crusoe Treasure. Am. B. Nov., '27. (18.)
Doves of Sandona. Ly. Dec. 3, '27. (72.)
*Far Seas and Distant Lands. W. H. C. May, '28. (18.)
*Folding Coon Dog. Am. B. Sept., '27. (22.)
*Great Lazy Mush. Am. B. Dec., '27. (21.)
*"Human Nature Ain't What It Ought to Be." Am. Jan., '28. (10.)
Just Mark an X. W. H. C. Jan., '28. (27.)
*Mamie. C. G. Apr., '28. (14.)
*Old Shirley-Combs. Am. B. Feb., '28. (6.)
*Tent Show Lady. New A. (N. Y.) Nov., '27. (38.)
Tornado. MacL. Nov. 15, '27. (16)
Where There Isn't a Will There's a Way. Am. Nov., '27. (40.)
BUZZELL, FRANCIS.
Great Gesture. Red Bk. Jun., '28. (76.)

C

CAIN, JAMES M.
*Pastorale. A. Merc. Mar., '28. (13:291.)
CALDWELL, MARIE R.
Fishing for Mrs. Ripley. Scr. Oct., '27. (82:481.)
CALLAGHAN, MORLEY.
***Country Passion. Transit. Mar., '28. (70.)
CALVERTON, V. F. ("MARK RODSON.")
***Faces. Mod. Q. May–Aug., '28. (4:372.)
***Undertaker. Mod. Q. Nov., '27–Feb., '28. (4:272.)
CAMP, WADSWORTH.
Signal-Lamp. Ly. Oct. 22, '27. (75.)
CAMPBELL, EVELYN.
Red Handed. Chic. Trib. May 13, '28.
Rescue. Red Bk. Oct., '27. (88.)
Pleasure Bent. G. H. Jun., '28. (94.)
CAMPBELL, ISABEL.
Cock-a-Doodle-Doo! Harp. B. Jun., '28. (81.)
CANFIELD, DOROTHY.
***At the Sign of the Three Daughters. Del. May, '28. (16.)
***Deep Channel. Del. Mar., '28. (12.)
CANNELL, KATHLEEN.
**Money. Transit. Mar., '28. (92.)
CARHART, ARTHUR HAWTHORNE, *and* YOUNG, STANLEY P.
Queen Wolf. Red Bk. Jun., '28. (80.)
"CARLETON, S."
***Lame Priest. (*R.*) Gol. May, '28. (7:581.)
CARPENTER, HELEN K.
Candle in the Wind. Cen. May, '28. (116:49.)
Monday Morning. Cen. Feb., '28. (115:400.)
CARRINGTON, ELAINE STERNE.
*Curtain! Curtain! Pict. R. Aug., '27. (22.)
Gentleman of Leisure. Pict. R. Jan., '28. (20.)
Movie Riche. Pict. R. May, '28. (30.)
CARROLL, P. J., C. S. C.
**How Shane Found His Soul. Cath. W. Mar., '28. (126:798.)
CARSE, ROBERT.
*Power. Adv. Aug. 15, '27. (144.)
CARTER, ISABEL HOPESTILL.
Captain's Mate. W. H. C. Aug., '27. (24.)
*Squalls. Atl. Apr., '28. (141:459.)
CARVER, ADA JACK.
***Cotton Dolly. Harp. M. Dec., '27. (156:32.)
**Little Mother of the Church. Harp. M. Apr., '28. (156:554.)
CARY, LUCIAN.
Beautiful Old Boat. S. E. P. Sept. 17, '27. (22.)
But That Isn't All. Col. Jan. 21, '28. (10.)

CARY, LUCIAN. (*Cont.*)
Flycatcher. Col. Jun. 23, '28. (14.)
Follow the Swallow. Col. Sept. 3, '27. (5.)
How Could She Do It? Col. Jun. 30, '28. (22.)
It's No Use Being a Fool. S. E. P. Feb. 11, '28. (10.)
Way to Make a Girl. Col. Aug. 27, '27. (15.)

CASEY, ROBERT.
Messenger to Garcia. Red Bk. Dec., '27. (58.)

CASTLE, EVERETT RHODES.
Telegram for Mr. Dow. S. E. P. Jun. 16, '28. (14.)

CAUTELA, GIUSEPPE.
First Generation. C. M. Apr., '28. (1:297.)

CHAMBERLAIN, GEORGE AGNEW.
Air of Paris. W. H. C. Oct., '27. (16.)

CHAMBERS, MARIA CRISTINA.
***John of God, the Water Carrier. M. Crit. Oct., '27. (312.)

CHAMBERS, ROBERT W.
All Flags! Ly. Apr. 28, '28. (36.)
Big Hearted. McCall. Nov., '27. (14.)
Bonnie Anne. Ly. May 19, '28. (67.)
Captain Death. Ly. Mar. 31, '28. (14.)
Crazy Jade. Ly. May 5, '28. (30.)
Drums and Black Colours. Ly. Apr. 14, '28. (13.)
Garden of Eden. Ly. Apr. 21, '28. (11.)
Golden Moon. Ly. May 12, '28. (44.)
Mary Read. Ly. Apr. 7, '28. (11.)
Nancy Topsfield. Ly. Jun. 9, '28. (64.)
Ready Made. McCall. Apr., '28. (24.)
Sea-Rogue's Moon. Ly. Mar. 24, '28. (7.)
Silver Oar. Ly. May 26, '28. (42.)
Younger Son. Ly. Jun. 2, '28. (61.)

CHAMBERS, WILLIAM CANBY.
*Miracle of the Double Midnight. Del. Nov., '27. (18.)

CHAPMAN, ELISABETH COBB.
Walls Have Tongues. Cen. Jun., '28. (116:147.)

CHAPMAN, MARISTAN.
***Crowded. Atl. May, '28. (141:623.)

CHEN, KWEI.
**Gift of the First Presentation. Dial. Mar., '28. (84:216.)

CHILD, RICHARD WASHBURN.
**Gorilla. (*R.*) Gol. Aug., '27. (6:233.)
Man at the Bottom. Col. Aug. 13, '27. (20.)
**New Life, New Love. Col. Oct., 15, '27. (11.)

CHILDS, MARQUIS W.
***Journey. Mid. Mar.–Apr., '28. (14:60.)

CHRISTOWE, STOYAN.
***Bell. Book. (N. Y.) Dec., '27. (66:373.)
**Setchko. Dial. Feb., '28. (84:135.)

CHUTE, ARTHUR HUNT.
*Chasse Galerie. Mun. Sept., '27. (91:727.)
Soil and the Sea. McCall. Jun., '28. (13.)

CLANCY, KATHLEEN.
Promoters' Meeting. Cath. W. Sept., '27. (125:771.)

CLARK, VALMA.
*Class. Scr. Dec., '27. (82:731.)
Sing a Song of Jazz. Scr. Nov., '27. (82:606.)

CLARKE, JAMES MITCHELL.
*Up to Heaven. Adv. Feb. 15, '28. (52.)

CLARKE, MABEL MCELLIOTT.
Break for Cinderella. Ly. Aug. 13, '27. (51.)
Chimera. Ly. Mar. 24, '28. (55.)
Good Day. Ly. Jun. 30, '28. (21.)
Patsy Makes the Circle. Ly. May 26, '28. (31.)
Tragedy of Olga. Ly. Sept. 3, '27. (29.)

CLAUDY, CARL H.
Double. Ly. Jun. 23, '28. (68.)

CLAUSEN, CARL.
Father of His Son. Chic. Trib. Aug. 21, '27.
Pebbles. Red Bk. Mar., '28. (81.)
*Three of Us. Pict. R. Sept., '27. (8.)

COATES, GRACE STONE.
***Black Cherries. Mid. Nov., '27. (13:281.)
**Crickets. Mid. Aug., '27. (13:226.)

COATES, GRACE STONE. (*Cont.*)
**Late Fruit. Frontier. Mar., '28. (8:75.)
**Nymphs and Pan. Mid. Mar.–Apr., '28. (14:70.)
***Truth. Mid. Dec., '27. (13:323.)
COATES, ROBERT M.
In Memoriam. Transit. Sept., '27. (47.)
COATSWORTH, ELIZABETH.
*End of the World. Dial. Jun., '28. (84:499.)
COBB, IRVIN S.
**Cruelty to Animals. Harp. B. Feb., '28. (67.)
**Episode at Pintail Lake. Cos. Oct., '27. (30.)
*Faith with Works. Cos. Aug., '27. (60.)
**Liars All. Cos. Jan., '28. (78.)
*Low-combed Roosters. Cos. Jun., '28. (76.)
*Mud Clerk. Cos. Apr., '28. (68.)
***No Dam' Yankee. Cos. Nov. '27. (64.)
*Other Cheek. Cos. Sept., '27. (64.)
**Stranger Things Have Happened. Cos. Dec., '27. (80.)
**Thank God for Modern Hotels! Harp. B. May, '28. (77.)
COCKRELL, STEPHENA.
Grandma's Fling. G. H. Dec., '27. (72.)
Lafayette's Sheets. G. H. Sept., '27. (70.)
Little Old Pitcher. G. H. Oct., '27. (32.)
Milk of Cream. G. H. Nov., '27. (20.)
Rather Dear Tallboy. G. H. Aug., '27. (52.)
COE, CHARLES FRANCIS.
Dough Re Me. S. E. P. Jan. 14, '28. (8.)
Gun-Shy. S. E. P. Dec. 10, '27. (18.)
Thumbs Up. S. E. P. Oct. 29, '27. (5.)
COHEN, OCTAVUS ROY.
Airs and Assigns. Red Bk. Sept., '27. (64.)
Big Charade. Chic. Trib. Jun. 10, '28.
Black Beauty. S. E. P. Apr. 28, '28. (20.)
Double Double. Col. Mar. 3, '28. (11.)
Double or Nothing. S. E. P. Nov. 19, '27. (24.)
Engagement Ring. Col. Sept. 24, '27. (17.)
Frame-Up. Am. Jun., '28. (42.)
Glitter of Diamonds. Col. Dec. 17, '27. (15.)
Hearts and Glowers. S. E. P. Oct. 8, '27. (28.)
His Name in Lights. Col. Oct. 8, '27. (20.)
Honestly It's the Best Policy. S. E. P. Jan. 21, '28. (20.)
Idles of the King. S. E. P. Aug. 6, '27. (18.)
Money for Sooth. S. E. P. Mar. 24, '28. (20.)
Porter Missing Men. S. E. P. Aug. 20, '27. (20.)
Right Cross. Col. Aug. 20, '27. (22.)
Seventh 'Leven. S. E. P. Oct. 22, '27. (22.)
*Shadows on the Moon. Del. Jan., '28. (10.)
Silver Fox. Col. Feb. 25, '28. (9.)
Sprinting Press. S. E. P. Mar. 3, '28. (20.)
Tiger Skin. Col. Aug. 27, '27. (26.)
Toot for a Toot. S. E. P. May 19, '28. (24.)
Trained Flee. S. E. P. Sept. 17, '27. (26.)
COLBY, NATHALIE SEDGWICK.
Wild Arab. Pict. R. Jan., '28. (27.)
COLCORD, LINCOLN.
**Game of Life and Death. (*R.*) Gol. Feb., '28. (7:157.)
***Instrument of the Gods. (*R.*) Gol. Aug., '27. (6:149.)
COLEMAN, EMILY HOLMES.
Interlude. Transit. Nov., '27. (89.)
***Wren's Nest. Transit. Jun., '28. (215.)
COLEMAN, L. H.
Ripsaw. N. Mass. Jan., '28. (12.)
COLLINS, CHARLES.
End Zone. Chic. Trib. Nov. 13, '27.
COLLINS, HARRISON.
***"Those Absurd Missionaries." Scr. Jul., '27. (82:23.)
COLMAN, LOUIS.
Marker. N. Mass. Apr., '28. (26.)

COMFORT, WILL LEVINGTON.
Clean Sage. S. E. P. Sept. 17, '27. (14.)
Door Marked D. S. E. P. Mar. 31, '28. (20.)
Indulgence of the Eyes. Ly. Jan. 21, '28. (53.)
One of the First Ten. Ly. Oct. 29, '27. (13.)

CONDON, FRANK.
Facts Regarding Elmer. S. E. P. Aug. 27, '27. (14.)
First Mortgage. S. E. P. May 5, '28. (48.)
Floaters. S. E. P. Oct. 1, '27. (16.)
Homer Gets Busy. Col. Sept. 3, '27. (15.)
Innocent Onlooker. Col. Sept. 10, '27. (5.)
Opened by Mistake. S. E. P. Mar. 17, '28. (12.)
Spoken Word. S. E. P. May 26, '28. (40.)
Story by ——. S. E. P. Dec. 10, '27. (12.)
Trouble with the Little Woman. S. E. P. Oct. 22, '27. (14.)

CONNELL, CATHERINE.
Ha! Me Proud Beauty! W. H. C. Dec., '27. (14.)
Life Isn't Like That, Father! W. H. C. Aug., '27. (13.)

CONNELL, RICHARD.
Big Game. S. E. P. Dec. 17, '27. (37.)
*Crab and the Sunbeam. S. E. P. Dec. 24, '27. (5.)
Crasher. S. E. P. Dec. 3, '27. (16.)
Don't Be a Cat. Red Bk. Nov., '27. (73.)
Kidder. S. E. P. Sept. 10, '27. (16.)
Law Beaters. Col. Jun. 23, '28. (5.)
Mad Spot. S. E. P. Nov. 5, '27. (26.)
Million Dollars. Red Bk. Oct., '27. (42.)
Take My Advice. S. E. P. Aug. 13, '27. (16.)
Van Landingham Diamond. S. E. P. Dec. 10, '27. (26.)

CONNOLLY, MYLES.
*Easter Sunday. Colum. Apr., '28. (5.)
***First of Mr. Blue. Colum. Mar., '28. (5.)
**Mr. Blue Excels. Colum. Apr., '28. (13.)

COONRADT, PAUL.
***Effie. Mid. Jan.–Feb., '28. (14:7.)
*Raspberry Roll. New A. (N. Y.) Jan., '28. (20.)

COOPER, COURTNEY RYLEY.
*Freedom. Col. Sept. 17, '27. (16.)
*His Weight in Wildcats. Col. May 26, '28. (20.)
*Lady of the Films. Chic. Trib. Jan. 8, '28.
*Love Wrangler. Sh. St. Sept. 25, '27. (50.)
*Muskeg. S. E. P. Jan. 7, '28. (14.) [(10.)
*Old Bill. Col. Mar. 24, '28.
*Sawdust Romance. Pict. R. Aug., '27. (26.)
*Sisters of the Air. Elks. Feb., '28. (8.)

COOPER, F. L.
*All-Day Sucker. McC. Apr., '28. (26.)

COOPER, MARY LISPENARD.
***Punch and Judy Show. Harp. M. Feb., '28. (156:310.)

CORBETT, ELIZABETH.
*And of Course Aunt Kate. Cen. Mar., '28. (115:535.)

CORLEY, DONALD.
Bride's Feast. Pict. R. Jan., '28. (11.)
***Eyes of Compassion. Harp. M. Jan., '28. (156:177.)

CORT, DAVID.
Miss Paramain. V. F. Apr., '28. (83.)
Story of the Black Panther. V. F. Jan., '28. (57.)

COSELLI, CARMEN.
Triumph of Domonico. C. M. Apr., '28. (1:271.)

COWLEY, MALCOLM.
**Race Between a Subway Local and a Subway Express. Transit. Jan., '28. (51.)

CRAM, MILDRED.
*Winter. L. H. J. Jan., '28. (12.)

CRANSTON, CLAUDIA.
*Pride. G. H. Mar., '28. (34.)

CREAGAN, LEO F.
Without Title. Sun. Oct., '27. (20.)

CREEL, GEORGE.
Woman of Magdala. Col. Apr. 14, '28. (10.)

CROSS, RUTH.
Man Who Hated Christmas. Pict. R. Dec., '27. (14.)

CROWELL, CHESTER T.
*Brave Doings. S. E. P. Feb. 4, '28. (14.)
**Code of Nelson County. Pict. R. Oct., '27. (28.)
Fair-haired Boys. S. E. P. Dec. 24, '27. (8.)
*Larkin Rocks the Boat. S. E. P. Mar. 10, '28. (12.)
*Lovely Gravy. S. E. P. Apr. 21, '28. (16.)
**"—Never Did Run Smooth." S. E. P. Dec. 17, '27. (29.)
*Old Hawk Eye. Am. Nov., '27. (20.)
*One of the Breed of Builders. S. E. P. Aug. 27, '27. (30.)
Sam Knowed an Artist. S. E. P. Mar. 24, '28. (24.)
*Sam Meets a Saint. McC. Mar., '28. (10.)
CROY, HOMER.
*Apron-Strings. Pict. R. Oct., '27. (12.)
CURTISS, PHILIP.
*Lady in a Silver Frame. C. G. Oct., '27. (6.)
Rescuing Alice. C. G. Dec., '27. (19.)
Shouting Sherwoods. L. H. J. Feb., '28. (30.)
Vagabond Comes Home. Am. Sept., '27. (58.)

D

DALE, VIRGINIA.
And So They Were Divorced. Cos. Aug., '27. (74.)
Folly. Cos. Mar., '28. (68.)
Lounge Widows. Red Bk. Feb., '28. (82.)
Mystery of the Theater Aisle. Red Bk. Jun., '28. (50.)
DALRYMPLE, LEONA.
Bohemia's Baby. McCall. Feb., '28. (20.)
DANGERFIELD, CLINTON.
Ben Bennett's Boy. Ly. Sept. 10, '27. (43.)
Lady New Luck. Ly. Jun. 9, '28. (41.)
Trap. Ly. Jan. 14, '28. (53.)
DANIELS, ROGER.
*Blood Brothers Ain't Relations. S. E. P. Oct. 15, '27. (54.)
You Can't Lose a Luck Houn'. S. E. P. Nov. 26, '27. (18.)
DARLEN, DAVID.
Personal Touch. Men. J. Jan., '28. (14:94.)
DAVENPORT, WALTER.
**All Aboard. Col. Sept. 17, '27. (12.)
Baby Wants a General. Col. Nov. 26, '27. (13.)
Lady Forgot to Say. Col. Mar. 31, '28. (24.)
DAVIES, BLODWEN.
Broken Whip. MacL. May 15, '28. (8.)
Jest for His Majesty. MacL. May 1, '28. (10.)
DAVIES, OMA ALMONA.
Between Exodus and Leviticus. S. E. P. Dec. 3, '27. (12.)
Delicious Prosecution. S. E. P. Apr. 21, '28. (10.)
Free Immoral Agent. Col. Dec. 10, '27. (17.)
Jointed Account. S. E. P. Nov. 19, '27. (20.)
Leave the Heir Pay. Col. Nov. 19, '27. (22.)
Oft in the Silly Night. S. E. P. Jun. 30, '28. (22.)
Smart at the Head. S. E. P. Sept. 3, '27. (16.)
Will, the Willing, and the Willed. S. E. P. Sept. 10, '27. (48.)
DAVIS, AARON.
Armored Heart. W. H. C. Sept., '27. (9.)
Trouble with Women. Red Bk. May, '28. (56.)
DAVIS, BOB.
Hard-Boiled Egg. Col. Aug. 6, '27. (15.)
DAVIS, ELMER.
*Amateur. Col. Mar. 17, '28. (5.)
Hand in Glove. Col. Feb. 4, '28. (15.)
Sharpshooter. Cos. Jun., '28. (62.)
***Ungracious Lady. Harp. M. Feb., '28. (156:278.)
DAVIS, JOHN.
**Waters of Megara. Opp. Nov., '27. (5:326.)
DAVIS, RICHARD HARDING.
*Ranson's Folly. (*R.*) Gol. Sept., '27. (6:345.)
DAWSON, CONINGSBY.
And Yet Woman. Red Bk. Dec., '27. (44.)
Mother of God. G. H. Dec., '27. (14.)
DECKER, HERMANN T.
*Escape. Pr. S. Spring, '28. (2:89.)

De Ford, Miriam Allen.
***Mystery of Mr. Orcutt. Real. Oct., '27. (49.)
*Strange Case of the Waring Family. Real. Feb., '28 (64.)
De La Roche, Mazo.
*Good Friday. MacL. Oct. 15, '27. (3.)
De Leon, Walter.
Lacey Sisters. Red Bk. Oct., '27. (74.)
Leave It to Ann. C. G. Jan., '28. (15.)
De Pue, Elva.
*Almighty Bird. Fig. Feb., '28. (3.)
De Voto, Bernard.
Front Page Ellen. Red Bk. Nov., '27. (32.)
**In Search of Bergamot. Harp. M. Aug., '27. (155:302.)
Ranch Wondering. S. E. P. Jun. 2, '28. (24.)
Sleeping Dogs. S. E. P. Nov. 19, '27. (18.)
Dealey, Ted.
Blackstone Does His Stuff. S. E. P. Dec. 17, '27. (32.)
Delmar, Vina.
Belle of Barnesville. Ly. Aug. 6, '27. (47.)
Companionate. Ly. May 19, '28. (7.)
Jeer Leader. Ly. Jan. 21, '28. (12.)
John Jones and Wife. Cos. Jan., '28. (72.)
North of Fifty-Third. Ly. Nov. 5, '27. (54.)
Patchouli and Billiards. Ly. Mar. 10, '28. (21.)
"She Has a Little Girl." Ly. Oct. 1, '27. (37.)
She Saw Two Feet Ahead of Her. Ly. Apr. 28, '28. (11.)
Sword of Damocles. Ly. Feb. 25, '28. (72.)
Woman Who Passed. Ly. Aug. 20, '27. (39.)
Dennis, Anne.
Dawning of the Day. Cath. W. Feb., '28. (126:588.)
Derieux, James C.
*Old Jupe. Am. Sept., '27. (21.)
Derieux, Mary.
Door to Be Opened. G. H. May, '28. (34.)
Derieux, Samuel A.
Battle of Pine Barrens. W. H. C. Jun., '28. (9.)
Detzler, Karl W.
*Call for the Doctor. Sh. St. Sept. 25, '27. (128.)
*Luck. Cen. Nov., '27. (115:79.)
*Masterpiece. Pop. Feb. 11, '28. (127.)
*Out Oars! Pop. Nov. 5, '27. (91.)
Smell of Smoke. Ly. Jun. 16, '28. (61.)
Dickinson, Roy.
**Immoral Circumstance. Scr. Oct., '27. (82:418.)
***Mountain Solitude. Scr. Oct., '27. (82:424.)
***On the Third Day. Scr. Oct., '27. (82:421.)
**Pacifist. Scr. Oct., '27. (82:417.)
Dickson, Harris.
Foresight. S. E. P. Aug. 27, '27. (22.)
Roberta Wets Her Slippers. C. G. Aug., '27. (18.)
Son and Heir. S. E. P. Jun. 2, '28. (22.)
Dickson, S. B.
Comic Strip. L. H. J. Feb., '28. (20.)
Dimmick, Howard T.
*Justice. Dial. Jan., '28. (84:47.)
Dingle, A. E.
*Captaincy. Blue Bk. May, '28. (60.) [(20.)
***Courtships. Del. May, '28.
*Gone to Hilo. Blue Bk. Jun., '28. (33.)
**Hellward. Adv. Oct. 15, '27. (34.)
*Killer. Ev. Nov., '27. (123.)
*Lady of the Sea. Mun. Jan., '28. (92:651.)
*Light on Little Hope. Ev. May, '28. (33.)
***Old Sails. Ev. Jan., '28. (36.)
*Roll and Go. Ev. Sept., '27. (34.)
**Seaweed. S. E. P. May 19, '28. (8.)
*With a Round Turn. Adv. Aug. 1, '27. (34.)
Dix, Beulah Marie.
*Ordeal by Water. Y. C. Oct., '27. (101:626.)
Dobie, Charles Caldwell.
***Magnificent Pose. Ly. Feb. 4, '28. (37.)
Doherty, Edward.
Gas! Ly. Jun. 16, '28. (24.)

DONAHUE, JOHN B.
**End of Ambrose Glumph. Colum. Feb., '28. (6.)
DONOVAN, JOSEPHINE.
Woman. Cath. W. Sept., '27. (125:730.)
DOUGLAS, MARJORY STONEMAN.
Daphne and the Delicious Monster. W. H. C. May, '28. (11.)
***Peculiar Treasure of Kings. S. E. P. Nov. 26, '27. (8.)
Twenty Minutes Late for Dinner. S. E. P. Jun. 30, '28. (14.)
DOUGLAS, W. A. S.
Great Papist Plot. A. Merc. May, '28. (14:10.)
Ku Klux. A. Merc. Mar., '28. (13:272.)
DOUGLAS, WILLIAM WITHERS.
Everybody's Coo-Coo. Red Bk. Mar., '28. (75.)
*"My Broader, He's So Dumb!" Red Bk. Apr., '28. (84.)
DOWNING, J. HYATT.
*We Went West. Scr. May, '28. (83:594.)
DREISER, THEODORE.
**Olive Brand. Cos. May, '28. (46.)
***Portrait of a Woman. Book. (N. Y.) Sept., '27. (66:2.)
**Regina C——. Cos. Jun., '28. (56.)
**Rella. Cos. Apr., '28. (36.)
DU BOIS, THEODORA.
*Circe. Cen. Oct., '27. (114:649.)
King Solomon or the Iceman. Cen. Aug., '27. (114:469.)
*Martyrs in the Ice-Box. Cen. Mar., '28. (115:577.) [(44.)
*Queen's Tarts. Del. Sept., '27.
DUFFIELD, ANNE.
*Graciosa. Chic. Trib. Jan. 29, '28.
DUGANNE, PHYLLIS.
Facing the Music. Col. Sept. 17, '27. (7.)
Fleet Was in the River. Col. Dec. 17, '27. (13.)
Lips That Touch Liquor. Ly. Mar. 17, '28. (11.)
Roberta Eats Her Cake. Del. Dec., '27. (19.)
Wishing Ring. L. H. J. Jun., '28. (26.)
DUNN, J. ALLAN.
Scum of the Sea. Col. Feb. 25, '28. (20.)
DURANTY, WALTER. [(52.)
Parrot. Red Bk. Mar., '28.
DWYER, JAMES FRANCIS.
*Bride of the Centuries. McCall. Jan., '28. (13.)
Youth Buyer. Red Bk. May, '28. (66.)
DYER, WALTER A.
Deferred Reckoning. Cath. W. Apr., '28. (127:46.)

E

EASTMAN, REBECCA HOOPER.
Those People Upstairs. G. H. Feb., '28. (26.)
EATON, WALTER PRICHARD.
Chased Diana. C. G. Apr., '28. (15.)
EDGAR, DAY.
Escape, Extra Narrow. S. E. P. Mar. 3, '28. (18.)
In Senior Spring. S. E. P. Apr. 28, '28. (16.)
Kind Women Like. S. E. P. Oct. 22, '27. (20.)
*Serf. C. G. Sept., '27. (20.)
Sic Semper. S. E. P. Aug. 13, '27. (10.)
Snob's Progress. S. E. P. Jan. 14, '28. (10.)
EDHOLM, C. L.
Smiley. Chic. Trib. Feb. 19, '28.
EDMONDS, WALTER D.
**Duet in September. Scr. Jun., '28. (83:699.)
**In a Clearing. McCall. May, '28. (16.)
**My Lady's Tea. Atl. Mar., 28. (141:318.)
***Swamper. Dial. Mar., '28. (84:186.)
***Voice of the Archangel. Atl. Jan., '28. (141:21.)
EDWARDS, FREDERICK.
By the Beard of the Prophet. MacL. Apr. 15, '28. (16.)
EDWARDS, HARRY STILLWELL.
***Eneas Africanus. (*R.*) Gol. Sept., '27. (6:293.)
EGAN, CYRIL B.
***Passion Play. Cath. W. Sept., '27. (125:799.)
EISENBERG, EMANUEL.
*First Party. J. T. Sept. 23, '27. (22.)
ELDRIDGE, PAUL.
Dead Leaves. (*R.*) Strat. Jan., '28. (3.)
*Time. (*R.*) Strat. May, '28. (17.)

ELLERBE, ALMA *and* PAUL.
*Ann Felicity and the Bad Heart. G. H. Apr., '28. (62.)
Guest at Spaniard's Pass. Col. Jan. 28, '28. (5.)
**Something for Nothing. Red. Bk. Aug., '27. (103.)
Summer Magic. Del. Aug., '27. (13.)
Tide of Spring. W. H. C. Mar., '28. (18.)

ELLIOTT, LINWOOD S.
*White Rain. Sch. Apr. 28, '28. (7.)

EMORY, WILLIAM CLOSSON.
Adventure. Transit. Nov., '27. (95.)
Election Day. Transit. Feb., '28. (63.)

EPPES, DOUGLAS.
Calling Bugles. MacL. Aug. 1, '27. (3.)
Gate Opens Twice. MacL. May 15, '28. (16.)
Snake Oil. MacL. Mar. 15, '28. (8.)
Transportation Stakes. MacL. Apr. 15, '28. (12.)

ERHARD, MARY MCENNERY.
*Lost Bride of Erin. Cath. W. Mar., '28. (126:779.)

ERSKINE, JOHN.
Cinderella's Daughter. Cos. Feb., '28. (40.)
Circe and the Higher Life. Cos. May, '28. (66.)
*Conversion. Cos. Nov., '27. (22.)
Last Voyage of Odysseus. Cos. Dec., '27. (32.)

ERSKINE, LAURIE YORK.
Decorations. Col. Oct. 29, '27. (5.)
Double Dealing. Col. Jun. 9, '28. (5.)
Fine Fellows. Col. Feb. 11, '28. (5.)
Lady Assists. Col. Mar. 3, '28. (5.)

EVANS, HUBERT.
Lurkers at the Barrier. MacL. Jan. 1, '28. (11.)

EVANS, IDA M.
Black Java Lily. Am. Feb., '28. (11.)
Enter the Villain. C. G. Nov., '27. (20.)
Pink Throne. C. G. Mar., '28. (15.)
Somebody Has To! Ly. Mar. 3, '28. (64.)

EVARTS, HAL G.
Chaparral. S. E. P. Oct. 8, '27. (22.)

F

FAGIN, N. BRYLLION.
*Ripple of Laughter. Echo. Sept., '27. (12.)

FARMER, BERNARD J.
Ausonia Stands By. MacL. Oct. 15, '27. (16.)
Gold Braid. MacL. Apr. 15, '28. (8.)
High and Dry. MacL. Nov. 15, '27. (12.)

FARRAR, JOHN.
Colonel's Lady. Harp. B. Apr., '28. (93.)

FARRELL, JAMES.
Birds Go South. Harp. B. Feb., '28. (74.)

FEARING, KENNETH P.
***Stone That the Builder Rejected. Men. J. May, '28. (14:497.)

FEINBERG, ELIZABETH E.
*Olivia Sets Forth. Mid. Jan.–Feb., '28. (14:39.)

FELIX, EDGAR H.
*S. O. S.—from Aloft. Ly. Jan., 7, '28. (33.)

FERBER, EDNA.
***Hey! Taxi! Cos. Jan., '28. (28.)

FERGUSSON, HARVEY.
All Signs Fail. W. H. C. Mar., '28. (32.)
Tropical Air. McCall. Jan., '28. (20.)

FERNALD, CHESTER BAILEY.
*Transit of Gloria Mundy. (*R.*) Gol. Nov., '27. (6:581.)

FINGER, CHARLES J.
**Two Gifted Men. St. Nich. Oct., '27. (54:953.)

FINLEY-THOMAS, ELISABETH.
*Children of Hate. Cen. Jun., '28. (116:214.)
*Last Pew. Cen. Oct., '27. (114:721.)

FISHER, RUDOLPH.
***Blades of Steel. Atl. Aug., '27. (140:183.)
**Fire by Night. McC. Dec., '27. (64.)

FITZGERALD, BRASSIL.
*Baseball *Is* Business. Colum. May, '28. (11.)
*Happy Ending. Colum. Jun., '28. (5.)
*Needle in the Haystack. Colum. Apr., '28. (24.)

FITZGERALD, BRASSIL. (*Cont.*)
*Thomas Fitzpatrick. Colum. Mar., '28. (8.)
FITZGERALD, F. SCOTT.
*Bowl. S. E. P. Jan. 21, '28. (6.)
*Jacob's Ladder. S. E. P. Aug. 20, '27. (3.)
**Love Boat. S. E. P. Oct. 8, '27. (8.)
*Magnetism. S. E. P. Mar. 3, '28. (5.)
**Pusher-in-the-Face. (*R.*) Gol. Feb., '28. (7:149.)
*Scandal Detectives. S. E. P. Apr. 28, '28. (3.)
***Short Trip Home. S. E. P. Dec. 17, '27. (6.)
FLYNN, T. T.
*Out of the Night. Ev. Dec., '27. (72.)
**Peg-Leg. Chic. Trib. Aug. 14, '27.
FORD, COREY.
*Long Distance. Col. Dec. 24, '27. (23.)
Sea Gold. Col. Mar. 17, '28. (17.) [(26.)
Skin Deep. Col. Mar. 31, '28.
FORD, SEWELL.
Elmer's Imperfect Day. W. H. C. Sept., '27. (5.)
*Mayzie and the Diplomat. S. E. P. Apr. 21, '28. (43.)
Mayzie in a Sister Act. S. E. P. Nov. 12, '27. (24.)
Miltiades and the Finger of Fate. W. H. C. Jun., '28. (22.)
*Miss Hennessy, P. S. S. E. P. Oct. 15, '27. (22.)
Speaking of Sally. S. E. P. Apr. 14, '28. (20.)
FOSTER, JEANNETTE HOWARD.
**Lucky Star. Harp. M. Oct., '27. (155:624.)
FOSTER, MAXIMILIAN.
Weather in Argentine. S. E. P. Jun. 23, '28. (8.)
FOWLER, RICHARD B.
**Three Wagons. Scr. Apr., '28. (83:459.)
FRAKER, EDWARD L.
*Flower Box. Pr. S. Oct., '27. (1:266.)
FRASER, W. A.
Bulldog Carney's Remuda. MacL. Aug. 1, '27. (10.)
FREEDMAN, DAVID.
*Chiribo. Pict. R. Jan., '28. (14.)
***I Am He. Pict. R. Oct., '27. (11.)
FREEMAN, MARY E. WILKINS.
***Jester. Gol. Jun., '28. (7:821.)
***New England Prophet. (*R.*) Gol. Oct., '27. (6:507.)
FREEMAN, MILDRED.
*Moon Coin. Sch. Apr. 28, '28. (5.)
FRENEY, THOMAS.
Release. MacL. Apr. 1, '28. (14.)
FRICK, FORD C.
"Mail-Order." Morse. Ly. Apr. 21, '28. (33.)
FRIEDRICH, IRMA.
*Emancipation. Mid. May–Jun., '28. (14:106.)
FROST, MEIGS O.
Eye of God. Ly. Aug. 13, '27. (29.)
Sombrero Solo. Ly. Nov. 26, '27. (70.)
Start. Red Bk. Mar., '28. (49.)
FRYE, MATTIE LOU.
**Jim. S. W. Fall, '27. (13:60.)
FULLER, ANNE.
Show Must Go On. Am. May, '28. (44.)
FURNISS, RUTH PINE.
*Bess Does Her Best. Chic. Trib. Nov. 27, '27.
**Clay. Transit. Aug., '27. (45.)

G

GABRIEL, GILBERT.
***Twelve Tristans. Cen. Dec., '27. (115:172.)
GAINES, CLARENCE H.
*Six Easy Pieces. Harp. M. Nov., '27. (155:710.)
GALE, ZONA.
***Bridal Pond. A. Merc. Feb., '28. (13:213.)
Christmas Pact. C. G. Dec., '27. (3.)
*Half a Million. L. H. J. Apr., '28. (10.)
*Here! Here! Here! Scr. Mar., '28. (83:281.)
**Springtime. For. Apr., '28. (79:490.)
*Two Little Girls in Blue. Cos. Sept., '27. (40.)
Upper Chambers. Harp. B. Sept., '27. (76.)
GATLIN, DANA.
Those Endearing Young Charms. Chic. Trib. Aug. 28, '27.

GEDDES, VIRGIL.
**Stove. Transit. Sept., '27. (79.)
Uncle James' Woman. Transit. Jan., '28. (55.)
GELZER, JAY.
Princess Passes. G. H. Dec., '27. (32.)
Room at the Top. G. H. Feb., '28. (52.)
GERMAN, MARGUERITE.
Slippery Elm. Tan. Jan., '28. (12.)
GEROULD, KATHARINE FULLERTON.
**Agony Column. Red Bk. Mar., '28. (32.)
***"Love's Pilgrimage." Harp. M. Oct., '27. (155:584.)
GERY, R. V.
**Alouette. MacL. Oct. 1, '27. (3.)
GIDLOW, ELSA.
**Quando. Mid. Mar.–Apr., '28. (14:73.)
GILBERT, DAISY THORNE.
Old House Speaks. G. H. Jun., '28. (36.)
GILBERT, KENNETH.
Strength of the Hills. Sun. Sept., '27. (22.)
GILBERT, STUART.
**Desiderata. Transit. Feb., '28. (31.)
GILKYSON, WALTER.
***Spanish Primitives. Scr. Oct., '27. (82:444.)
GILMAN, LA SELLE.
*Yarns in Color. Pr. S. Winter, '28. (2:59.)
GILPATRIC, GUY.
Devil Headed South. Col. Dec. 17, '27. (20.)
Gerrity of the U. S. N. Col. Apr. 7, '28. (5.)
Great Poodle Myth. Col. Jan. 7, '28. (18.)
Jock of the Dumbartons. Col. Mar. 10, '28. (5.)
GLASS, MONTAGUE.
Good Job for Julius. Cos. Jan., '28. (34.)
*Love in a Law Office. Cos. Aug., '27. (34.)
GLENN, ISA URQUHART.
At the Full of the Moon. Ly. Feb. 11, '28. (64.)
Homeward Bound Pennon. McCall. Sept., '27. (21.)
GODWIN, MURRAY.
**Day in the Life of a Robot. Transit. Jun., '28. (148.)
GOLDBERG, RUBE.
Outcast. Cos. Apr., '28. (66.)
GOODLOE, ABBIE CARTER.
Double Traitor. Scr. Sept., '27. (82:315.)
GORDON, EUGENE.
**Alien. S. E. Q. Jun., '28. (65.)
**Cold-Blooded. S. E. Q. Jun., '28. (48.)
**Game. Opp. Sept., '27. (5:264.)
GRAEVE, OSCAR.
Exit Pom-Pom. Del. Feb., '28. (13.)
GRAY, JR., MORRIS.
*Trial of Strength. Atl. Nov., '27. (140:656.)
GREELY, JOHN N.
*Name of Nathaniel Webster. McC. Jan., '28. (16.)
GREENE, FREDERICK STUART.
**Club's Librarian. Pop. Jun. 30, '28. (71.)
GREENE, J. S. C.
*Return. H. H. Jun., '28. (1:336.)
GREENOUGH, WALTER.
Gun-Shy. Col. Apr. 14, '28. (18.)
Monarch and the Mongrel. Col. Nov. 5, '27. (17.)
GREENWALD, TUPPER.
*Grandmother's Story. J. T. Aug. 19, '27. (3.)
**Yisrolik Saw the Light. Men. J. Nov., '27. (13:514.)
GREY, CLIFFORD.
Pearls Bring Tears. Del. Jun., '28. (21.)
GREY, ZANE.
Naza! (*R.*) Gol. Feb., '28. (7:233.)
GRIFFIN, SELWYN B.
**Cult of the Virgin. MacL. May 1, '28. (6.)
GRIFFITH, G. K.
Pazalu'k. Com. Aug. 17, '27. (6:358.)
GROGAN, ELMIRA F.
*Rose Hill. Yale. Oct., '27. (17:153.)
GROMER, BELLE BURNS.
Golden Bell of Buddha. Col. Aug. 13, '27. (5.)
*Sailor's Sweetheart. Cos. Nov., '27. (96.)

H

HAARDT, SARA.
***Licked. A. Merc. Sept., '27. (12:51.)

HAEFELI, JR., WALTER.
*Jonah. S. E. P. Apr. 7, '28. (34.)
HAINES, MERLE T.
**Mike, an Outlaw Horse. Frontier. May, '28. (8:154.)
"HALL, HOLWORTHY."
Banco! Harp. B. Aug., '27. (74.)
Law and the Lady. Ly. Apr. 14, '28. (73.)
Suitable Incumbent. McCall. Apr., '28. (25.)
HALL, IVAN.
*Dust. Pr. S. Oct., '27. (1:229.)
HALL, WILBUR.
Not for Sale. S. E. P. Nov. 5, '27. (18.)
HALLET, RICHARD MATTHEWS.
*Bad Washing. S. E. P. May 26, '28. (26.)
Bottomless Pond. S. E. P. Nov. 12, '27. (42.)
*Foot-Loose. S. E. P. Mar. 10, '28. (8.)
*Makeshift. Shrine. Nov., '27. (14.)
One Shirt and One Soul. S. E. P. May 12, '28. (14.)
HAMPTON, EDGAR LLOYD.
**Return of Foo Chow. (R.) Gol. Jan., '28. (7:5.)
HANCOCK, ALICE PASSANO.
*Escape. N. Mass. Dec., '27. (11.)
**Years. Frontier. May, '28. (8:175.)
HANFORD, HELEN ELLWANGER.
*Little Red Chair. W. H. C. Dec., '27. (10.)
HANLON, BROOKE.
Baby Girl. Scr. Aug., '27. (82:170.)
HANLON, JOHN.
Lady in the Lake. MacL. Oct. 1, '27. (8.)
Mister Stork's Understudy. MacL. Feb. 15, '28. (8.)
Tapioca Tyranny. MacL. Jun. 1, '28. (18.)
HANSON, JOSEPH MILLS.
*Salvaged. Colum. Oct., '27. (6.)
HAPGOOD, CHARLES.
*Fog. H. H. Mar., '28. (1:225.)
HARDY, ARTHUR SHERBURNE.
***Silver Pencil. (R.) Gol. Sept., '27. (6:301.)
HARE, AMORY.
Perfect Swindle. Harp. B. Nov., '27. (99.)
HARRIS, ELEANOR E.
***Home to Mother's. Scr. Aug., '27. (82:200.)
HARRIS, FRANK MANN.
Cryin' Johnny McElroy. S. E. P. Nov. 5, '27. (14.)
Seven in a Row. S. E. P. May 19, '28. (12.)
HARRIS, KENNETT.
Blowhard. S. E. P. Nov. 12, '27. (14.)
Luck of Loss. S. E. P. Feb. 18, '28. (33.)
Smoothing the True-Love Trail. S. E. P. Apr. 7, '28. (16.)
Uncle Helps Out. S. E. P. Dec. 10, '27. (20.)
Uses of Violence. S. E. P. Jun. 2, '28. (34.)
When It Comes to Women—. S. E. P. Apr. 21, '28. (14.)
HARRISON, HENRY SYDNOR.
Kiss Unofficial. Red Bk. Mar., '28. (38.)
HARTE, FRANCIS BRET.
***How Santa Claus Came to Simpson's Bar. (R.) Pict. R. Dec., '27. (22.)
HARTMAN, LEE FOSTER.
*Two Minutes to Live. Ly. May 5, '28. (10.)
HARTWICK, MARY.
*Hans. Frontier. May, '28. (8:166.)
HATCH, ALDEN.
Gentleman from the Argentine. Scr. Sept., '27. (82:336.)
HATHAWAY, FRANCES.
*From the Clod. Dial. May, '28. (84:405.)
HAWKINS, STUART HYDE.
June Week. Col. Jun. 16, '28. (10.)
HAWTHORNE, RUTH.
Glamour. Col. Oct. 15, '27. (15.)
Two Hard-Boiled Eggs. Ly. Jun. 30, '28. (60.)
HAYES, HOWARD.
**Last Leave. Dial. Aug., '27. (83:149.)
*Lights. Dial. Jun., '28. (84:489.)
HEARST, JAMES.
*Old Joe. Mid. Dec., '27. (13:317.)
HELLMAN, SAM.
Be Your Age. S. E. P. Sept. 24, '27. (22.)
Borgia, Behave! Red Bk. Sept., '27. (53.)

HELLMAN, SAM. (*Cont.*)
Buy, Baby, Buy. S. E. P. Nov. 12, '27. (186.)
Cash in Quick! Red Bk. Jun., '28. (62.)
Dumb As She Is. Red Bk. Nov., '27. (54.)
Gentleman of the Jury. S. E. P. Apr. 14, '28. (22.)
Glam. Red Bk. Oct., '27. (60.)
Just a Big Birdman. S. E. P. Nov. 26, '27. (10.) [(24.)
Kibitzer. S. E. P. Oct. 15, '27.
Movies Make the Man. Red Bk. Aug., '27. (48.)
"My Curse Is a Tender Heart." Red Bk. Feb., '28. (40.)
Once You Click. Red Bk. Dec., '27. (39.)
Perfect Control. S. E. P. Jun. 30, '28. (12.)
"Possibly I've Been Indiscreet." Red Bk. May, '28. (46.)
Running for Rooney. S. E. P. Feb. 18, '28. (12.)
Soft and Sappy. S. E. P. Nov. 5, '27. (24.)
Take It and Run! Red Bk. Apr., '28. (73.)
"When I Sell 'Em." Red Bk. Mar., '28. (56.)

HEMINGWAY, ERNEST.
***Hills Like White Elephants. Transit. Aug., '27. (9.)

"HENRY, O."
***Man Higher Up. (*R.*) Gol. Nov., '27. (6:647.)

HERGESHEIMER, JOSEPH.
***Boston. S. E. P. Sept. 10, '27. (8.)
*Coral. S. E. P. Dec. 31, '27. (3.)
Coral. S. E. P. Jan. 14, '28. (16.)
Coral. S. E. P. Jan. 28, '28. (16.)
Coral. S. E. P. Feb. 11, '28. (20.)
Coral. S. E. P. Feb. 25, '28. (14.)
Coral. S. E. P. Mar. 10, '28. (24.)
Coral. S. E. P. Mar. 24, '28. (14.)
*Coral. S. E. P. Apr. 14, '28. (26.)
*Coral. S. E. P. Apr. 28, '22. (22.)
**Philadelphia. S. E. P. Nov. 12, '27. (12.)
**Pittsburgh. S. E. P. Oct. 29, '27. (14.)

HERRICK, MAUDE ZELLA.
Don't Call No Cops! Red Bk. Feb., '28. (76.)
Learn That Guy! Red Bk. Jun., '28. (73.)
Velocity of Mr. Vico. Red Bk. Dec., '27. (67.)

HESS, LEONARD.
*Third Bout. Chic. Trib. Apr. 15, '28.

HEYWARD, DOROTHY.
Young Ghost. McCall. Feb., '28. (22.)

HEYWARD, DU BOSE.
**Mamba's Daughters. W. H. C. Jun., '28. (13.)

HICKMAN, ALBERT.
*Oriented. (*R.*) Gol. Jun., '28. (7:743.)
*Unofficial Love. (*R.*) Gol. Dec., '27. (6:725.)

HILL, CAROL DENNY.
One Man in a Million. Col. Jan. 7, '28. (21.)

HILL, DREW.
Easy and Dumb. Col. Oct. 1, '27. (20.)
No Questions Asked. Col. May 5, '28. (22.)
Thing to Do. Am. Aug., '27. (38.)
To Pay Paula. Col. Nov. 26, '27. (14.)
**War Is Over. Col. Mar. 17, '28. (20.)

HILLMAN, GORDON MALHERBE.
Heat. Am. Sept., '27. (28.)

HILLYER, ROBERT.
***Apparition in Early Autumn. Dial. Feb., '28. (84:118.)

HOFFMAN, LEIGH.
Anamnesis. Transit. Feb., '28. (65.)
***Catastrophe. Transit. Jun., '28. (76.)

HOLDING, ELISABETH SANXAY.
*Derelict. Mun. Mar., '28. (93:271.)
Half an Hour Late. W. H. C. Mar., '28. (20.) [(16.)
*In Chains. McCall. Dec., '27.
It Is a Two-Edged Sword. McCall. Jun., '28. (24.)
One Misty Night. Am. Feb., '28. (48.)
Out for a Good Time. W. H. C. Oct., '27. (21.)
This Road Is Closed. Am. Apr., '28. (50.)

HOLLIDAY, WALTER H.
*Compensation. Frontier. Mar., '28. (8:108.)
HOLWAY, RUTH.
Forty and Frantic. MacL. Apr. 1, '28. (10.)
Hills Far Away. MacL. Sept. 15, '27. (12.)
HOPE, EDWARD.
Constant Moon. Ly. May 26, '28. (9.)
False Alarm. Pict. R. Feb., '28. (29.)
Immoral Victory. Pict. R. Oct., '27. (22.)
In Case of Accident. Ly. Oct. 8, '27. (7.)
Into Temptation. Ly. Apr. 7, '28. (75.)
One Blonde Mouse. Pict. R. Sept., '27. (21.)
"Stick 'Em Up!" Scr. Nov., '27. (82:574.)
To Let; Furnished. S. E. P. Apr. 14, '28. (16.)
HOPKINS, MARY ALDEN.
Good and Evil and Elsie. W. H. C. Jun., '28. (27.)
HOPPER, JAMES.
Hit in the Head. W. H. C. Aug., '27. (15.)
Home for the Night. Ly. Aug. 6, '27. (24.)
*Little Guy. Com. Apr. 25, '28. (7:1346.)
*Name in the Night. G. H. Mar., '28. (74.)
*1961. Del. Nov., '27. (36.)
Squiffy. G. H. Jun., '28. (30.)
HOUSTON, MARGARET BELLE.
Josita Rides by Night. G. H. Apr., '28. (20.)
HOVEY, PRISCILLA.
In Her Own Image. L. H. J. May, '28. (14.)
HOYT, NANCY.
Distance Lends Enchantment. Harp. B. Nov., '27. (97.)
Golden Arrows. Harp. B. Mar., '28. (73.)
Invisible Mending. Pict. R. Nov., '27. (20.)
HUBBARD MARGARET CARSON.
Lady and the Lion. Ly. Oct. 8, '27. (42.)
HUEY, ANNA V.
*Blessed Spot. Scr. Dec., '27. (82:712.)
HUGHES, LLEWELLYN.
**Battery. Col. Nov. 12, '27. (5.)
***Beyond Sound of Machine-Gun. Cen. Aug., '27. (114:426.)
Blood Money. Col. Mar. 10, '28. (22.)
Delusion. Col. May 12, '28. (17.)
*Ghost of Château-Thierry. Ly. Dec. 17, '27. (7.)
***If I Was a Bloomin' Peer. Cen. May, '28. (116:89.)
***Lady Wipers—of Ypres. Cen. Jan., '28. (115:276.)
Movie Gesture. MacL. Nov. 1, '27. (8.)
Old Dud. Col. Jun. 23, '28. (20.)
On Board the F–6714. Ly. Nov. 12, '27. (44.)
HUGHES, RUPERT.
Blood of the Crellins. Cos. May, '28. (62.)
*Girl on a Barge. Cos. Oct., '27. (50.)
Lovely Ducklings. Red Bk. Dec., '27. (54.)
*They Were Young Once. Cos. Mar., '28. (46.)
When Washington Was Twenty-three. McCall. Feb., '28. (28.)
HULL, HELEN R.
En Route. Col. Feb. 18, '28. (15.)
*Riding the Whirlwind. Chic. Trib. Feb. 5, '28.
Somebody Outside. Col. Aug. 20, '27. (20.)
HUME, CYRIL.
***Hell Gate Tommy. Harp. M. May, '28. (156:704.)
HUMPHREY, MARY CHURCHILL.
*Furled Sails. Va. Oct., '27. (3:528.)
HUNEKER, JAMES.
*Music the Conqueror. (*R.*) Strat. Jan., '28. (29.)
HURST, FANNIE.
***Give This Little Girl a Hand. Cos. Feb., '28. (30.)
*Left Hand of God. Cos. Dec., '27. (26.)
HUSTON, MCCREADY.
With Benefit of Bandit. Pict. R. Jan., '28. (30.)
HUTCHENS, JOHN K.
*Old Timers. Jack. Feb., '28.

I

IRWIN, INEZ HAYNES.
Duck and the Dove. W. H. C. Feb., '28. (20.)

IRWIN, INEZ HAYNES. (*Cont.*)
Rendezvous. W. H. C. Sept., '27. (7.)

IRWIN, WALLACE.
Hubert St. Albans. Ly. Feb. 4, '28. (9.)
Pansy's Ear. Ly. Mar. 10, '28. (43.)

J

JACKSON, MARGARET WEYMOUTH.
Mattie's Machine. S. E. P. Jan. 21, '28. (5.)
Miss Sims Resigns. S. E. P. May 26, '28. (16.)
Office Broke. S. E. P. Mar. 10, '28. (20.)
Some Flies Like Vinegar. S. E. P. Nov. 5, '27. (10.)

JACQUES, FLORENCE PAGE.
One Day. Mid. Aug., '27. (13:212.)

JAMES, WILL.
Breed of 'Em. Red Bk. Sept., '27. (98.)
"Up in the Eagle Territory." Scr. Jun., '28. (83:746.)
Want of Company. Red Bk. Oct., '27. (93.)

JAMESON, BOOTH.
Charles *V.* and the Hitch-Hikers. S. E. P. May 26, '28. (10.)
Hitch-Hikers by Night-Light. S. E. P. May 5, '28. (22.)

JANIS, ELSIE, *and* MARKEY, GENE.
Listen, Baby! Red Bk. May, '28. (36.)

JANVIER, THOMAS A.
***Roses of Monsieur Alphonse. (*R.*) Gol. Dec., '27. (6:769.)

JEFFERY, MARY LOUISE.
*Justice. Pr. S. Jul., '27. (1:183.)

JENKINS, CHARLES CHRISTOPHER.
Triangle in Sacks. MacL. Aug. 15, '27. (19.)

JENSEN, OSCAR E.
*Can-Rusher. Scr. Mar., '28. (83:349.)

JINKS, ALMET.
On the Beach. S. E. P. Dec. 31, '27. (6.)

JITRO, W. C. G.
**Assignation. Boul. Sept., '27. (7.)
*Breath of Life. Boul. May, '28. (7.)
***Chemise de Madame. Boul. Mar., '28. (9.)
*Metamorphosis. Boul. Apr., '28. (8.)
***Tapu. Boul. Jun., '28. (7.)
*Thanks Unto Thee, Our Father. Boul. Nov., '27. (8.)

JOHN, WILLIAM M.
**In the Interests of Light and Learnin'. Cen. Sept., '27. (114:571.)
*Love Germ. Cen. Feb., '28. (115:436.)
**Tilly Tells the Story. Cen. Dec., '27. (115:201.)

JOHNSON, A. R.
*Doughnuts and Coffee. Outs. May, '28. (26.)

JOHNSON, NUNNALLY.
Actor. S. E. P. May 26, '28. (44.)
Anti-New York. S. E. P. Feb. 11, '28. (35.)
Artist Has His Pride. S. E. P. Dec. 3, '27. (26.)
Belting Bookworm. S. E. P. Jan. 7, '28. (20.)
Comedy. S. E. P. Mar. 17, '28. (16.)
Divine Afflatus. S. E. P. Apr. 28, '28. (42.)
Good Little Man. S. E. P. Oct. 8, '27. (16.)
No Good Can Come of Poetry. Harp. B. May, '28. (85.)
Private Life of the Dixie Flash. S. E. P. Jun. 2, '28. (20.)
Young Poison. S. E. P. Apr. 7, '28. (22.)

JOHNSON, OWEN.
Law and Disorder. Red Bk. Nov., '27. (60.)

JOHNSON, W. BRANCH.
*One Morning in Quimper. Cath. W. Jan., '28. (126:475.)

JOHNSTON, CALVIN.
*Cold Jingle of Money. Col. Sept. 24, '27. (15.)
*Ghost Fellows. New A. (N. Y.) Dec., '27. (38.)
*Table Stakes. Suc. Aug., '27. (14.)

JOHNSTON, MARY.
*Buccaneer. L. H. J. Jun., '28. (6.)

JOLAS, EUGENE.
***Carrousel. Transit. Dec., '27. (57.)
***Walk Through Cosmopolis. Transit. Jun., '28. (133.)

JONES, IDWAL.
*Marsh Duck. A. Merc. Apr., '28. (13:482.)

JONES, STANLEY.
Best Way Out. Col. Mar. 31, '28. (10.)

JONES, SUSAN MORROW CARLETON. *See* "CARLETON, S."
JORDAN, ELIZABETH.
Great Peacock. McCall. Mar., '28. (15.)
Mamie and the Lion's Den. Chic. Trib. Sept. 4, '27.
Severn Celebrates Christmas. Chic. Trib. Dec. 25, '27.
Tommy Fixes It. Chic. Trib. Jun. 3, '28.
JOSEPHSON, MATTHEW.
Lionel and Camilla. Transit. Dec., '27. (9.)
JOSSELYN, TALBERT.
Impossible Mr. Egger. Red Bk. Oct., '27. (83.)

K

KAHLER, HUGH MACNAIR.
Bright Face of Duty. S. E. P. May 5, '28. (24.)
Dominator. S. E. P. Mar. 31, '28. (14.)
Dumb Animals. S. E. P. Sept. 24, '27. (18.)
Elbowroom. S. E. P. Aug. 20, '27. (8.)
Fresh Air. C. G. Aug., '27. (9.)
Gratitude. S. E. P. Dec. 3, '27. (18.)
Grindstoned. Am. Jun., '28. (24.)
Hand-of-Write. S. E. P. Sept. 10, '27. (18.)
Happy End. L. H. J. Mar., '28. (6.)
Long Arm. Col. May 26, '28. (30.)
Passwords. S. E. P. Jan. 14, '28. (36.)
Perfection Thereof. L. H. J. Sept., '27. (10.)
Talk. S. E. P. May 19, '28. (41.)
KAYE, LOUIS.
*Mate Law. MacL. Jun. 15, '28. (6.)
KEENE, FARADAY.
**Candle of Shadows. V. F. Jan., '28. (62.)
Face in the Glass. V. F. Apr., '28. (72.)
*Hand and the Pitch. V. F. Jun., '28. (56.)
Shadow and the Crack. V. F. Mar., '28. (44.) [(54.)
*Two Souls. V. F. Sept., '27.
Unfinished Symphony. V. F. Feb., '28. (50.)
KELLAND, CLARENCE BUDINGTON.
Against the Rules. S. E. P. Feb. 4, '28. (18.)
Case of the Demolished Lives. Pict. R. Feb., '28. (33.)
Case of the Seven Enemies. Pict. R. Sept., '27. (27.)
Cornered. S. E. P. Mar. 10, '28. (26.)
Counter-irritant. S. E. P. Feb. 18, '28. (16.)
Diplomacy. S. E. P. Apr. 14, '28. (8.)
First Thousand. S. E. P. Jan. 7, '28. (24.)
"Folks Mostly Acts Like Human Beings." Am. Nov., '27. (52.)
Forgery. S. E. P. Dec. 17, '27. (8.)
Paroled. C. G. Jun., '28. (15.)
Rightful Prince. S. E. P. Apr. 28, '28. (14.)
Sawdust. S. E. P. Jan. 21, '28. (8.)
Scattergood and the Six Big Men. Am. May, '28. (52.)
Scattergood Causes a Snake to Bite. Am. Feb., '28. (30.)
Scattergood Stirs Up More Than Rubbish. Am. Oct., '27. (47.)
Secret Helpers. S. E. P. May 12, '28. (26.)
Sir Galahad. S. E. P. May 26, '28. (22.)
Superfluous Cupid. S. E. P. Jun. 23, '28. (22.)
KELLEY, WILLIAM V.
Black Gum. Opp. Jan., '28. (6:13.)
KENNEDY, JOHN B.
*Labor of Love. Pict. R. Jun., '28. (4.)
*Way with Women. Col. Dec. 24, '27. (17.)
KENNEDY, RODERICK STUART.
Half-Time. MacL. Oct. 15, '27. (8.)
KERNAN, EUGENE.
Noblesse Oblige. MacL. Dec. 1, '27. (12.)
KERR, SOPHIE.
Biography of a Beauty. L. H. J. Oct., '27. (18.)
Dolores. W. H. C. Oct., '27. (26.)
Edward Had a Practical Mind. C. G. Jan., '28. (9.)
Glorious Gloria. Del. Jan., '28. (8.)
Merry-Go-Round. S. E. P. Oct. 22, '27. (8.)

KERR, SOPHIE. (*Cont.*)
Négligé. S. E. P. Mar. 3, '28. (8.)
Riches in Résumé. W. H. C. Aug., '27. (26.)
Sables. Col. Aug. 13, '27. (23.)
*Visit. C. G. Oct., '27. (22.)

KESCEL, J. T.
New Marshal's Way. Pict. R. Aug., '27. (16.)

KILBOURNE, FANNIE.
As Much True Happiness. W. H. C. Jan., '28. (7.)
Bloom on the Peach. W. H. C. May, '28. (13.)
Claire and the Dangerous Man. S. E. P. Oct. 15, '27. (20.)
Dot Tries to Help "Poor Mattie Coates." Am. Jun., '28. (48.)
". . . Loved I Not Honor More." Am. Mar., '28. (50.)
Married Man's Job. S. E. P. Aug. 20, '27. (16.)
Rosie Merton Takes a Brace. Am. Sept., '27. (46.)
Sauce for the Goose. Am. Apr., '28. (28.) ['28. (38.)
Song at Midnight—. Am. Jan., '28. (50.)
There's a Great Difference in Women. S. E. P. Jan. 21, '28. (26.)

KINGSTON, THOMAS.
Use 'Em—and Lose 'Em. Chic. Trib. May 27, '28.

KIRK, R. G.
Hrvatski Harlequin. S. E. P. Aug. 6, '27. (12.)
Sex Story—Male. S. E. P. Nov. 12, '27. (18.)
Watchman. S. E. P. Sept. 3, '27. (8.)

KIRK, VICTORINE.
Wedding Bouquet. McCall. Jun., '28. (16.)

KIRKHAM, STANTON DAVIS.
*Maya. (*R.*) Strat. Aug., '27. (17.)

KIRKLAND, WINIFRED.
*In the Middle of the Night. Y. C. May, '28. (102:220.)
*Tony's Turn. Y. C. Sept., '27. (101:583.)

KNAPP, MARTIN.
*Experience. C. G. Apr., '28. (20.)

KNIGHT, GLADYS.
Christ Child Walks Again. Cath. W. Dec., '27. (126:340.)

KOLL, MELANIE.
Rich Man—Poor Man. Red Bk. Nov., '27. (58.)

KOMROFF, MANUEL.
***Apple-Tree Sage. McC. Dec., '27. (58.)

KRAMER, ANNE KULIQUE.
*Penny Candy. Am. H. May 4, '28. (122:974.)

KROLL, HARRY HARRISON.
**Nails. Mid. Sept., '27. (13:236.)

KUTNER, NANETTE.
Call Me Max. G. H. May, '28. (46.)
This Is the Life. Cos. Mar., '28. (78.)

KYNE, PETER B.
All for Love. Cos. Jun., '28. (52.)
At the Top of the Mast. (*R.*) Gol. Nov., '27. (6:618.)
Bread Upon the Waters. Cos. Aug., '27. (70.)
Golden Heart. Col. Jan. 7, '28. (5.)
Nobody's Fool. Col. Apr. 14, '28. (5.)
Promoting Patricio. Col. Mar. 24, '28. (5.)
Soldier Sleep. Col. Oct. 1, '27. (5.)
Way of a Maid. Col. Feb. 25, '28. (5.)

L

LAMB, HAROLD.
Red Cock Crows. Col. Jun. 9, '28. (12.)

LAMBERT, REITA.
Clipped Wings. Del. Feb., '28. (8.) Mar., '28. (16.)

LANE, D. R.
By-Hecker. Sun. Aug., '27. (20.)
Clean Sharp Sand. Sun. Jan., '28. (32.)

LANE, ROSE WILDER.
**And on Earth Peace, Good Will. C. G. Dec., '27. (13.)

LAPE, FREDERICK H.
In Time of Need. MacL. Jun. 1, '28. (6.)

LARDNER, RING W.
***Anniversary. Cos. Jan., '28. (56.)
*Liberty Hall. Cos. Mar., '28. (64.)
*Man Not Overboard. Cos. Nov., '27. (50.)
*Mr. Frisbie. Cos. Jun., '28. (42.)
**Nora. Cos. Feb., '28. (36.)
*There Are Smiles. Cos. Apr., '28. (32.)

LARDNER, RING W. (*Cont.*)
**Venomous Viper of the Volga. Cos. Sept., '27. (52.)
LARSSON, GENEVIEVE.
*Mary Justine and the Gentle One. Cen. Dec., '27. (115:235.)
LARSSON, R. ELLSWORTH.
Horses in Mist. Transit. Aug., '27. (74.)
LATIMER, MARGERY.
***Nellie Bloom. Book. (N. Y.) Nov., '27. (66:225.)
LAURISTON, VICTOR.
Turn in the Road. MacL. Mar. 15, '28. (15.)
LE ROSSIGNOL, J. E.
*Cousin Lothar. Pr. S. Winter, '28. (2:45.)
LE SUEUR, MERIDEL.
***Afternoon. Dial. May, '28. (84:386.)
***Golden Sun. Echo. Oct., '27. (8.)
***Laundress. A. Merc. Sept., '27. (12:98.)
LEA, FANNY HEASLIP.
Expert Testimony. Red Bk. Nov., '27. (38.)
Galahad Himself. S. E. P. Mar. 31, '28. (8.)
Honor. Red Bk. Dec., '27. (48.)
In a Dark House. G. H. May, '28. (58.)
Land Where You Are Not. G. H. Jan., '28. (14.)
None So Blind. S. E. P. Mar. 17, '28. (6.)
Not a New Story. S. E. P. Jun. 23, '28. (12.)
Please Forward. G. H. Oct., '27. (14.)
Tourists Accommodated. G. H. Aug., '27. (32.)
Wild-Goose Chase. S. E. P. Jan. 7, '28. (6.)
LEACH, A. R.
*Old Master—Unknown. Harp. M. Jan., '28. (156:199.)
LEAKE, GRACE HILLERY.
*Australia—Ho! Hol. Nov., '27. (7.)
LEAMY, EDMUND.
Colonel's Son. Col. Jun. 30, '28. (11.)
Decoration. Col. Apr. 28, '28. (17.)
LEONARD, GEORGE B.
Prostitute. Transit. Oct., '27. (57.)
LESTER, ALFRED.
Million in Gold. Col. Mar. 10, '28. (14.)
LEVIEN, SONYA.
Doubling in Love. Chic. Trib. Dec. 18, '27.
LEWIS, SINCLAIR.
**Man Who Knew Coolidge. A. Merc. Jan., '28. (13:1.)
LEWISOHN, LUDWIG.
***Pained Lady. Transit. Jun., '28. (221.)
LHEVINNE, ISADORE.
*Great Music. Am. H. Dec. 30, '27. (122:283.)
*Minor Prophet. J. T. Sept. 23, '27. (10.)
*Portrait of an Artist's Wife. Am. H. Aug. 5, '27. (121:418.)
LICHTENSTEIN, VERNON.
**Morning in June. Mid. May–Jun., '28. (14:139.)
LIEBERMAN, ELIAS.
*Thousand Years in Thy Sight. Am. H. Apr. 6, '28. (122:780.)
LINCOLN, FREEMAN.
No Balm. G. H. Feb., '28. (20.)
No, Not Fifty Cents. L. H. J. May, '28. (5.)
One Little Peek. G. H. Dec., '27. (38.)
LINCOLN, JOSEPH C.
*Middleman. L. H. J. Jan., '28. (8.)
*Question of Title. L. H. J. Nov., '27. (6.)
*Sandwich Overlay. C. G. Jan., '28. (6.)
LLOYD, BEATRIX DEMAREST.
And Other Valuable Considerations. S. E. P. Mar. 17, '28. (24.)
Fair Large Ears of Gentle Joy. S. E. P. Sept. 17, '27. (20.)
Tidiness in the Affairs of Mr. Tracy. S. E. P. Aug. 27, '27. (38.)
LOGAN, JAMES T.
*Lawrence Avenue. Opp. Aug., '27. (5:232.)
LOGGINS, VERNON.
**"Neber Said a Mumblin' Word." Opp. Apr., '28. (6:106.)
LONGSTRETH, T. MORRIS.
Finding of Fitzgerald. Cen. Oct., '27. (114:745.)
LOVECRAFT, H. P.
***Color Out of Space. Am. St. Sept., '27. (2:556.)

LOVELACE, DELOS W.
Detour No. 1. C. G. Mar., '28. (6.)
Dishpan. C. G. Sept., '27. (13.)
*Fussbudget! Am. Feb., '28. (38.)
*Proud Old Rooster. Am. Mar., '28. (10.)
Sleeping Cold. S. E. P. Feb. 25, '28. (12.)
*Yes, Ma'am! C. G. May, '28. (12.)

LOWE, ARTHUR.
*Crusader. MacL. Jan. 1, '28. (20.)
Lee Farrell—Bandit. MacL. Mar. 15, '28. (12.)

LUCE, PHILIP WINTER.
Patent Insides. MacL. Sept. 1, '27. (8.)

LUGRIN, N. DE BERTRAND.
Have You Seen Ann? MacL. Sept. 1, '27. (16.)
On the Companionway. MacL. Nov. 1, '27. (16.)

LUHRS, MARIE.
**Circle of Futility. Am. H. Jun. 1, '28. (123:102.)
*Stuffed Geese. J. T. Jun. 29, '28. (6.)

LUMPKIN, GRACE.
God Put Another One In. N. Mass. Apr., '28. (5.)
**White Man. N. Mass. Sept., '27. (7.)

LYMAN, CHESTER L.
Cele's Budget. C. G. Jun., '28. (6.)

LYON, HARRIS MERTON.
***$448.00. (*R.*) Gol. May, '28. (7:611.)

M

MABIE, LOUISE KENNEDY.
Flashlight Service. G. H. Nov., '27. (46.)
Hungry, Thirsty, Far From Home. S. E. P. Jun. 9, '28. (20.)
Silver. L. H. J. Oct., '27. (26.)

MCCALLUM, MELLA RUSSELL.
**Just a Minute. Col. Dec. 3, '27. (17.)
**Taming of a Wild Oat. For. Oct., '27. (78:562.)

MCCORMICK, ADA P.
Scandalous Funeral. Cath. W. Nov., '27. (126:192.)

MCCORMICK, LOIS TYSON.
Flame. Sun. Mar., '28. (18.)

MCCULLOCH, F. H.
Aunt Car'line's Mission. McCall. Nov., '27. (20.)

MACDONALD, EDWINA.
Crooked Angel. Chic. Trib. Oct. 16, '27.

MACDONALD, KATHERINE C.
*Martyrdom of St. Alban. Cath. W. Nov., '27. (126:224.)

MACDONALD, WARREN A.
Matter of Inches. Opp. Feb., '28. (6:40.)

MACDOUGALL, SALLY.
***Wild Music. Harp. M. Sept., '27 (155:440.)

MCEVOY, J. P.
Horatius of the Traffic Squad. Red Bk. Dec., '27. (78.)
Mark Antony at the Mike. Red Bk. Feb., '28. (70.)

MCFARLANE, LESLIE.
***Root-House. MacL. Nov. 1, '27. (3.)
*Sentimental Pilgrim. MacL. Mar. 1, '28. (10.)

MACGRATH, HAROLD.
Beautiful Bullet. Red Bk. Nov., '27. (88.) (82:544.)

MCINTYRE, JOHN.
Dusting. Scr. Nov., '27.

MCKEE, JOSEPH.
Remembered. Tan. Mar., '28. (18.)

MCKENNA, EDWARD L.
***Ariel. McC. Dec., '27. (17.)
***Battered Armor. McC. Dec., '27. (10.)
**Benny Siegall Steps Out of His Character. McC. Mar., '28. (24.)
*Canary Bird. Ev. May, '28. (24.)
*D'Artagnan of Hose Company No. 6. Adv. Feb. 1, '28. (140.)
**Don Quixote of Tin-Pan Alley. Cos. Sept., '27. (70.)
*Double Exposure. Adv. Mar. 15, '28. (121.)
*Half a Loaf for Hazel. McC. Feb., '28. (28.)
**New Pillars for Samson. Adv. Mar. 1, '28. (76.)
*Night Watch. Adv. Dec. 1, '27. (153.)
***Policy Number Two Billion and Three. McC. Dec., '27. (15.)
***Ranzo, Boys, Ranzo! Adv. Apr. 15, '28. (124.)
*Rendezvous. McC. Apr., '28. (54.)

McKishnie, Archie P.
New Kingdom. MacL. Dec. 15, '27. (13.)
McKowan, Evah.
As Parents Go. MacL. Jun. 1, '28. (14.)
MacLay, Sallie Sinclair.
*Old John. Frontier. Mar., '28. (8:88.)
McLellan, Howard.
Other Men's Gifts. Col. Jun. 9, '28. (7.)
McMorrow, Thomas.
Gas! S. E. P. Mar. 24, '28. (18.)
Matter of Uhlenhuth. S. E. P. Aug. 13, '27. (18.)
People Against Brown. S. E. P. Apr. 7, '28. (18.)
People Against Heywood. S. E. P. Sept. 3, '27. (20.)
People Against Meade. S. E. P. Nov. 19, '27. (26.)
People versus Devine. S. E. P. Sept. 24, '27. (24.)
McNutt, William Slavens.
Blown Smoke. Red Bk. Apr., '28. (42.)
Cigarette Money. Red Bk. May, '28. (87.)
Delayed Fuse. Col. Jan. 28, '28. (17.)
Friendship. Ly. Mar. 3, '28. (21.)
Price of Scotch. Col. Nov. 19, '27. (5.)
Yoohoo! S. E. P. Jun. 23, '28. (14.)
Macrae, J. E.
Liverpool's Girl. W. H. C. Apr., '28. (20.)
Macumber, Marie.
*Old Potato Face. Pr. S. Winter, '28. (2:29.)
Mahin, John Lee, Jr.
Yo-Ho-Ho, and a Bottle. L. H. J. Feb., '28. (28.)
Maier, John, Jr.
*Man Who Was Afraid. Y. C. Dec., '27. (101:751.)
Mallet, Thierry.
*When the Caribou Failed. Atl. Mar., '28. (141:378.)
Mannheim, Ralph.
Catherine Bozza's Pencil. Transit. Dec., '27. (94.)
**Lustgarten and Christkind. Transit. Jun., '28. (179.)
Markey, Corinne Harris.
**Jasmin Lee. Pep. Sept., '27. (6.)
Markey, Gene. (*See also* Janis, Elsie, *and* Markey, Gene.)
Paradox Lost. Harp. B. Jan., '28. (144.)
Road to Rouen. Harp. B. May, '28. (80.)
Marks, Percy.
***Sane Hands. Ly. Aug. 13, '27. (57.)
Marquand, J. P.
*As the Case May Be. S. E. P. Jun. 16, '28. (6.)
***Harvard Square Student. S. E. P. Dec. 10, '27. (8.)
*Last of the Tories. S. E. P. Mar. 24, '28. (12.)
Marquis, Don.
Escaping Burglar. Col. May 12, '28. (22.)
***Flea, the Pup, and the Millennium. Scr. Dec., '27. (82:643.)
*Getting a Show On. S. E. P. Jun. 9, '28. (14.)
Glass Eater. For. Feb., '28. (79:211.)
If I Hadn't Married You. Col. Dec. 31, '27. (13.)
***Keeper of Tradition. Scr. Aug., '27. (82:131.)
*Love of a Loafer. Cos. Sept., '27. (94.) [(31.)
Mean Joke. Col. Jun. 23, '28.
No More Parties. Col. Mar. 24, '28. (13.)
*O'Meara, the "Mayflower"—and Mrs. MacLirr. Scr. Jan., '28. (83:33.)
*Private Life of Napoleon. Cos. Aug., '27. (102.)
"Thar's Gold in Them Hills!" Col. Jan. 7, '28. (17.)
We Juliets. Col. May 5, '28. (12.)
Marzoni, Pettersen.
Aye, Aye, Sir. G. H. Aug., '27. (40.)
Companion-Way. G. H. Jan., '28. (66.)
Leave-Taking. G. H. Sept., '27. (26.)
Mason, Grace Sartwell.
Girl on the Stairs. S. E. P. Aug. 27, '27. (18.)
Mathes, Hodge.
Birdeye the Bloodthirsty. C. G. Jun., '28. (14.)
Mauck, Hilda.
**Alone with Emily. Tan. May, '28. (7.)
Leah Turns Highbrow. Scr. Aug., '27. (82:190.)

MEANS, E. K.
*Buck Stone. Mun. Sept., '27. (91:642.)
*For President—Skeeter Butts. Mun. Jun., '28. (94:55.)
*Gift Garments. Mun. Aug., '27. (91:457.)
*Graveyard Club. Mun. Oct., '27. (92:46.)
*Great Tickfall Cotton Gamble. Mun. Dec., '27. (92:432.)
*Hot One. Mun. Nov., '27. (92:237.)
*Matrimonial Finals. Mun. May, '28. (93:641.)
*Matrimonial Fixer. Mun. Feb., '28. (93:29.)
*Royal Road to Fortune. Mun. Mar., '28. (93:252.)
*Slaughter in the Smoke House. Mun. Apr., '28. (93:432.)
*Way of a Witness. Mun. Jan., '28. (92:615.)

MERCEIN, ELEANOR.
Clarissa Consoles Herself. Pict. R. Apr., '28. (18.)
Fellow Chaperons. S. E. P. Sept. 3, '27. (14.)
Modo Correcto. S. E. P. Apr. 21, '28. (8.)
*Nostalgia. S. E. P. Aug. 13, '27. (5.)

MERIWETHER, SUSAN.
Lace-Paper. Pict. R. Feb., '28. (39.)

MERRILL, KENNETH GRIGGS.
*"They Stand, Those Halls . . ." Scr. Dec., '27. (82:672.)

MERWIN, SAMUEL.
Guns and a Girl. L. H. J. Oct., '27. (6.)
Morning Star. Col. Aug. 27, '27. (5.)
This World's a Stage. Col. May 12, '28. (5.)

MICHENER, CARROLL K.
*Purple Monkey. Adv. Nov. 1, '27. (151.)
*Uncle Nng and the Golden Pheasant. Hol. Sept., '27. (10.)
*Uncle Nng and the Pale Blue Dog. Adv. Nov. 15, '27. (112.)

MIELL, FRANK.
Robot Gus. MacL. May 15, '28. (21.)

MILLER, ALICE DUER.
Devoted Men. W. H. C. Nov., '27. (10.)

MILLER, RUTH SCOTT.
Jazz Enthroned. L. H. J. Sept., '27. (16.)

MILLIGAN, SARAH FLETCHER.
"And Light You Up Your Candles!" Sun. Dec., '27. (9.)

MITCHELL, JOHN.
Renunciation. Transit. Oct., '27. (75.)

MITCHELL, RUTH COMFORT.
Cruise of the Bookmobile. W. H. C. Feb., '28. (22.)
His Wife Could Eat No Lean. L. H. J. Apr., '28. (6.)
I Had a Little Husband. W. H. C. Dec., '27. (31.)

MONTAGUE, MARGARET PRESCOTT.
***Hog's Eye and Human. For. Aug., '27. (78:190.)
**Silence. Atl. Nov., '27. (140:589.)
***World's Funny Bone. Atl. Sept., '27. (140:327.)

MONTROSS, LOIS SEYSTER.
Green Periwig. Col. Mar. 3, '28. (14.)
Honeymoon Eclipse. L. H. J. Jun., '28. (8.)
Please Excuse Velma. Pict. R. May, '28. (20.)

MONTROSS, LYNN.
Don't Be Vulgar. Col. Jun. 2, '28. (5.)
Ladder to God. Col. Sept. 17, '27. (21.)
Vulgar Boatmen. Col. Aug. 13, '27. (10.)

MORLEY, CHRISTOPHER.
*Ferdinand and the Taste for Cheese. For. Nov., '27. (78:703.)
*Pilot Light. St. Nich. Nov., '27. (55:8.)
*Story of Louise's Garden. St. Nich. Oct., '27. (54:946.)

MORRIS, GOUVERNEUR.
Cinderella's Husband. Cos. Sept., '27. (56.)
Many Mansions. Harp. B. Oct., '27. (109.)

MORRISON, LAURA.
***Little Lee's Wife. Over. Jun., '28. (86:178.)

MORROW, HONORE WILLSIE.
*Tad Lincoln's Spy. Cos. Mar., '28. (32.)

MORROW, SUSAN. *See* "CARLETON, S."

MOUNTJOY, M. W.
**Up Near Tawas. Harp. M. Nov., '27. (155:728.)

MUIR, NORMA PHILLIPS.
Root Soil. MacL. Dec. 15, '27. (14.)

MULHERN, ALICE WADE.
*Next to Godliness. Com. Jun. 27, '28. (8:213.)
MULLENS, A. RAYMOND.
Bringing Home the Sheaves. MacL. Aug. 1, '27. (14.)
MUMFORD, ETHEL WATTS.
In the Blood. Del. Mar., '28. (10.)
MUNSON, EDWARD L.
East Is East. Sun. Nov., '27. (30.)
MUNYAN, ARTHUR T.
Miss Varick's Husband. Chic. Trib. Feb. 12, '28.
MYGATT, GERALD.
Dexter's Diamonds. Pict. R. Sept., '27. (30.)
If They Parallel the Life Line. S. E. P. Oct. 1, '27. (6.)
No-Man. G. H. Feb., '28. (80.)
Unalienable. S. E. P. May 19, '28. (18.)

N

NASON, LEONARD H.
"For One Dollar and —." S. E. P. Dec. 3, '27. (10.)
Gun in the Archway. S. E. P. Feb. 11, '28. (8.)
*Hungry Battalion. S. E. P. Oct. 15, '27. (12.)
*Narrow Waters. S. E. P. Apr. 14, '28. (3.)
Old Man of the Sea. S. E. P. Nov. 19, '27. (16.)
*Road Through Cheppy. Adv. Oct. 15, '27. (2.)
*Ships of the Line. S. E. P. Jan. 14, '28. (14.)
*Unterseeboot. S. E. P. Sept. 10, '27. (10.)
NATHAN, EMILY S.
*Tornado. Outs. May, '28. (5.)
NEIDIG, WILLIAM J.
Last of These. S. E. P. Apr. 14, '28. (12.) [(18.)
Pursuit. S. E. P. Mar. 10, '28.
NEWITT, HENRY R.
Last Laugh. L. H. J. Mar., '28. (24.)
NILES, JOHN J.
Hill Billies. Scr. Nov., '27. (82:601.)
NORRIS, KATHLEEN.
At Thirty-five. Cos. Dec., '27. (38.)
Complete Letter Writer. Cos. May, '28. (36.)
Foolish Virgin. W. H. C. Apr., '28. (24.)
NORTH, STERLING.
*Creek. Dial. Jun., '28. (84:479.)
NOYES, NEWBOLD.
Even Stephen. McCall. Sept., '27. (10.)
NUHN, FERNER.
Millennium. A. Merc. Jun., '28. (14:177.)
**Ten. A. Merc. Dec., '27. (12:467.)

O

O'BRIEN, FREDERICK.
*Emeralds of Bogotá. Red Bk. Aug., '27. (63.)
O'BRIEN, SEUMAS.
***Lady of the White Horse. Cath. W. Oct., '27. (126:92.)
***Well of Truth. Cath. W. Oct., '27. (126:90.)
ODDIE, CARLOTTA.
Orchids Every Day. Sun. Mar., '28. (11.)
OGILVIE, PAUL.
Watered Stock. MacL. May 1, '28. (14.)
O'HAGAN, ANNE.
Time's Whirligig and Theodora. Chic. Trib. Jan. 15, '28.
OLIVER, DOUGLAS.
Miracle. MacL. Nov. 1, '27. (12.)
OLIVER, JENNIE HARRIS.
Bridge of Lies. G. H. Jan., '28. (32.)
Dragon's Last Tooth. G. H. Mar., '28. (84.)
*Woman. W. W. Oct., '27. (7.)
O'NEIL, MARK.
Brantland Heir. Col. Mar. 17, '28. (15.)
Dallam Affair. Col. Jan. 14, '28. (29.)
Last Leg. Col. Apr. 14, '28. (35.)
Red Room. Col. Mar. 3, '28. (26.)
O'NEILL, ROSE.
*Worshipping Freddie. Cos. Jun., '28. (90.)
OPPENHEIM, JAMES.
*Captain's Daughter. W. W. Mar., '28. (6.)
O'REILLY, EDWARD S.
Rainbow's End. Pict. R. Dec., '27. (27.)
O'REILLY, NAN.
***Trappings of Woe. Cath. W. Jan., '28. (126:477.)

OSTERN, FLORENCE.
Uncivil Engineer. L. H. J. Mar., '28. (12.)
O'SULLIVAN, VINCENT.
***Kaidenov. Dub. M. Oct.–Dec., '27. (23.)

P

PADDOCK, CHARLEY.
Little Johnny Sokilow. Ly. Dec. 31, '27. (28.)
PAGE, FLORENCE. *See* JACQUES, FLORENCE PAGE.
PAINTER, RICHARD LELAND.
Step of Tears. Strat. Apr., '28. (17.)
PARADISE, VIOLA.
Third Task. Harp. B. Mar., '28. (172.)
Wild West. Pict. R. Apr., '28. (17.)
PARKER, AUSTIN.
Blandings. S. E. P. May 26, '28. (18.)
Poor But Proud. S. E. P. Feb. 4, '28. (12.)
Stormy. S. E. P. Sept. 24, '27. (8.)
PARKER, DOROTHY.
***Telephone Call. Book. (N. Y.) Jan., '28. (66:481.)
PARKER, MAUDE.
Love. S. E. P. Apr. 14, '28. (41.)
PARMENTER, CHRISTINE WHITING.
Derelict. Cath. W. May, '28. (127:194.)
PARSONS, CHAUNCEY LYMAN.
*Cloistered Retreat. Atl. Apr., '28. (141:516.)
PASCAL, ERNEST.
*Broom of Life. Red Bk. Aug., '27. (81.)
PATTERSON, FRANCES TAYLOR.
***Ghostways. Scr. Dec., '27 (82:742.)
PATTERSON, NORMA.
Soldiers All. G. H. Jan., '28. (38.)
Walls. Del. Apr., '28. (28.)
PATTULLO, GEORGE.
Can't Keep a Good Man Down. S. E. P. Jan. 28, '28. (8.)
Handicaps. S. E. P. Aug. 20, '27. (18.)
Jim's Cow. S. E. P. Dec. 24, '27. (12.)
PAUL, ELLIOT.
Enharmonics. Transit. Sept., '27. (40.)
No. 4 Commercial Street. Transit. Oct., '27. (85.)
Rondo. Transit. Aug., '27. (61.)
States of Sea. Transit. Jan., '28. (30.)
"PAUL, L."
***Code. Adv. Nov. 15, '27. (98.)
***Fences. Adv. Dec. 15, '27. (147.)
*Grubstaked. Sh. St. Aug. 10, '27. (82.)
PAXTON, TACY STOKES.
***Tellings. Atl. Dec., '27. (140:799.)
PAYNE, ELIZABETH STANCY.
Candle on the Prairie. C. G. Dec., '27. (8.)
PAYNTER, ERNEST.
Señorita's Kids. Sun. Aug., '27. (9.)
PEARSON, LORENE.
**Key to the World. Pr. S. Spring, '28. (2:122.)
PEASE, CLIFTON.
Camp Cook. MacL. Sept. 15, '27. (11.)
PEATTIE, DONALD, *and* LOUISE.
Dove and Falcon. L. H. J. Mar., '28. (10.)
Plutarch's Lives. L. H. J. Nov., '27. (19.)
*Saga of Sigurd and the Lemmings. St. Nich. Nov., '27. (55:3.)
*Sword and Plowshare. Am. B. May, '28. (11.)
PEATTIE, LOUISE REDFIELD.
Binny Goes to the Stake. L. H. J. Aug., '27. (22.)
PEAVEY, HARRIS BOOGE.
Baby Picture. MacL. Dec. 15, '27. (8.)
PELLEY, WILLIAM DUDLEY.
*Ask Any Father. Am. Dec., '27. (20.)
Assassin. Red Bk. Feb., '28. (44.)
Magic Carpet. Col. Apr. 21, '28. (10.)
You've Got to Know Life. Col. Mar. 24, '28. (17.)
PERRY, ARMSTRONG.
Forced Landing. Ly. Jun. 30, '28. (7.)
PERRY, LAWRENCE.
Aunt Mim. Chic. Trib. Dec. 11, '27.
Big Business. Col. Sept. 3, '27. (10.)
Knockout. Red Bk. Oct., '27. (65.)

PERRY, LAWRENCE. (*Cont.*)
Straight-Arm Stuff. Col. Nov. 5, '27. (20.)
PERRY, MONTANYE.
*Lily. McCall. Apr., '28. (20.)
**Out of Sight 'n' Sound of the Sea. For. Dec., '27. (78:897.)
PETERKIN, DOROTHY JOHNSON.
Happy Valley. Frontier. Nov., '27. (8:39.)
PETERKIN, JULIA.
***Proudful Fellow. Cen. May. '28. (116:12.)
PHILLIPS, DOROTHY SANBURN.
Her Husband's Son. Am. Mar., '28. (38.)
PHILLIPS, ETHEL CALVERT.
Brownie Who Found Christmas. L. H. J. Dec., '27. (8.)
PHILLIPS, HENRY WALLACE.
Amok Beat. Ly. Dec. 3, '27. (51.)
**Judgment Reversed. (*R.*) Gol. Jan., '28. (7:119.)
*Lion's Skin. (*R.*) Gol. Mar., '28. (7:339.)
PHILLIPS, TERESA HYDE.
Leave It to Spring. Chic. Trib. Apr. 8, '28.
PLATT, DAVID.
*World of Rhadaman. Fig. Nov., '27. (26.)
POE, EDGAR ALLAN.
*Thousand-and-Second Tale of Scheherezade. (*R.*) Gol. Feb., '28. (7:224.) Am. St. May, '28. (3:126.)
POOLE, ERNEST.
*Dream Ships. Cos. Sept., '27. (76.)
Edgar Ain't Wuth It. Col. Dec. 10, '27. (20.)
*Fire Warden. Col. Oct. 8, '27. (14.)
Mrs. O'Donohue's House of God. Harp. B. May, '28. (73.)
*Remembering Eye. Col. Dec. 3, '27. (20.)
*Sailing at Dawn. Col. Dec. 31, '27. (17.)
*Silver Wings. Col. Oct. 1, '27. (24.)
*Wild as a Hawk. Cos. Oct., '27. (72.)
POOR, ERNEST.
Aubade. Fig. May, '28. (26.)
PORTER, KATHERINE ANNE.
**He. N. Mass. Oct., '27. (13.)
*Magic. Transit. Jun., '28. (229.)
POST, MELVILLE DAVISSON.
*Colonel Braxton Chooses a Client. Am. Apr., '28. (20.)
***Dark Night. C. G. Nov., '27. (6.)
***God of the Hills. C. G. Sept., '27. (6.)
*Great Cipher. (*R.*) Gol. May, '28. (7:589.)
***Mystery at Hillhouse. C. G. May, '28. (3.)
POWELL, DAWN.
Elegy. Transit. Nov., '27. (55.)
PUTNAM, NINA WILCOX.
Genteel Employment Wanted. S. E. P. Apr. 21, '28. (22.)
Miss Smilk Gets $1.25 a Day. S. E. P. May 5, '28. (12.)
New York to Yonkers in a Day. S. E. P. Dec. 17, '27. (14.)
Romance vs. Real Estate. Cos. Dec., '27. (62.)
Two Weeks at the Shore. S. E. P. Dec. 31, '27. (8.)
Visit to the Family. S. E. P. Oct. 22, '27. (16.)

R

RADDALL, THOMAS H.
Three Wise Men. MacL. Apr. 1, '28. (6.)
RAINE, NORMAN REILLY.
Blood Feud. S. E. P. Nov. 5, '27. (20.)
Funky Villiers. MacL. Nov. 15, '27. (5.)
Little Things. MacL. Aug. 1, '27. (8.)
*Stone House. MacL. Apr. 1, '28. (16.)
What'll You Bet? MacL. Jan. 15, '28. (15.)
RARIG, FRANCES HULBERT.
*Pop's Ploughing. Atl. Feb., '28. (141:240.)
RAY, MARIE BEYNON.
Just His Little Hobby. Col. Jun. 9, '28. (22.)
RAYMOND, CLIFFORD.
Mr. Peachpit Begins His Autobiography. Ly. Feb. 18, '28. (33.)
RAYNER, GEORGE T.
***Life and Death on Ninety-fifth Street. Mid. Mar.–Apr., '28. (14:81.)
RAYNER, MARTA.
When Signs Fail. Sun. Oct., '27. (9.)
REDMAN, BEN RAY.
Down in Flames. MacL. Apr. 1, '28. (6.)

REDMAN, BEN RAY. (*Cont.*)
Secret Sorrow. Del. Jun., '28. (26.)
Twenty Quid. Scr. Jun., '28. (83:710.)

REDPATH, BEATRICE.
Cupid Laughs. MacL. Dec. 1, '27. (8.)
We Must Be Kind to Marcia. MacL. Aug. 1, '27. (6.)

REDPATH, WILLIAM.
Endymion. MacL. Feb. 1, '28. (8.)
Love in a Hurry. MacL. Aug. 15, '27. (10.)

REZNIKOFF, CHARLES.
Apocrypha. Men. J. Feb., '28. (14:163.)

RICE, ELMER L.
Conscience. Col. Feb. 11, '28. (11.)

RICH, H. THOMPSON.
Bungalow by Mail. Col. Mar. 3, '28. (22.)

RICHARDSON, EUDORA RAMSAY.
Men Are Like That. L. H. J. May, '28. (29.)

RICHARDSON, NORVAL.
Day Out of Dark. Ly. Jan. 14, '28. (40.)

RIDENOUR, RUTH.
Little Things. Ly. Oct. 29, '27. (49.)

RIDING, LAURA.
*In a Café. Transit. Oct., '27. (31.)

RITCEY, NORMAN.
Beyond. MacL. Feb. 15, '28. (23.)

RITCHIE, ROBERT WELLES.
Will to Love. Red Bk. Aug., '27. (98.)

ROBERTS, CHARLES G. D.
*Lone Clearing. Ev. Dec., '27. (167.)

ROBERTS, ELIZABETH MADOX.
***On the Mountain-Side. A. Merc. Aug., '27. (11:459.)

ROBERTS, LESLIE M.
"Idiot's Incrasy." MacL. Dec. 1, '27. (16.)

ROBERTSON, FRANK FREDERICK.
Ring-Maker. MacL. Aug. 15, '27. (6.)

ROBIN, MAX.
***Nostalgia. Men. J. Nov., '27. (13:487.)

ROBINSON, HENRY MORTON.
**Guggy. Cen. Nov., '27. (115:13.)

ROBINSON, STEWART.
Greener Than Emeralds. MacL. Jun. 1, '28. (10.)

ROCHE, ARTHUR SOMERS.
Give Them What They Want. Ly. Jan. 28, '28. (11.)
Happiness. Cos. Jun., '28. (94.)
Hard Boiled. Cos. Nov., '27. (44.)
Market Price. Ly. Dec. 17, '27. (43.)
Silk Stockings. Cos. Oct., '27. (92.)
Stop Thief! Cos. Aug., '27. (64.)
Success. Ly. Nov. 12, '27. (12.)
What He Needed Was Trouble. Cos. Dec., '27. (90.)
You Can't Find the Answer in Books. Cos. Sept., '27. (102.)
Young Love. Col. Dec. 3, '27. (5.)

"RODSON, MARK." *See* CALVERTON, V. H.

ROE, VINGIE E.
Candles of the Lord. McCall. Oct., '27. (18.)
Doc Virginia. McCall. Aug., '27. (13.)
Painted Runner. Pict. R. Mar., '28. (22.)

ROOSEVELT, THEODORE.
Jones. Ly. Nov. 12, '27. (65.)
"Steward, Four More of the Same." Scr. May, '28. (83:615.)

ROSE, RUTH.
Trade Wind. L. H. J. Nov., '27. (16.)

ROSENBERG, ALLAN R.
**Tears for the Coward. H. H. Jun., '28. (1:328.)

ROSS, M. G.
Open Door. MacL. Jan. 15, '28. (12.)

ROSS, MARY LOWREY.
Alfred the Great. S. E. P. Dec. 3, '27. (5.)
Delilah. S. E. P. Jun. 16, '28. (16.)

ROTHMAN, MAURICE.
*Dream. W. T. Dec., '27. (10:813.)

ROUSE, WILLIAM MERRIAM.
*Trail of Courage. Mun. Aug., '27. (91:550.)

RUSSELL, JOHN.
Jetsam. (*R.*) Gol. Sept., '27. (6:309.)

RUTLEDGE, JOSEPH LISTER.
**Street. MacL. Jan. 15, '28. (6.)

RUTLEDGE, MARYSE.
Ancestors While You Wait. Col. Mar. 31, '28. (16.)
RYAN, STELLA.
***Top Gallant. Pict. R. Oct., '27. (7.)
***Youth Walks Under the Willows. Pict. R. May, '28. (22.)

S

SAGE, ROBERT.
Common Denominator. Transit. Nov., '27. (36.)
ST. JOHNS, ADELA ROGERS.
Rich Man's Game. Cos. Oct., '27. (54.)
SALVERSON, LAURA GOODMAN.
Alabaster Box. MacL. Dec. 15, '27. (3.)
SAMPSON, SHIRLEY.
How Felicity Found Christmas. MacL. Dec. 15, '27. (18.)
Princess Who Was Cross Before Breakfast. MacL. Oct. 15, '27. (11.)
SANBORN, RUTH BURR.
Chances Are All Against You. S. E. P. Nov. 19, '27. (45.)
Errand for Cousin Laura. Col. Nov. 5, '27. (11.)
Nursemaid for Marcus Aurelius. Col. May 12, '28. (14.)
Round Garters. Col. Dec. 24, '27. (15.)
Sally in an Apron. Col. Apr. 28, '28. (12.)
So He Took the $50,000. Col. Oct. 22, '27. (11.)
Susan Is Serious. Col. Feb. 4, '28. (20.)
What Size, Please? Col. Mar. 17, '28. (24.)
SANFORD, WINIFRED.
Fools. W. H. C. Jun., '28. (21.)
Windfall. A. Merc. Jun., '28. (14:225.)
SANGSTER, MARGARET E.
Extra Boy and the Star. G. H. Jun., '28. (58.)
Fifteen Dollars and a Little Change. G. H. Feb., '28. (38.)
Fire of Youth. G. H. Apr., '28. (38.)
Love in Autumn. G. H. Oct., '27. (26.)
Loveliness. G. H. Aug., '27. (46.)
Mother. Del. Apr., '28. (16.)
Reddest Rose Tree. Del. May, '28. (30.)
Thou Shalt Not Kill. Pict. R. Mar., '28. (21.)
SANTEE, ROSS.
One of the Outfit. Red Bk. Aug., '27. (90.)
SASS, HERBERT RAVENEL.
Doom of Awa. Col. Jan. 14, '28. (12.)
Gobbler of Thunderhead. Am. Aug., '27. (29.)
SAUNDERS, JOHN MONK.
Screen Test. V. F. Dec., '27. (87.)
SAUNDERS, LOUISE.
*View from a Hill. Scr. Sept., '27. (82:288.)
SAVELL, MORTON.
Bird in Hand. Chic. Trib. Sept. 18, '27.
Eclat with Complications. Chic. Trib. Mar. 4, '28.
SAVILLE, JANE.
One Little Cheat. W. H. C. Jun., '28. (7.)
SAXON, LYLE.
***Long Furrow. Cen. Oct., '27. (114:688.)
SCHALCK, GERTRUDE.
*Black Madness. S. E. Q. Jun., '28. (58.)
SCHEINER, FRANK.
Old Man Had Four Wives. Men. J. Jun., '28. (14:592.)
SCHISGALL, OSCAR.
Continental Custom. Chic. Trib. May 20, '28.
SCHOLZ, JACKSON.
*As Men Are Judged. Col. Jun. 16, '28. (15.)
SCOGGINS, C. E.
Man Named Carrigan. S. E. P. Feb. 18, '28. (3.)
White Fox. S. E. P. Sept. 17, '27. (3.)
SCOTT, LEROY.
No Questions Asked. Chic. Trib. Mar. 25, '28.
SEALOCK, THELMA W.
**Requital. Pr. S. Oct., '27. (1:248.)
SEARS, ZELDA.
Devices of Désirée. Red Bk. Aug., '27. (75.)
SEAVER, EDWIN.
***Jew. N. Rep. Jan. 25, '28. (53:273.)
Vice President. N. Mass. Feb., '28. (12.)
SEIFERT, SHIRLEY L.
Truly Beautiful. Del. Nov., '27. (10.)

SEIFERT, SHIRLEY L. (*Cont.*)
With His Future Beside Him. Col. Sept. 10, '27. (14.)
SHANNON, MARY.
**Sea Gulls. MacL. Oct. 1, '27. (16.)
SHAW, CHARLES L.
Black Pit. MacL. Apr. 15, '28. (20.)
Gap in the Ripple. MacL. Feb. 1, '28. (15.)
SHENTON, EDWARD.
Pretty Boy. Col. May 26, '28. (10.)
SHIPP, MARGARET BUSBEE.
Old Stuff. Ly. Nov. 19, '27. (43.)
SHORE, VIOLA BROTHERS.
Hot to Mollie. Ly. Dec. 10, '27. (41.)
Laura Lie. Ly. Dec. 31, '27. (7.)
Notoriety. Red Bk. Sept., '27. (80.)
Stretch of the Imagination. Ly. Oct. 15, '27. (33.)
SHUMWAY, HARRY IRVING.
*Captain Pen Learns Something. Y. C. Jun., '28. (102:276.)
*Fishes Carry Tales. Y. C. Mar., '28. (102:120.)
*Fountain of Youth. Y. C. Feb., '28. (102:68.)
*Pleasure Island. Y. C. Jan., '28. (102:18.)
*Poor Little Rich Island. Y. C. Apr., '28. (102:172.)
*Ship of the Desert. Y. C. May, '28. (102:226.)
SHUTE, HENRY A.
*Plupy Shows a Smiling Face to the World But Has to "Swaller Hard." S. E. P. Nov. 12, '27. (34.)
*Plupy's Father and Mother Entertain a Missionary. S. E. P. Dec. 24, '27. (26.)
*Present of a Talking Parrot Makes Plupy's Life Worth Living. S. E. P. Dec. 3, '27. (39.)
*Special Town Meeting. S. E. P. Mar. 31, '28. (35.)
SIGMUND, JAY G.
*Before the Funeral. Tan. Nov., '27. (13.)
*Day. Dub. T. Aug. 17, '27.
*Merged Blood. Dub. T. May 1, '28.
**Puddles. Dub. T. Oct. 20, '27.
*Tonic. Dub. T. May 10, '28.
SINGER, MARY.
Fathers. G. H. Aug., '27. (78.)
Forgotten Magic. G. H. Apr., '28. (52.)
SINGMASTER, ELSIE.
*Braggart. S. E. P. Dec. 3, '27. (28.)
Deep Pit. S. E. P. Nov. 12, '27. (21.)
*Early Bird. S. E. P. Jun. 16, '28. (36.)
*Finis. Book. (N. Y.) Aug., '27. (65:620.)
*Keys of Heaven. Hol. Jan., '28. (14.)
Lady's Word. L. H. J. Aug., '27. (10.)
My Mister. Pict. R. May, '28. (17.)
**Peasant Blood. S. E. P. Apr. 28, '28. (5.)
Pioneer. Col. Oct. 29, '27. (24.)
*Student of Languages. W. H. C. Oct., '27. (31.)
*World Turned Upside Down. L. H. J. Apr., '28. (22.)
SKEEN, RUTH.
Mock Holiday. N. Mass. Dec., '27. (19.)
SKERRY, FREDERICK.
Moral Kick. Col. Sept. 17, '27. (13.)
Patience. Col. Jun. 2, '28. (24.)
*Portrait of a Gentleman. Cath. W. Nov., '27. (126:163.)
SMITH, ARTHUR COSSLETT.
***Desert. (*R.*) Gol. Jun., '28. (7:725.)
SMITH, BERNARD.
Tonic. Outs. May, '28. (43.)
SMITH, EMILY A.
***Love. Book. (N. Y.) Oct., '27. (66:144.)
SMITH, FAITH ELLEN.
Young Magi. Am. Dec., '27. (30.)
SMITH, GARRET.
Bill Cobb. Fairy Godmother. Col. Apr. 14, '28. (29.)
SOLOMON, LOUIS.
Evening at the Dinskys. Men. J. Mar., '28. (14:310.)
Pincus Steps Out. Men. J. Aug., '27. (13:419.)
SOMERVILLE, A. W.
Authorized by Time-Table. S. E. P. Nov. 26, '27. (16.)
Counterbalance. S. E. P. Dec. 10, '27. (24.)

SOMERVILLE, A. W. (*Cont.*)
Green Rags. S. E. P. Feb. 25, '28. (8.)
High-Class Security. S. E. P. Jun. 30, '28. (18.)
Over the Hump. S. E. P. Apr. 21, '28. (20.)
Sand—and Gravel. S. E. P. Dec. 31, '27. (12.)
Transportation. S. E. P. Sept. 3, '27. (15.)
SPEARE, DOROTHY.
Quarantine. Pict. R. Nov., '27, (12.)
SPEARS, RAYMOND S.
*Bag of Gold Coins. Ev. Oct., '27. (1.)
*Clock for the Saddler. Ev. Oct., '27. (4.)
*Devil of a Joke. Ev. Nov., '27. (143.)
*Tears on a Cowboy's Grave. Ev. Oct., '27. (7.)
*Wrong Kind of a Killing. Ev. Nov., '27. (132.)
SPRINGER, FLETA CAMPBELL.
Late Party. Col. Nov. 19, '27. (28.)
***Young Orchard. Harp. M. May, '28. (156:675.)
SPRINGS, ELLIOTT WHITE.
Æneas Americanus. Ly. Sept. 24, '27. (59.)
Angel-Face. Ly. Jan. 7, '28. (41.)
Cornwallis, We Are Here! Ly. Oct. 29, '27. (31.)
Elephantis. Ly. Jan. 28, '28. (36.)
Fed Up. Ly. Jun. 2, '28. (23.)
5618. Ly. May 19, '28. (31.)
Lost Chord. Ly. Feb. 25, '28. (21.)
9214. Ly. May 26, '28. (63.)
Non-Stop Plight. Ly. Feb. 11, '28. (22.)
SPRINGS, ELLIOTT WHITE, *and* TRAVIS, GUS.
Easy Street—No Parking. Ly. Mar. 31, '28. (33.)
SQUIER, EMMA-LINDSAY.
Bride of the Sacred Well. G. H. Nov., '27. (26.)
Every Day Except Friday. Del. Apr., '28. (26.)
Leopard Queen Smiles. G. H. Mar., '28. (28.)
Man of Honor. Col. May 26, '28. (16.)
Queen's Harp. G. H. May, '28. (28.)
Road of the Glorious Leyendas. G. H. Jan., '28. (20.)
Rosa Amarilla. G. H. Sept., '27. (46.)
Shadowy Lady of Noël. McCall. Dec., '27. (8.)
STANLEY, ELIZABETH.
***Deep Canyons. Atl. Feb., '28. (141:166.)
*Sarah. Harp. B. Apr., '28. (128.)
STARRETT, DEANE W.
*Husband to Spare. Tan. May, '28. (13.)
Our Different Prices. Tan. Sept., '27. (11.)
STEARNS, MYRON M.
Black Coyote. Col. Feb. 25, '28. (23.)
STEELE, WILBUR DANIEL.
***American Comedy. Pict. R. Oct., '27. (9.)
***Lightning. Pict. R. Jun., '28. (23.)
***Man Who Saw Through Heaven. (*R.*) Gol. Mar., '28. (7:293.)
*Mary Drake and Will Todd. Pict. R. Mar., '28. (11.) Apr., '28. (21.)
***Never Anything That Fades. Harp. M. Jun., '28. (157:11.)
***New Deal. Scr. Aug., '27. (82:138.)
***Sooth. Harp. M. Aug., '27. (155:273.)
***Speed. Pict. R. Aug., '27. (14.)
STEFFENS, LINCOLN.
Miserable Merry Christmas. Pict. R. Dec., '27. (20.)
STEVENS, JAMES.
*Jerkline. A. Merc. Mar., '28. (13:335.)
*Occidental's Prodigal. Adv. Apr. 1, '28. (137.)
*Old Warhorse. Adv. Jun. 1, '28. (50.)
*Powder River. Adv. May 1, '28. (61.)
***Romantic Sailor. Frontier. May, '28. (8:161.)
STEVENS, LAIRD.
Beyond the Tunnel. Sun. Jan., '28. (16.)
Salt of the Earth. Sun. Dec., '27. (26.)
STEVENSON, PHILIP EDWARD.
**June Bride. Mid. Jan.–Feb., '28. (14:27.)

STEVENSON, SYLVIA.
Forgotten Wishes. W. H. C. Apr., '28. (18.)
STOKES, HORACE.
True to Form. W. H. C. Nov., '27. (25.)
STOLTZ, RUTH M.
*Aristocrat. Mid. May–Jun., '28. (14:131.)
STONE, ELINORE COWAN.
*All in the Day's Work. Cen. Sept., '27. (114:606.)
*Little Black Box. W. H. C. Jan., '28. (29.)
*No Pumpkin Pies for Reckless Guys. W. H. C. Nov., '27. (29.)
*Viva Oncle Sam. G. H. Oct., '27. (68.)
STONE, GRACE ZARING.
***Mistress Joachim. Atl. Dec., '27. (140:736.)
STREET, JULIAN.
Spirit of Seventy-Six. S. E. P. Oct. 29, '27. (10.)
STURM, JUSTIN.
He Named Her Justice. Chic. Trib. Mar. 18, '28.
Ten Seconds—Not So Flat. Col. Sept. 24, '27. (10.)
Well-Known Secret. Pict. R. Dec., '27. (28.)
SUCKOW, RUTH.
***Good Pals. A. Merc. Oct., '27. (12:211.)
***Little Girl from Town. Harp. M. Aug., '27. (155:327.)
***Midwestern Primitive. Harp. M. Mar., '28. (156:432.)
***Spinster and Cat. Harp. M. Jun., '28. (157:59.)
SUNDERMEYER, CLARENCE.
***World-Gate. Mid. Nov., '27. (13:287.)
SWEATMAN, CONSTANCE TRAVERS.
*Reward. MacL. Jan. 1, '28. (12.)
SWINTON, ALLAN.
Business. MacL. Apr. 15, '28. (3.)
Inevitable Equation. MacL. Feb. 15, '28. (3.)
Mountain Decides. MacL. Oct. 15, '27. (12.)
*Pill-Box. MacL. Mar. 15, '28. (4.)
SYNON, MARY.
*Honey-Bird. Shrine. Dec., '27. (24.)
Kinnikinnick. Chic. Trib. Sept. 25, '27.
*Twenty-second Street. Red Bk. Sept., '27. (94.)
*We Go Back to Ballyquinn. G. H. Sept., '27. (38.)

T

TAGGARD, GENEVIEVE.
Plague. Transit. Aug., '27. (77.)
TARKINGTON, BOOTH.
*Mrs. Bender and Napoleon. W. H. C. Jan., '28. (10.)
TARLETON, FISWOODE.
*Blood. Adv. Oct. 15, '27. (56.)
*Bloody Ground. Ev. May, '28. (44.)
**Holy Laugh. Echo. Mar., '28. (17.)
*Leaven. McC. Feb., '28. (62.)
TAYLOR, FRANCES BEATRICE.
Dogs Do Bark. McCall. Jun., '28. (20.)
TAYLOR, GRAEME.
Deaf-Mute. Transit. Jun., '28. (172.)
TERHUNE, ALBERT PAYSON.
Gray Dawn's Luck. L. H. J. Aug., '27. (16.)
Ishmaelite. Del. Oct., '27. (14.)
Jinx Fancier. L. H. J. Oct., '27. (14.)
Jock. Del. Apr., '28. (19.)
Loot. Col. Aug. 13, '27. (15.)
Matter of Sportsmanship. C. G. Feb., '28. (20.)
Monster. Del. Aug., '27. (10.)
Sark. C. G. Apr., '28. (24.)
Short Cutters. Ly. Aug. 27, '27. (45.)
TERRILL, LUCY STONE.
*As They Are. S. E. P. Oct. 29, '27. (42.)
THOMAS, CHAUNCEY.
*Snow Story. (*R.*) Gol. Apr., '28. (7:437.)
THOMAS, ELISABETH FINLEY. *See* FINLEY-THOMAS, ELISABETH.
THOMAS, LILLIAN BEYNON.
**Five Cents for Luck. Am. Oct., '27. (20.) MacL. Sept. 15, '27. (3.)
THOMASON, JOHN W., JR.
*Killer. Cos. Nov., '27. (72.)
War Dog. Cos. Apr., '28. (58.)
THOMPSON, ELOISE BIBB.
*Masks. Opp. Oct., '27. (5:300.)
THOMSON, CHARLES GOFF.
Booty. Chic. Trib. Oct. 9, '27.
THORPE, MERLE.
Ham Actor. Col. Jan. 14, '28. (23.)

THRELFALL, MERTON S.
You Can't Trust 'Em. MacL. Jun. 15, '28. (18.)
TILDEN, FREEMAN.
Dynamite Embers. S. E. P. May 12, '28. (30.)
***Fishing Miraculous. L. H. J. Aug., '27. (8.)
Hut of the Uncle Tom. S. E. P. Apr. 14, '28. (48.)
Saturday Night and No Beans. S. E. P. Jan. 28, '28. (10.)
TISDALE, FREDERICK.
This Hero Stuff. Ly. Nov. 26, '27. (35.)
TITUS, GRACE HALL.
Mora. Cath. W. Jan., '28. (126:515.)
TITUS, HAROLD.
Brother-in-Law. C. G. May, '28. (15.)
Dee-troit Kid. Am. Apr., '28. (38.)
Freeman's Whale. Am. Oct., '27. (31.)
Gold Is Where You Find It. Am. May, '28. (39.)
TOMPKINS, JULIET WILBOR.
Knowing the Glendowers. Pict. R. Apr., '28. (30.)
Lady Across the Aisle. W. H. C. Dec., '27. (8.)
Millionaire Baby. W. H. C. Apr., '28. (21.)
Under Dog. L. H. J. Jun., '28. (12.)
TOOHEY, JOHN PETER.
Little New Neighbor. Pict. R. Feb., '28. (31.)
TORREY, GRACE.
Good Form. W. H. C. Apr., '28. (15.)
Measure of Damages. W. H. C. May, '28. (29.)
Putnam III. W. H. C. Jan., '28. (14.)
TOWNSEND, EDWARD W.
Descent upon Meadowcrest. Harp. B. Jun., '28. (85.)
TRACY, PAUL E.
*Old Red. Dial. Dec., '27. (83:464.)
TRACY, VERA MARIE.
All the Aprils. Cath. W. Apr., '28. (127:16.)
Somebody Named Peter. Cath. W. Dec., '27. (126:370.)
TRAIN, ARTHUR.
Doodle Bug. S. E. P. Oct. 1, '27. (10.)
Scarecrow. S. E. P. Aug. 6, '27. (16.)
When Tutt Meets Tutt. S. E. P. Sept. 10, '27. (22.)
TRAVIS, GUS. *See* SPRINGS, ELLIOTT WHITE, *and* TRAVIS, GUS.
TRILLING, LIONEL.
***Funeral at the Club, with Lunch. Men. J. Aug., '27. (13:380.)
TRIMBLE, ALBERTA C.
**Ex Nihilo Nihil Fit. MacL. Nov. 15, '27. (8.)
Solitaire. MacL. Feb. 1, '28. (12.)
TROY, WILLIAM.
***Interlude. Fig. Nov., '27. (3.)
**Pariah. Fig. Feb., '28. (10.)
TUCKWELL, RONALD.
Connaught Cup and Rosie. MacL. Aug. 15, '27. (14.)
TULLY, JIM.
**Giver of Life. A. Merc. Jun., '28. (14:154.)
**Jungle Justice. A. Merc. Apr., '28. (13:425.)
*Thieves and Vagabonds. A. Merc. May, '28. (14:18.)
TUPPER, TRISTRAM.
Four Brothers. S. E. P. Apr. 7, '28. (8.)
TURNBULL, AGNES SLIGH.
Hard as Nails. Am. Mar., '28. (20.)
In Her Own Country. Am. Oct., '27. (38.)
Shiner-Up. Am. May, '28. (20.)
TUTTLE, MARGARETTA.
Beloved Wife of ——. L. H. J. Sept., '27. (23.)

U

UELAND, BRENDA.
Great Big Society Sheik. L. H. J. Oct., '27. (12.)
I Mean Marriage Is Terrible. Del. Nov., '27. (12.)
UPSON, WILLIAM HAZLETT.
Big Sales Talk. S. E. P. Apr. 7, '28. (12.)
He Got the Job. S. E. P. May 12, '28. (8.)
I'm a Hard-Boiled Bozo. S. E. P. Sept. 24, '27. (12.)
Indirect Method. S. E. P. Aug. 6, '27. (6.)
No Brains at All. S. E. P. Nov. 12, '27. (11.)
Trouble with the Expense Account. S. E. P. Feb. 25, '28. (6.)

UPSON, WILLIAM HAZLETT. (*Cont.*)
Wonders of Science. S. E. P. Feb. 11, '28. (3.)

V

VAN DE WATER, FREDERIC F.
Blood and Iron. L. H. J. Nov., '27. (12.)
VAN DYKE, HENRY.
Let Us Go Even Unto Bethlehem. Del. Dec., '27. (6.)
VERNEY, FRANK E.
Pearl Dowry. McCall. Mar., '28. (17.)
VINING, CHARLES.
Not in Our Stars. MacL. Sept. 1, '27. (10.)
VON BLOMBERG, FREDERIC W.
As the Crow Flies. New Am. Mar., '28. (1:229.)
VORSE, MARY HEATON.
*Bright Gardens. G. H. Apr., '28. (32.)
***Panther and the Mouse. W. H. C. Mar., '28. (22.)
***Ride to the Hills. W. H. C. Aug., '27. (17.)
VOTO, BERNARD DE. *See* DE VOTO, BERNARD.

W

WALDRON, WEBB.
*Ice and Fire. W. H. C. Mar., '28. (15.)
Two Men and a Cat. W. H. C. Jan., '28. (12.)
WALKER, EWING.
Little Gill. Red Bk. Mar., '28. (64.)
Ragamuffin. Red Bk. Jun., '28. (46.)
WALN, NORA.
When the Lotus Blooms. Scr. Dec., '27. (82:701.)
WARD, FLORENCE.
Love Has Gifts. Col. May 5, '28. (23.)
WARD, MILLARD.
*Second Mate of Oceans. S. E. P. Apr. 7, '28. (11.)
WARDE, SHIRLEY.
Being a Woman. Cos. Apr., '28. (42.)
WARE, EDMUND.
***Boy and the Wind. Am. Aug., '27. (51.)
***Hard Guy. L. H. J. Feb., '28. (14.)
***So-Long, Old-Timer. L. H. J. Aug., '27. (12.)
WARREN, LELLA.
Moon of Green Cheese. Cos. Aug., '27. (94.)
WARREN, MAUDE RADFORD.
Conquering Hero. Chic. Trib. Oct. 30, '27.
*Kingdom, Power, and Glory. Chic. Trib. Jun. 17, '28.
WATKINS, MAURINE.
*Butterfly Goes Home. Cos. Oct., '27. (62.)
**Poison. Cos. Nov., '27. (46.)
WATKINS, RICHARD HOWELLS.
Up for Glory. S. E. P. Dec. 10, '27. (14.)
WEBBER, FRANK MARTIN.
Clear Windows. L. H. J. Dec., '27. (12.)
Perfect Gift. Del. Dec., '27. (5.)
**Sackcloth and Laurel. Harp. M. Feb., '28. (156:321.)
WEIHL, ELSA.
**Music Teacher. Dial. Apr., '28. (84:315.)
WEIMAN, RITA.
Kick. Red Bk. Dec., '27. (80.)
*Skylight. Ly. Sept. 17, '27. (12.)
Toboggan. Ly. Sept. 10, '27. (9.)
When the Gods Smile. Red Bk. Sept., '27. (60.)
WELCH, FLORENCE DORSEY.
New Dynasty. Col. Apr. 7, '28. (15.)
WELLES, HARRIET.
*Her Highness' Hat. W. H. C. Aug., '27. (20.)
WESCOTT, GLENWAY.
***Dove Came Down. Harp. M. Apr., '28. (156:633.)
***Prohibition. Harp. M. Oct., '27. (155:561.)
***Whistling Swan. Book. (N. Y.) Jun., '28. (67:378.)
WEST, DOROTHY.
***Unimportant Man. S. E. Q. Jun., '28. (21.)
WEST, V. ROYCE.
*Dull Cleaver. Pr. S. Oct., '27. (1:286.)
WESTON, GEORGE.
Buried Treasure. Col. Apr. 28, '28. (5.)
Excitement and Company. Col. Mar. 31, '28. (5.)
Family Goat. Col. May 26, '28. (5.)

WESTON, GEORGE. (*Cont.*)
Harriet Struts Her Stuff. L. H. J. Sept., '27. (8.) Oct., '27. (30.)
New Butler. L. H. J. Jun., '28. (14.)
Temple at Chefoo. L. H. J. Apr., '28. (16.)
WHALEN, WILL W.
Deserter. Cath. W. Aug., '27. (125:598.)
WHARTON, EDITH.
***After Holbein. S. E. P. May 5, '28. (6.)
***Atrophy. L. H. J. Nov., '27. (8.)
***Mr. Jones. L. H. J. Apr., '28. (3.)
WHITE, ARED.
Discipline. Ly. Jun. 23, '28. (33.)
WHITE, E. L.
Underground. Chic. Trib. Feb. 26, '28.
WHITE, NELIA GARDNER.
Growing. Am. Nov., '27. (29.)
Helga. Am. Aug., '27. (21.)
Helga Lind and the Bright Noël. Am. Jan., '28. (20.)
Love's a Lie. Am. Sept., '27. (38.)
***Toby Hatch. Mid. Oct., '27. (13:266.)
White Birches. Am. Jun., '28. (19.)
WHITE, OWEN P.
Count Your Shots. Col. Aug. 20, '27. (17.)
Lily the Lion Tamer. Col. Dec. 31, '27. (15.)
WHITE, STEWART EDWARD.
*Billy's Tenderfoot. (*R.*) Gol. Oct., '27. (6:437.)
*Honk-Honk Breed. (*R.*) Gol. Jun., '28. (7:776.)
Hot Dog. S. E. P. Jun. 2, '28. (8.)
*Moisture, a Trace. (*R.*) Gol. Mar., '28. (7:361.)
WHITFIELD, RAOUL FAUCONNIER.
Came the Dawn. Sun. Apr., '28. (18.)
Jennies—and Janes. Sun. Nov., '27. (22.)
WHITMAN, STEPHEN FRENCH.
***Amazement. (*R.*) Gol. Apr., '28. (7:445.)
WHITMAN, WILLSON.
Ideal Gift for Mother. W. H. C. May, '28. (22.)
It's Hard on Brunettes. W. H. C. Oct., '27. (27.)
*Mistress Betty Blows a Bubble. W. H. C. Dec., '27. (16.)
WHITNEY, PARKHURST.
*And Very Natural. Col. Nov. 12, '27. (12.)
Guest for Dinner. Col. Jan. 21, '28. (16.)
Old Tricks. Col. Oct. 22, '27. (28.)
WHITTEMORE, C. W.
*Fur Coat. Transit. Oct., '27. (77.)
WILDE, PERCIVAL.
Behind the Door. Col. Feb. 4, '28. (19.)
WILEY, HUGH.
Art at Cost. S. E. P. Mar. 10, '28. (14.)
Bell France. S. E. P. Nov. 5, '27. (30.)
Homing of the Hum Ding. S. E. P. Apr. 28, '28. (20.)
Parade Dressed. S. E. P. May 12, '28. (22.)
Us. S. E. P. Jan. 28, '28. (14.)
WILLIAMS, ALEXANDER.
*Loyalty. Mys. Sept., '27. (11:764.)
WILLIAMS, BEN AMES.
**Ancient Apparition. C. G. Apr. '28. (6.)
***As a Man Speaketh. S. E. P. Sept. 17, '27. (30.)
*Cheat the Lady. S. E. P. Oct. 15, '27. (6.)
Detour. S. E. P. Oct. 8, '27. (12.)
General Delivery. S. E. P. Mar. 31, '28. (12.)
*Good Girl. S. E. P. Feb. 18, '28. (10.)
Habit. Col. Oct. 1, '27. (11.)
Heeby Jeeby. S. E. P. Mar. 17, '28. (18.)
*Hot Toddy. S. E. P. Jan. 7, '28. (18.)
*Laughingstock. C. G. Feb., '28. (9.)
Man on Horseback. S. E. P. May 5, '28. (18.)
Pounds of Flesh. Col. Oct. 29, '27. (10.)
*Premeditated Prodigal. S. E. P. Jun. 23, '28. (35.)
Scepter of Equity. S. E. P. Sept. 3, '27. (6.)
*Seat of Violence. C. G. Oct., '27. (15.)

WILLIAMS, BEN AMES. (*Cont.*)
*Sudden Fear. Red Bk. Sept., '27. (70.)
WILLIAMS, HENRY MEADE.
**Death on Carmine Street. Scr. Jun., '28. (83:751.)
WILLIAMS, WYTHE.
Thirty-five in the Black. S. E. P. Mar. 31, '28. (16.)
WILSON, CHARLES MORROW.
**Reeds Go Forth. A. W. Mar., '28. (7.)
WILSON, HENRY L.
***Muse Plays Chess. Mid. May–Jun., '28. (14:125.)
WILSON, JOHN FLEMING.
*Things As They Are. (*R.*) Gol. Dec., '27. (6:751.)
WILSON, MARY BADGER.
Banner of Youth. Del. Oct., '27. (8.)
Discarding from Strength. S. E. P. Dec. 24, '27. (14.)
WIMBERLY, LOWRY C.
**Red Gentian. Pr. S. Spring, '28. (2:103.)
WINCHESTER, ROBERT.
If You Loved Anyone. Red Bk. Jun., '28. (86.)
WINKLER, JOHN K.
Meanest Woman in the World. McCall. Aug., '27. (16.)
WINSLOW, HORATIO.
Dominutro. S. E. P. Sept. 17, '27. (16.)
One Wonderful Lesson. S. E. P. Aug. 13, '27. (12.)
Paris in Twenty-four Hours. S. E. P. Aug. 20, '27. (10.)
Success Vibrations. S. E. P. Oct. 8, '27. (18.)
WINSLOW, THYRA SAMTER.
Born in a Prop Trunk. Ly. Feb. 4, '28. (51.)
*Happy Ending. Cos. Nov., '27. (68.)
**Just a Sweet Girl. Cos. Sept., '27. (72.)
***Will. Ly. Nov. 19, '27. (51.)
WINSMORE, ROBERT S.
Bubble Reputation. S. E. P. Oct. 1, '27. (18.) [(16.)
Picker. S. E. P. Oct. 29, '27.
WISTER, OWEN.
***At the Sign of the Last Chance. Cos. Feb., '28. (66.)
***Little Old Scaffold. Cos. Jun., '28. (84.)
***Molting Pelican. Cos. May, '28. (80.)
***Safe in the Arms of Crœsus. Harp. M. Oct., '27. (155:539.)
***Salvation Gap. (*R.*) Gol. May, '28. (7:641.)
WITTEN, GEORGE.
*Guns for Ireland. Cen. Sept., '27. (114:537.)
*Open Road. Cen. Jan., '28. (115:351.)
WITWER, H. C.
All Work and No Fay. Col. Dec. 3, '27. (9.)
Arabian Fights. Cos. Feb., '28. (88.)
Charlotte's Ruse. (*R.*) Gol. Jan., '28. (7:25.)
Christmas Belles. Col. Dec. 24, '27. (5.)
Daniels and the Lion. Col. Mar. 10, '28. (11.)
Jack and Jilt. Col. Nov. 12, '27. (10.)
Jessie's James. Cos. Nov., '27. (30.)
Ladies Prefer Brunettes. Col. Oct. 22, '27. (5.)
Mysteries of Paris. Col. Aug. 6, '27. (5.)
Nicholas Nickleby. Col. Aug. 27, '27. (12.)
Ruth Is Stranger Than Fiction. Cos. Mar., '28. (86.)
Wages of Synthetic. Cos. Dec., '27. (70.)
You Just Know She Dares 'Em. Cos. Jan., '28. (82.)
WOLFF, WILLIAM ALMON.
Broken Circle. Ly. Mar. 17, '28. (61.)
End of Eileen Grant. Ly. Jan. 7, '28. (11.)
Snake in the Grass. Col. Jan. 28, '28. (11.)
WOODFORD, JACK.
Damsel and the Demiurge. Jack. Feb., '28.
WORTS, GEORGE F.
Fighting Heart. Col. Oct. 15, '27. (13.) [(13.)
Milk-Fed. Col. Mar. 10, '28.
Portrait of a Lady. Col. Feb. 18, '28. (22.)
Them's Wyandottes. S. E. P. Feb. 11, '28. (16.)
WRIGHT, HAROLD BELL.
Desert Santa Claus. L. H. J. Dec., '27. (6.)
WRYNN, ANTHONY.
***Ignis Fatuus. Dial. Apr., '28. (84:295.)
***Portrait of a Man Before Death. Dial. Nov., '27. (83:407.)

WYLIE, ELINOR.
***Birthday Cake for Lionel. Harp. B. Sept., '27. (96.)
**King's Pity. W. H. C. Sept., '27. (16.)
WYNN, ALICE GORTON.
Call of the Bayou. Cath. W. Apr., '28. (127:65.)

Y

YOUNG, STANLEY P. *See* CARHART, ARTHUR HAWTHORNE, *and* YOUNG, STANLEY P.

Z

ZIMMERMANN, REGINA.
Day in Italy. Cath. W. Feb., '28. (126:657.)

II. BRITISH AND IRISH AUTHORS

A

ALMEDINGEN, EDITH M.
***Great Unmuddler. Cath. W. Oct., '27. (126:55.)
***Leaning Against a Pillar. Com. Jan. 11, '28. (7:921.)
"ANSTEY, F."
*Return of Agamemnon. (*R.*) Gol. Dec., '27. (6:789.)
ARLEN, MICHAEL.
Great Emerald Mystery. Red Bk. Feb., '28. (48.)
ATKEY, BERTRAM.
George H. Jay and the Lady from Moolgamoolloo. S. E. P. Oct. 1, '27. (30.)
Little Miss Chameleon. S. E. P. Nov. 5, '27. (8.)
AUMONIER, STACY.
***Two of Those Women. Pict. R. Nov., '27. (19.)
AUSTIN, F. BRITTEN.
*At Sea. Red Bk. Aug., '27. (43.)
*Beyond the Pillars of Melkart, B. C. 740. S. E. P. Mar. 17, '28. (22.)
*Cleopatra at Actium. S. E. P. Apr. 7, '28. (24.)
*End of an Epoch. S. E. P. Nov. 26, '27. (32.)
*Last Charge. S. E. P. Oct. 22, '27. (30.)
*Lion of the North. S. E. P. Sept. 10, '27. (26.)
*Odysseus Goes Roving. S. E. P. Jan. 7, '28. (12.)
*Serene Republic. S. E. P. May 19, '28. (30.)
*Vikings Go South. S. E. P. May 5, '28. (28.)
*Vive l'Empéreur!" S. E. P. Oct. 8, '27. (40.)

B

BARRON, EDWARD J.
Mercy of God. Cath. W. Dec., '27. (126:304.)
BATTEN, H. MORTIMER.
Pekan the Black Killer. MacL. Sept. 15, '27. (17.)
BENNETT, ARNOLD.
**Hat. Ly. Feb. 11, '28. (9.)
**Murder. Ly. Oct. 1, '27. (7.)
*Wind. L. H. J. May, '28. (6.)
BERMAN, HANNAH.
**Fame. J. T. Mar. 30, '28 (12.)
*Gratitude. J. T. Feb. 10, '28. (2.)
*Nobility. J. T. Mar. 2, '28. (12.)
BLACK, DOROTHY.
Anon. Chic. Trib. Jun. 24, '28.
Doing the East. Pict. R. Mar., '28. (24.)
"East Is East." S. E. P. May 12, '28. (16.)
Firm's Bachelor. S. E. P. May 26, '28. (8.)
Firm's Boots. S. E. P. Jun. 9, '28. (22.)
How Is a Girl to Know? L. H. J. Mar., '28. (20.)
If Your Song-Bird Disappears. Del. Aug., '27. (6.)
Jacob's Ladder. L. H. J. May, '28. (26.)
Passing the Love of Women. S. E. P. Aug. 27, '27. (12.)
That Seventh Commandment. L. H. J. Oct., '27. (10.)
Three Musketeers. S. E. P. Jun. 23, '28. (18.)
What Shall It Profit a Woman? L. H. J. Jan., '28. (10.)
BLACKMORE, RICHARD DODDRIDGE.
***Slain by the Doones. (*R.*) Gol. Apr., '28. (7:471.)
BOTTOME, PHYLLIS.
*Henry. Shrine. May, '28. (14.)
***Ironstone. (*R.*) Gol. Aug., '27. (6:219.)
BRAILSFORD, H. N.
***Candide Returns to Earth. Yale. Jan., '28. (17:347.)

BUCHAN, JOHN.
***Skule Skerry. Adv. Apr. 15, '28. (79.)
BULLETT, GERALD.
***Grasshopper. Book. (N. Y.) Mar., '28. (67:48.)

C

CHRISTMAS, GRACE V.
Bullfinch. Cath. W. Jun., '28. (127:264.)
COCKBURN, CLAUD.
***You Have to Be Careful. Dial. Jan., '28. (84:8.)
COLUM, PADRIAC.
***Death of the Rich Man. Com. May 16, '28. (8:44.)
***Interior. Com. Jun. 20, '28. (8:182.)
"CONRAD, JOSEPH."
***Sisters. Book. (N. Y.) Jan., '28. (66:481.)
COPPARD, A. E.
***Ballet Girl. (*R.*) Gol. Oct., '27. (6:549.)
CORKERY, DANIEL.
***Ruin of Dromacurrig. Colum. Aug., '27. (18.)
"CORVO, FREDERICK, BARON."
***About Doing Little, Lavishly. (*R.*) Gol. Aug., '27. (6:170.)
***Epick of San Giorgio. (*R.*) Gol. May, '28. (7:597.)
***Key and Purgatory. (*R.*) Gol. Dec., '27. (6:763.)
COULDREY, OSWALD.
*Idols of the Cave. Atl. Aug., '27. (140:217.)
CROMPTON, RICHMAL.
*Crossroads. G. H. Aug., '27. (36.)

D

DAWSON, CONINGSBY.
In the Dark. Red Bk. May, '28. (82.)
DEEPING, WARWICK.
Precious Stones. Col. Jun. 23, '28. (11.)
DELL, ETHEL M.
Live Bait. McCall. May, '28. (13.)
Quest. McCall. Aug., '27. (5.)
DICKENS, CHARLES.
**Going into Society. (*R.*) Gol. Sept., '27. (6:321.)
DOYLE, SIR ARTHUR CONAN.
When the World Screamed. Ly. Feb. 25, '28. (7.) Mar. 3, '28. (42.)

E

EDEN, HELEN PARRY.
*Rustiquel the Rat-Catcher. Cath. W. Mar., '28. (126:743.)
EDWARDS, A. CECIL.
**Tomb. Atl. Oct., '27. (140:466.)
ERTZ, SUSAN.
***Miss Pardew and Mrs. Thole. Harp. B. May, '28. (102.)
**So This Is Europe! Harp. B. Dec., '27. (78.)

F

FARNOL, JEFFERY.
*Shadow. Col. Apr. 7, '28. (11.)
FLETCHER, GUY.
Tarrant's Luck. Chic. Trib. Oct. 23, '27.
Woman for Him. W. H. C. Feb., '28. (15.)
FLETCHER, J. S.
Lady Who Turned Thief. Cos. Sept., '27. (92.)
FORD, FORD MADOX.
**Romantic Detective. Yale. Apr., '28. (17:517.)
FRANKAU, GILBERT.
Young Wife of Sir Marcus Chi Lin. Red Bk. Apr., '28. (46.)
FRIEDLAENDER, V. H.
***One Word. Cen. Jan., '28. (115:309.)

G

GALSWORTHY, JOHN.
*Silent Wooing. Scr. Jan., '28. (83:72.)
GIBBON, PERCEVAL.
*Chartres. (*R.*) Gol. Nov., '27. (6:589.)
GIBBS, A. HAMILTON.
Revenge. Ly. Oct. 15, '27. (57.)
GOITEIN, E. D.
**Egyptian Gentleman. (*R.*) Liv. A. Jan. 15, '28. (334:128.)
GOLDING, LOUIS.
*Ghost at Mrs. Levine's. J. F. Mar., '28. (11:127.)
***Tale of Jean Pinchas. Am. H. Sept. 30, '27. (121:707.) [(48.)
*Tattooed Bird. V. F. Mar., '28.
GRIMSHAW, BEATRICE.
Beach of Terror. Ly. Jun. 2, '28. (7.)
Cabin Number Nine. Ly. Aug. 27, '27. (11.)
Gold Cups of Casto. Col. Aug. 6, '27. (25.)
People of Nobody's Town. Ly. May 12, '28. (22.)

H

HAMILTON, COSMO.
Frightfully Up-to-Date. Ly. Sept. 17, '27. (35.)
Headlines. Ly. Dec. 17, '27. (25.)
Talking Dog. Ly. Feb. 18, '28. (17.)

HICHENS, ROBERT.
Address Book. Harp. B. Sept., '27. (104.)
H. R. H. Cos. Oct., '27. (74.)
Human Document. Harp. B. Jun., '28. (63.)
Murder. Cos. Apr., '28. (76.)
Slip of the Knife. Cos. May, '28. (90.)
Worth-While Man. Chic. Trib. Nov. 6, '27.

HOUSMAN, LAURENCE.
**Aunt Rhoda and the Riddleman. Book. (N. Y.) May, '28. (67:282.)

J

JACOBS, W. W.
**Dirty Work. (*R.*) Gol. Dec., '27. (6:835.)
*Husbandry. (*R.*) Gol. Aug., '27. (6:177.)
***Love Letters. Cos. Apr., '28. (80.)

JAMESON, STORM.
One Night. Harp. B. Mar., '28. (166.)

JENKINS, HERBERT.
*Bindles at the Zoo. (*R.*) Gol. Sept., '27. (6:337.)

JEPSON, EDGAR *and* MARGARET.
Miss Amagee Sells a Pup. S. E. P. Mar. 3, '28. (12.)

JESSE, F. TENNYSON.
***Treasure Trove. McCall. Apr., '28. (13.)

K

KENNEDY, MARGARET.
**Dewdrops. Cos. Aug., '27. (52.)

KINROSS, ALBERT.
*Hard Streak. Col. Jan. 14, '28. (19.)
*How to Write a Short Story. W. H. C. Feb., '28. (24.)

KIPLING, RUDYARD.
***Dayspring Mishandled. McCall. Mar., '28. (20.) MacL. Mar. 1, '28. (14.)
***Fairy Kist. McCall. Oct., '27. (14.) MacL. Sept. 15, '27. (8.)

L

"LANCASTER, G. B."
*Captain of the Boston Packet. Pop. Nov. 12, '27. (93.)

LAWRENCE, D. H.
***Escaped Cock. For. Feb., '28. (79:286.)
***In Love? Dial. Nov., '27. (83:391.)

LE GALLIENNE, RICHARD.
*Mender of Broken Hearts. Harp. B. Oct., '27. (120.)

LOCKE, WILLIAM J.
*Famous Max Cadol. Cos. Jan., '28. (42.)
*Love in Provence. Cos. Oct., '27. (82.)
*When the Circus Came to Creille. Cos. May, '28. (42.)

M

MCFEE, WILLIAM.
*Captain Musker's Vacation. Red Bk. May, '28. (76.)

MCGRATH, FERGAL, S. J.
Banker. Cath. W. Aug., '27. (125:658.)

MCKENNA, STEPHEN.
*Pandora. Ly. Nov. 19, '27. (14.)

MANNIN, ETHEL E.
*By Benefit of Clergy. New A. (N. Y.) Nov., '27. (28.)

MAUGHAM, W. SOMERSET.
*British Agent. Cos. Feb., '28. (76.)
**Hairless Mexican. Cos. Dec., '27. (66.)
*His Excellency. Cos. Nov., '27. (88.)
*Mr. Harrington's Washing. Cos. Jan., '28. (86.)
**One of Those Women. Cos. Oct., '27. (58.)
*Traitor. Cos. Sept., '27. (36.)

MERRICK, LEONARD.
***Tricotrin Entertains. (*R.*) Gol. Dec., '27. (6:745.)
*Vengeance of M. Dutripon. Cos. Feb., '28. (44.)

MIDDLETON, RICHARD.
***Ghost-Ship. (*R.*) Gol. Aug., '27. (6:213.)

MILLS, LADY DOROTHY.
Devil-Bush. MacL. Sept. 1, '27. (3.)

MILNE, A. A.
*Search for Small. L. H. J. Dec., '27. (22.)

MONTAGUE, C. E.
***Fatalist. Harp. M. Jun., '28. (157:92.)
***Man Afraid. Cen. Apr., '28. (115:695.)
***Pretty Little Property. S. E. P. Feb. 4, '28. (8.)
***Ted's Leave. S. E. P. May 12, '28. (10.)

MOORE, GEORGE.
***Strange Story of the Three Golden Fishes. Cos. Sept., '27. (78.)

MORRIS, WILLIAM.
***Story of the Unknown Church. (*R.*) Strat. Oct., '27. (17.)

MOSS, GEOFFREY.
**Grocers' Grapes. Cen. Apr., '28. (115:737.)

MOTTRAM, R. H.
***Common Secretary. Atl. Jan., '28. (141:91.)

N

NADAAR, ABU.
*Gone Bedu. (*R.*) Liv. A. Sept. 1, '27. (333:440.)

NIVEN, FREDERICK.
*And the World Wags On! Pop. Aug 7, '27. (122.)
*Bread upon the Waters. Pop. Sept. 7, '27. (184.)
*Lonesome Bandit. Pop. Apr. 14, '28. (125.)
*Lucky Dog! Pop. Nov. 26, '27. (104.)
*Old Spirit. MacL. May 15, '28. (12.)
*Pass! Pop. Oct. 1, '27. (122.)
*Wilderness. Pop. Jan. 21, '28. (93.)

NORMAN-SMITH, DOROTHY E.
**Star-Gazer. W. H. C. Oct., '27. (10.)

NOYES, ALFRED.
Ruling Passion. Harp. B. Aug., '27. (62.)

O

O'BYRNE, MARK C. C.
Caught in a Net. Cath. W. Aug., '27. (125:629.)

O'FLAHERTY, LIAM.
***Little White Dog. Book. (N. Y.) Apr., '28. (67:145.)
***Old Hunter. (*R.*) Gol. Oct., '27. (6:443.)
***Prey. Book. (N. Y.) Oct., '27. (66:193.)
***Tyrant. Book. (N. Y.) Aug., '27. (65:691.)

OPPENHEIM, E. PHILLIPS.
Amazing Abduction. S. E. P. Feb. 18, '28. (18.)
Battling Pacifist. Col. Nov. 26, '27. (20.)
Blemish. Cos. Mar., '28. (96.)
Book Upside Down. Cos. Nov., '27. (34.)
Château of Phantasies. Col. Jan. 28, '28. (15.)
Dancing Gentleman. Col. Jan. 14, '28. (24.)
Doubtful Guest. S. E. P. Jan. 21, '28. (14.)
Fugitive of the Adelphi Terrace. Col. Nov. 12, '27. (15.)
Great West Raid. S. E. P. Jan. 7, '28. (30.)
Hill Street Murder. Cos. Feb., '28. (92.)
Lady Among Thieves. Cos. Apr., '28. (98.)
Little Yellow Birds. S. E. P. Feb. 4, '28. (20.)
Man with the Gray Muffler. Cos. Dec., '27. (94.)
Masked Trinity. S. E. P. Dec. 24, '27. (3.)
Mr. Brown and the Madonna. Col. Dec. 10, '27. (15.)
Modern Marauder. Col. Oct. 15, '27. (5.)
Sad End of Mr. William Starr. Cos. Jan., '28. (94.)
Siren of the Madrid. Col. Oct. 29, '27. (17.)
Stubborn End. S. E. P. Mar. 3, '28. (30.)
With a Dash. Col. Dec. 31, '27. (20.)

P

P., A. E.
*End of Sherlock Holmes. (*R.*) Liv. A. Aug. 15, '27. (333:355.)

PANTER-DOWNES, MOLLIE.
Dearest Friends. Harp. B. Dec., '27. (66.)
Romance and Reality. Harp. B. Jun., '28. (77.)

PERTWEE, ROLAND.
*Emily Booker. Chic. Trib. Apr. 1, '28.
Fish Are Such Liars. S. E. P. Oct. 15, '27. (14.)
Fullness of Time. Chic. Trib. Oct. 2, '27.

Q

QUIRK, VIOLET.
Good Gracious Henrietta. McCall. Jan., '28. (15.)

QUIRK, VIOLET. (*Cont.*)
Just Jane. McCall. Apr., '28. (32.)
Nerissa Said It Was Fate. McCall. Nov., '27. (13.)

R

RICHARDSON, ANTHONY.
***Cuckoo. Harp. M. Dec., '27. (156:101.)
***Murder. Harp. M. Jan., '28. (156:153.)
"ROHMER, SAX."
At the Road House. Col. Jan. 7, '28. (11.)
Barking Dogs. Col. Dec. 24, '27. (10.)
Black White Way. Col. Jun. 2, '28. (10.)
Diamond Z. Col. Nov. 19, '27. (11.)
Emperor of America. Col. Nov. 5, '27. (5.)
Emperor of America Returns. Col. May 19, '28. (10.)
Great Head Center. Col. Jun. 16, '28. (16.)
Mysterious Napoleon. Col. Dec. 17, '27. (10.)
Thorn Apple. Col. Dec. 3, '27. (12.)
White Room. Col. Feb. 11, '28. (12.)
ROSS, MARTIN. *See* SOMERVILLE, E. Œ., *and* ROSS, MARTIN.
RUDMOSE-BROWN, T. B.
**Field. Transit. Dec., '27. (62.)

S

SABATINI, RAFAEL.
*Night of Gems. (*R.*) Gol. Nov., '27. (6:673.)
ST. JOHN-LOE, GLADYS.
**New Wine. Col. Oct. 8, '27. (17.)
"SAPPER."
*Finger of Fate. Cos. Aug., '27. (38.)
Relative Values. MacL. Jan. 15, '28. (10.)
SCOTT, R. T. M.
Bombay Duck. Col. Aug. 6, '27. (17.)
SHANE, NEVIS.
Anemone. Chic. Trib. May 6, '28.
Cadence. L. H. J. Sept., '27. (20.)
Conventional Young Man. Col. Jan. 14, '28. (7.)
Wanted—A Companion. Col. Sept. 24, '27. (13.)
SHAW, HERBERT.
***Man Who Didn't Laugh. Cen. Nov., '27. (115:105.)
*What Can a Dead Man Do? Cen. Mar., '28. (115:615.)
SOMERVILLE, E. Œ. *and* ROSS, MARTIN.
*Maroan Pony. (*R.*) Gol. Jan., '28. (7:16.)
STACPOOLE, H. DE VERE.
*Cabin No. 5. Pop. Oct. 22, '27. (126.)
STERN, G. B.
Roulette. Chic. Trib. Apr. 22, '28.
STEVENSON, ROBERT LOUIS.
***Isle of Voices. (*R.*) Gol. Nov., '27. (6:597.)
***Will o' the Mill. (*R.*) Gol. Apr., '28. (7:521.)
STRANGE, JOHN STEPHEN.
Tied with a Shoe Lace. Col. Feb. 18, '28. (20.)
STRONG, L. A. G.
***Travellers. Dial. Feb., '28. (84:95.)
SWINNERTON, FRANK.
*Chocolate-Seller of Knightsbridge. W. H. C. Nov., '27. (16.)
Fugitive. Del. Sept., '27. (12.)
*Gargoyle. Cen. Aug., '27. (114:385.)
Heiress. Chic. Trib. Nov. 20, '27.
*Ivory Figurine. Del. Feb., '28. (11.)

T

THOMPSON, SYLVIA.
*Celebrity. Cen. Nov., '27. (115:47.)
TOMLINSON, H. M.
***Out of the Jungle. Cos. Jan., '28. (66.)

V

VENNER, NORMAN.
Sons of Lord March. MacL. Jan. 1, '28. (16.)

W

WALLACE, EDGAR.
Man Must Eat. Col. Feb. 18, '28. (10.)
Sooper Speaking. Col. Apr., 28, '28. (15.)

WALLACE, EDGAR. (*Cont.*)
Via Madeira. Chic. Trib. Jan. 1, '28.
WALPOLE, HUGH.
***Little Donkeys with the Crimson Saddles. L. H. J. Jun., '28. (16.)
WELLS, H. G.
***Æpyornis Island. (*R.*) Am. St. Oct., '27. (2:662.)
***Country of the Blind. (*R.*) Am. St. Dec., '27. (2:850.)
***Flowering of the Strange Orchid. (*R.*) Am. St. Mar., '28. (2:1161.)
***Pollock and the Porroh Man. (*R.*) Am. St. Feb., '28. (2:1072.)
***Stolen Body. (*R.*) Am. St. Jan., '28. (2:998.)
***Story of the Stone Age. (*R.*) Am. St. Nov., '27. (2:726.)
WETJEN, ALBERT RICHARD.
***Golden Vanity. Col. Oct. 22, '27. (20.)
*Liverpool Lochinvar. S. E. P. Jun. 9, '28. (10.)
*Tramp Ship Style. Adv. Feb. 15, '28. (2.)
"WHARTON, ANTHONY."
*Greater Than This. Pict. R. Sept., '27. (9.)
Tassels. Del. May, '28. (23.)
WILDE, OSCAR.
***Canterville Ghost. (*R.*) Gol. Oct., '27. (6:479.)
WILLIAMS, VALENTINE.
Thumb of Fat'ma. Chic. Trib. Aug. 7, '27.
WILLIAMSON, HENRY.
***Heller. Atl. May, '28. (141:645.)
WITHEROW, J. M.
Tawny Marsh. Atl. Oct., '27. (140:504.)
WODEHOUSE, P. G.
Bishop's Move. Ly. Aug. 20, '27. (9.)
Jeeves and the Yuletide Spirit. Ly. Dec. 24, '27. (12.)
Portrait of a Disciplinarian. Ly. Sept. 24, '27. (13.)
Ukridge and the Old Stepper. Ly. Jun. 9, '28. (9.)
WOOLF, VIRGINIA.
***"Slater's Pins Have No Points." For. Jan., '28. (79:1.)
WREN, PERCIVAL C.
*Betrayal. Cos. Jun., '28. (38.)
WYLIE, I. A. R.
***All Dressed Up. Cos. Aug., '27. (78.)
**Bravo, Toro! S. E. P. Nov. 12, '27. (8.)
*"Ninth Life." Am. Nov., '27. (10.)
*What You Want in Life. Red Bk. Sept., '27. (48.)

Y

YATES, DORNFORD.
Æsop's Fable. S. E. P. Sept. 10, '27. (30.)
Bricks Without Straw. Chic. Trib. Dec. 4, '27.
Force Majeure. Chic. Trib. Mar. 11, '28.
My Lady's Chamber. Chic. Trib. Sept. 11, '27.
St. Jeames. L. H. J. Aug., '27. (6.)
Vanity of Vanities. Chic. Trib. Jan. 22, '28.

III. TRANSLATIONS

A

AHARONIAN, AVETIS (*Armenian*).
***Night Watchman. (*R.*) Gol. Jan., '28. (7:74.)
ANDERSEN, HANS CHRISTIAN (*Danish*).
***Wicked Prince. (*R.*) Gol. Aug., '27. (6:251.)
ANDREYEV, LEONID (*Russian*).
***Robbery Was To Be Committed. (*R.*) Echo. May, '28. (8.)
ANET, CLAUDE (*French*).
Two Meetings. V. F. Apr., '28. (54.)
AVERCHENKO, ARKADYI (*Russian*).
*Beyond. (*R.*) Gol. Apr., '28. (7:547.)

B

BALZAC, HONORE DE (*French*).
***Gaudissart the Great. (*R.*) Gol. Jan., '28. (7:97.)
***Grande Bretêche. (*R.*) Gol. Oct., '27. (6:534.)
***Seaside Drama. (*R.*) Gol. Jun., '28. (7:809.)
BANG, HERMAN (*Danish*).
***Pastor. Scan. Dec., '27. (15:749.)
BENN, GOTTFRIED (*German*).
Birthday. Transit. Aug., '27. (32.)
BERGMANN, HJALMAR (*German*).
*Bolt. Liv. A. Dec. 15, '27. (333:1075.)

BONTEMPELLI, MASSIMO (*Italian*).
**Avenging Film. (*R.*) Gol. Jun., '28. (7:761.)
**Sweet Adeline. (*R.*) Liv. A. Apr. 15, '28. (334:720.)

C

CHEKHOV, ANTON PAVLOVICH (*Russian*).
***Bet. (*R.*) Strat. Jan., '28. (13.)
***Big Volodia and Little Volodia. (*R.*) Liv. A. Nov. 15, '27. (333:910.)
***Happy Ending. (*R.*) Gol. Feb., '28. (7:168.)
***Story Without a Title. (*R.*) Strat. Oct., '27. (3.)
CHENEVIERE, A. (*French*).
***Tonton (*R.*) Strat. Sept., '27. (17.)
CORDAY, MICHEL (*French*).
*After Twenty Years. V. F. Oct., '27. (51.)
*Anonymous Letter. V. F. Aug., '27. (46.)
*Antoinette. V. F. Mar., '28. (75.)

D

DAUDET, ALPHONSE (*French*).
***M. Seguin's Goat. (*R.*) Gol. Feb., '28. (7:216.)
***Three Low Masses. (*R.*) Gol. Dec., '27. (6:813.)
DELEDDA, GRAZIA (*Italian*).
***Patience. C. M. May, 28. (1:323.)
DOROSHOVICH, VLAS (*Russian*).
***Use of Science. (*R.*) Gol. Sept., '27. (6:373.)
DUUN, OLAV (*Norwegian*).
***Blind Anders. Scan. Aug., '27. (15:467.)
DUVERNOIS, HENRI (*French*).
Edmond. V. F. Nov., '27. (75.)
Holidays. V. F. Jan., '28. (66.)
**Hunger. V. F. Feb., '28. (46.)
*Machedruc. For. May, '28. (79:658.)
*Old Daddy. For. Jun., '28. (79:826.)
Pearl. V. F. Dec., '27. (92.)
*Song Hit. V. F. Oct., '27. (80.)

F

FARGUE, LEON-PAUL (*French*).
Drug. Transit. Nov., '27. (9.)
FEDIN, KONSTANTIN (*Russian*).
***Garden. Transit. Dec., '27. (76.)
FOLDERSAM, BARON ANDRE (*German*).
***His Excellency and the Lady Cyclist. (*R.*) Liv. A. Nov. 1, '27. (333:794.)
FORSSLUND, KARL-ERIK (*Swedish*).
**New Tree in the Forest. Scan. Oct., '27. (15:618.)
FRANK, BRUNO (*German*).
*Illusions à la Carte. V. F. Apr., '28. (85.)

G

GOETEL, FERDINAND (*Polish*).
***Back to Civilization. Pol. Nov., '27. (8:654.) Dec., '27. (8:720.)
GOMEZ DE LA SERNA, RAMON (*Spanish*).
*Great Grippe Victim. (*R.*) Liv. A. Nov. 1, '27. (333:830.)
"GORKY, MAXIM" (*Russian*).
***Demands of Life. (*R.*) Strat. Mar., '28. (3.)
***Emblema. Dial. Sept., '27. (83:194.)
***Guide. Dial. Sept., '27. (83:188.)
GUELENIAN, H. (*Armenian*). *See* "HAMASDEGH."
GUREVITCH, J. (*Russian*).
**Sightseeing. (*R.*) Gol. Oct., '27. (6:555.)
GUZMAN, MARTIN LUIS (*Mexican*).
**Corral of Death. (*R.*) Liv. A. Jan. 1, '28. (334:55.)
GWIZDZ, FELIX (*Polish*).
***Sparrows. Pol. Mar., '28. (9:140.)

H

HALLSTROM, PER (*Swedish*).
***First of April. (*R.*) Gol. Apr., '28. (7:541.)
HALM, GUSTAV (*German*).
***Doctor Pei and Doctor Tse. (*R.*) Liv. A. Oct. 15, '27. (333:719.)
"HAMASDEGH" (H. GUELENIAN) (*Armenian*).
*Dapan Marquar. Dial. Aug., '27. (83:137.)
HASEK, YAROSLAV (*French*).
*Side Show. (*R.*) Liv. A. Jun., '28. (334:942.)
HESSE, HERMANN (*German*).
***Journey with Stevenson. (*R.*) Liv. A. Nov. 1, '27. (333:812.)

J

JOUHANDEAU, MARCEL (*French*).
***Dunois the Angel. Transit. Sept., '27. (82.)
***Prudence Hautechaume. Transit, Oct., '27. (16.) Nov., '27. (45.)

K

KAFKA, FRANZ (*German*).
*Sentence. Transit. Feb., '28. (35.)
KARALIICHEFF, ANGEL (*Bulgarian*).
***Stone Bridge of the Rossitsa. Dial. Jan., '28. (84:31.)
KARKAVITSAS, A. (*Greek*).
***Sea. (*R.*) Gol. May, '28. (7:627.)
KATAEFF, VALENTIN (*Russian*).
*Breaking into the Bureaucracy. (*R.*) Liv. A. Jan. 15, '28. (334:164.)
KUPRIN, ALEXANDER (*Russian*).
***Disciple. (*R.*) Gol. May, '28. (7:651.)

L

LEBLANC, MAURICE (*French*).
Drops That Trickle Away. Cos. May, '28. (98.)
Royal Love Letter. Cos. Jun., '28. (104.)
LIDIN, VLADIMIR (*Russian*).
Sixth Door. Transit. Aug., '27. (84.)
LYRA, CARMEN (*Costa Rican*).
*Muchachita. (*R.*) Liv. A. Jan. 15, '28. (334:141.)

M

MARCELIN, FREDERIC (*Haitian-French*).
***Jan.–Jan. Opp. Jan., '28. (6:16.)
MAUPASSANT, GUY DE (*French*).
***Diamond Necklace. (*R.*) Gol. Mar., '28. (7:405.)
***Sale. (*R.*) Gol. May, '28. (7:689.)
MAUROIS, ANDRE (*French*).
*Birth of a Great Artist. V. F. Nov., '27. (62.)
MENDES, CATULLE (*French*).
*Corset of Dorimène. (*R.*) H. J. Oct.–Dec., '27. (88.)
*Do Not Play with the Ashes. (*R.*) H. J. Oct.–Dec., '27. (96.)
*Go Out and Pick Some Roses. (*R.*) H. J. Oct.–Dec., '27. (92.)
*Life and Death of a Dancer. (*R.*) H. J. Oct.–Dec., '27. (85.)
*Sight Unseen. (*R.*) H. J. Oct.–Dec., '27. (90.)
*Vengeance of Milady. (*R.*) H. J. Oct.–Dec., '27. (94.)
MERIMEE, PROSPER (*French*).
***Venus of Ille. (*R.*) Gol. Sept., '27. (6:395.)
MISTRAL, FREDERIC (*Provençal*).
**Dwarf Pea (*R.*) Liv. A. Oct. 1, '27. (333:610.)
MOLNAR, FERENC (*Hungarian*).
*Hat-Pin. V. F. Nov., '27. (72.)

N

NEGRI, ADA (*Italian*).
***One Marriage. New Am. Mar., '28. (1:193.)
NEVEROV, ALEXANDER (*Russian*).
*Terrible News. N. Mass. Dec., '27. (26.)

P

PAPINI, GIOVANNI (*Italian*).
**Prohibitionist. C. M. Apr., '28. (1:294.)
"PELIN, ELIN" (*Bulgarian*). [(58.)
**Dreamers. Transit. Jan., '28.
PEREZ, J. L. (*Yiddish*).
***Three Gifts. (*R.*) Strat. Dec., '27. (3.)
PILNIAK, BORIS (*Russian*).
***That Which Is Dead Calls Always. Transit. Sept., '27. (9.)
PONTOPPIDAN, HENRIK (*Danish*).
***Fisher Nest. Scan. Aug., '27. (15:476.)
POULAILLE, HENRY (*French*).
***Poor. Transit. Sept., '27. (60.)
PUSHKIN, ALEXANDER (*Russian*).
***Queen of Spades. (*R.*) Gol. Mar., '28. (7:303.)

R

REYMONT, LADISLAS (*Polish*).
***Legend. Pol. Mar., '28. (9:152.)
RIBEMONT-DESSAIGNES, GEORGES (*French*).
***Confiteor. Transit. Dec., '27. (41.) Jan., '28. (14.)
RILKE, RAINER MARIA (*German*).
***Melchizedek on the Roof Tops. (*R.*) Liv. A. Aug. 15, '27. (333:330.)
ROMANOV, PANTELEIMON (*Russian*).
***Actress. Nat. (N. Y.) Aug. 17, '27. (125:157.)
***Black Biscuits. For. Sept., '27. (78:357.) Transit. Nov., '27. (77.)

S

SCHNITZLER, ARTHUR (*Austrian*).
***Dead Men Tell No Tales. V. F. Oct., '27. (54.)
SCHWITTERS, KURT (*German*).
Revolution. Transit. Nov., '27. (60.)
SEIFOULINA, LYDIA (*Russian*).
*Golden Childhood. Transit. Jan., '28. (43.)
SIEROSZEWSKI, WACLAW (*Polish*).
***Vision of Sakura. Pol. May, '28. (9:270.)
SODERBERG, HJALMAR (*Swedish*).
***Cup of Tea. Transit. Aug., '27. (57.)
SOLARI, PIETRO (*Italian*).
*Don Juan and the Statues. (*R.*) Liv. A. Feb. 15, '28. (334:347.)
SOLLIER, J.-M. (*French*).
Man Drinking Wine. Transit. Sept., '27. (57.)
SOSCHENKO, MIKAIL (*Russian*).
Trouble. N. Mass. Apr., '28. (25.)
SOUPAULT, PHILIPPE (*French*).
***Death of Nick Carter. Transit. Oct., '27. (64.)

T

TOLSTOY, COUNT LYOF N. (*Russian*).
***Evil Allures, But Good Endures. (*R.*) Strat. Nov., '27. (17.)
***Ilyas. (*R.*) Strat. Nov., '27. (24.)
***Little Girls Wiser Than Men. (*R.*) Strat. Nov., '27. (21.)
***Maryana, the Cossack Girl. (*R.*) Liv. A. Aug. 1, '27. (333:254.)
***Work, Death and Sickness. (*R.*) Strat. Apr., '28. (3.)

U

UGARTE, MANUEL (*Argentine*).
***Tiger of Macuzá. (*R.*) Gol. Feb., '28. (7:263.)

V

VEISSENBERG, I. M. (*Yiddish*).
*Mazel-Tof. Transit. Jan., '28. (65.)
VOLTAIRE, JEAN-FRANCOIS-MARIE AROUET DE (*French*).
***Memnon, the Philosopher. (*R.*) Strat. Sept., '27. (3.)
***Micromegas. (*R.*) Gol. Apr., '28. (7:457.)

W

WAGNER, ELIN (*Swedish*).
**Phœnix. Scan. Aug., '27. (15:459.)
WEISS, LEOPOLD (*German*).
Millionaire. Liv. A. Mar. 15, '28. (334:535.)

Z

ZOLA, EMILE (*French*).
***Angeline. (*R.*) Liv. A. Oct. 1, '27. (333:603.)
ZOSHCHENKO, MICHAEL (*Russian*).
Patient. Nat. (N. Y.) Nov. 9, '27. (125:508.)

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